DEATH TRAIL OF THE CHEYENNE

REAL WEST

35c

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
SEPTEMBER

SLAUGHTER AT FORT KEARNEY

BIG NOSE KATE AND DOC HOLLIDAY

WEIRD POWERS OF INDIAN MEDICINE MEN

SAGA OF THE BLOODY MOUTHED BANDIT

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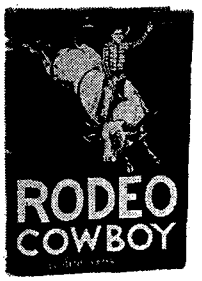
COWBOYS • GUNFIGHTERS • INDIANS



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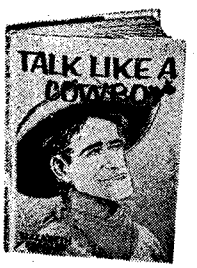

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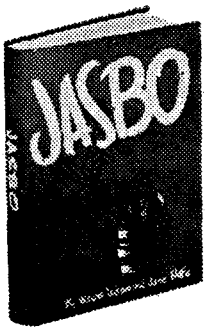

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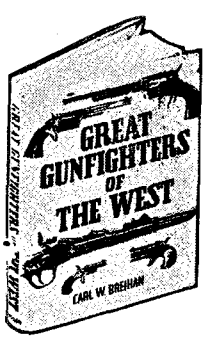

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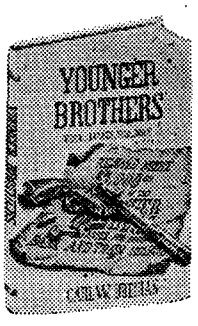

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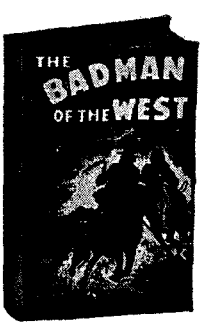

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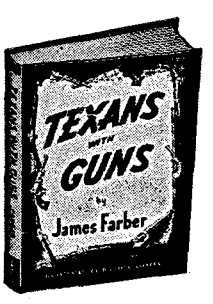

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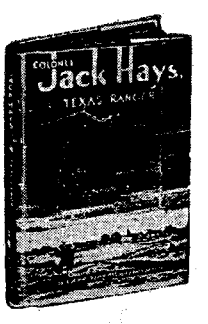

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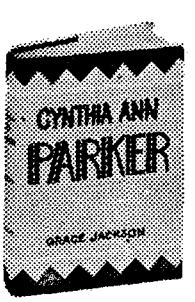

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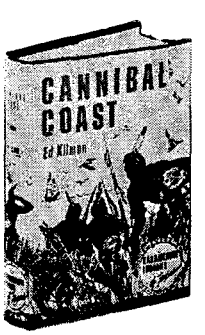

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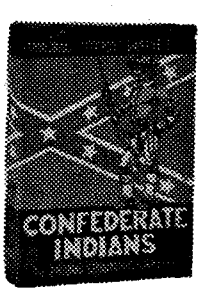

By Frank Cunningham. An account of Indian type raids on the Union Army led by an Indian chief, Gen. Stand Watie, Valiant officer in the Confederacy. $5.00

By Mack Parker. The main facts about 150 Indian tribes — the area they ruled, the outstanding chiefs, their contribution to American art and culture. $1.95

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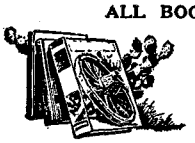

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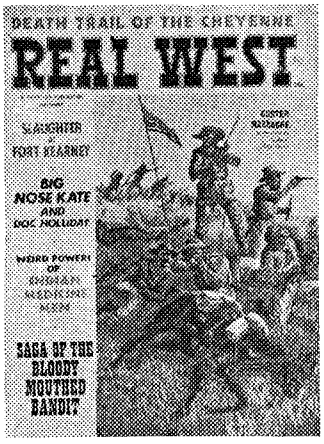
REAL WEST

Volume VII
Number 37
Sept, 1964

Editor: Philip R. Rand
Managing Editor: Ernest H. Hart
Executive Editor: Pat Masulli
Research Director: Edward T. LeBlanc
Art Director: Bohdan Dziubina
Production Manager: William Anderson

IN THIS ISSUE

One of the most controversial occurrences in American history is the Custer affair. Volumes have been written about the Battle of the Little Big Horn and about fiery George Armstrong Custer. In this issue of Real West we add another authentic piece to the Custer myth in "Lounsberry's Famous News Scoop — Custer Massacred". This month, too, we bring you the conclusion of "Blood Bath At Red River", the true story of Fort Abercrombie. In "Who Was Billy-the-Kid's Mother?" we publish the little known story of a woman whose son left his infamous mark on western legend and history, an example of the kind of dedicated research that lifts Real West above all competition in its publishing category. "The Strange Love Affair Of Big Nose Kate and Doc Holliday", is a classic tale of the West, and "Mystery Of The Shaking Tents" is a strange and brooding documented story connecting the American Indian and the supernatural. "Weird Powers Of Indian Medicine Men", further accents this area of interests. The drama that surrounded Fort Phil Kearney and the tragedy of the "Death Trail Of The Cheyenne" bring us intense incidents of a vanished frontier. These are only a few of the many fine and authentic literary efforts of accomplished writers in this field that you will find in this big, exciting issue of Real West.



THIS MONTH'S COVER

Artist Robert Gleason, inspired by an old print, has brought us a vivid, colorful rendering of the last moments of Custer at the famous Battle Of The Little Big Horn.

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A RW Editorial

The Editor's Corral

The fanaticism of the hero worshippers of some of the so-called Western heroes is at times hard to understand. Take Wyatt Earp. There is no record anywhere that he ever was marshal at Dodge City, that he ever fought Clay Allison, or that he performed any of the feats credited him, yet if you quote a newspaper of those days to prove any of these points, you are at once flooded with indignant letters from readers who lambast you for even suggesting that Wyatt Earp wasn't marshal at Dodge City or that he didn't perform the fictional feats credited to him.

Part of this is due to the natural instinct of Americans for hero worship, but it is also due to Stuart Lake's book on Wyatt Earp. In a letter to Burton Rascoe, Lake said he found Wyatt Earp so illiterate, so monosyllabic in speech, that it was impossible to get any information from him and so Lake admitted he felt journalistically justified in inventing the Earp manuscript. (Page 334, in **Belle Starr** by Burton Rascoe, Random House, New York City, 1941.)

Yet despite this well-known fact, and despite all the documentation about the real facts in Wyatt Earp's career, there are still those who swear Stuart Lake's book is the truth about Wyatt Earp and we are blamed if we say anything otherwise. We suggest to those readers that they check on the newspapers, the census reports, and the police records of Dodge City during the years Earp was there. They will learn some really shocking things about the Earp brothers and the Earp women.

★ ★ ★

This raises another question about the so-called Western heroes. How famous were they in their lifetimes? I was a boy around the turn of the century in Kansas. I never heard the name of Wyatt Earp mentioned. The one great Western hero, and he was still living, was Bat Masterson. My father did legal work for Bat and I knew Bat quite well. Even during the 1870's when he was in Dodge City his name was a household word over the country. The **New York Herald** ran feature stories on him as did all other Eastern newspapers.

Of course, Buffalo Bill was known by everybody. Not only because of Buntline's dime novels, but Buffalo Bill's wild west show was the greatest theatrical performance of the day. We heard a little about Wild Bill Hickok, largely because of his death. Living near Abilene, I don't recall anybody ever talking much about Wild Bill Hickok.

★ ★ ★

In searching for accurate material on the old West, the small books and pamphlets written by men who lived in those days can be excellent research sources, often far more accurate than books by present day authors. We have just received a copy of "Yesterday's Trails," by Will H. Spindler. Spindler had thirty years of Indian service in small and isolated Indian schools in the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation of Southwestern Dakota. We find this book a wealth of information about that area. It only costs a dollar and Spindler's address is Gordon, Nebraska.

★ ★ ★

The amount of mail we receive on the two part serial on the Masterson family by Carelton Mays continues. The letters run twenty to one praising the article. Those that question it raise only small and unimportant items, and most of them admit these articles represent the highest type of research. Carelton Mays spent several months gathering this material. He read the old newspapers of the day, the police records, and letters and material supplied by the Masterson family. We feel that this type of accurate research is what accounts for the rapid increase in readers for REAL WEST, an increase that is amazing.

★ ★ ★

We are still getting complaints from readers that they can't find REAL WEST on the newsstand, and in most cases the magazine is sold out before they get there. We can only say that thousands of readers have corrected this condition by sending their check of $1.75 for a year's subscription. These fortunate readers never have to worry about getting their copy of REAL WEST.

★ ★ ★

The number of requests from high school students for more detailed research on different articles continues to come in large bundles of mail. Because of the number of requests, there will be a delay in supplying this information as we go deep into the subject of each request and try not to leave any loose ends. The interest the younger generation is showing in the history of the old West is a source of considerable satisfaction to us.

★ ★ ★

On page 20 of this issue we have a famous drawing (artist unknown) of the aftermath of an attack by the U.S. soldiers on an Indian village. In this attack the Indians had no chance to get squared away to defend themselves. Fifty women and children were murdered. It is interesting to note that the artist, in making this drawing, took great care not to show the bodies of any women or children. This was the policy of the army on the West as public opinion in the East reacted badly to the atrocities against the Indians. Along this same line of propaganda, an attack on an Indian village at dawn, catching the men off guard, and the slaughter of all men, women, and children, such as Wounded Knee, Sand Creek, etc., were always hailed by the army as great victories, while the defeat of Custer, who had every chance to fight back has been called "Custer's Massacre."

Another order of the army was that no newspaper men or any soldiers writing home were to mention that U.S. soldiers all scalped Indians and a soldier's reputation as a fighter depended on the number of scalps he had. If this had been generally known in the East, there would have been a righteous explosion in all churches.

★ ★ ★

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Carelton Mays And Staff Of RW Answer Questions

E.V. Burke, 403 Lloyd Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island, wants information about Indian pipes. The pipe was important in the life of the Indians. There were the sacred pipe, the pipe carried in different dances, and pipes used as passports for messengers. A pipe with red feathers meant war. One with white feathers signified peace. Pipes were used for pleasure, but in that case the tobacco raised with ritual was not used.

The pipes were made from a stone called Catlinite, named after George Catlin, the first white man to discover one of the famous Indian quarries. This catlinite stone is soft when first taken from the ground, but turns hard within a short time. However, the soft state is retained long enough for the pipes to be carefully molded.

While there were many of these quarries where catlinite could be found, the best known was near the present town of Pipestone, in the southwest corner of Minnesota. In August, 1833, George Catlin began to hear about the "Sacred Pipestone Quarry," and he and Robert Serrill Wood, an Englishman, started for this quarry. They soon found reaching it was a problem. To the Indians this quarry was sacred and no white had ever seen it, and they swore none would. It was due to the skillful work of the French trader, La Tromboise, who knew the Sioux and their superstitions, that Catlin and Wood got to the Sacred Pipe Quarry.

Here is Catlin's description of the quarry: "The beautiful wall is stratified in several distinct layers of light grey, and rose or flesh colored quartz . . . the Indians procure the red stone for their pipes by digging through the soil and several salty layers of the red stone . . It would appear that this place for many centuries was resorted to for the red stone . . . and that it has been the resort of different tribes, who have made regular pilgrimages to renew their pipes."

The pipe was important to Indians as they made treaties, started wars, made friends by smoking it.

★ ★ ★

Q. Could you give me information about the Lost Mine of the Van Duzen canyon? Russell Romine Jr., 18481 Barroso, La Puenet, California.

A. This alleged lost mine is supposed to be located in the rocky Van Duzen Canyon, near Big Bear, California, between Gold Mountain and Bertha Peak. Legend has it that Van Duzen, a mining engineer, with a partner (name not given) went into this rocky canyon after failing in other gold rushes. They were supposed to have hit a rich vein of ore there and worked their claim until they had ten thousand dollars in gold. Van Duzen planned to go to the nearby town to put the gold in a bank but was shot by his partner who fled with the gold. The body of Van Duzen was found covered by rocks. The partner disappeared completely, and it was assumed he had either been later killed or had died from disease. When he left the canyon, he destroyed all trace of the gold strike. Many have gone into the canyon trying to find the gold strike but none have been successful.

Q. Is it true that the phrase "Red Light District" originated in Dodge City? Alton B. Knockblock, Emporia, Kansas.

A. There are several theories about this. Paul Wellman claimed that the phrase originated in Dodge City when the Red Light House south of the tracks used red glass in the windows on the first floor. Another legend has it that this phrase developed when railroad men who were to spend the night in Dodge would hang the red lanterns on the doors of brothels to guide their fellow workers to nights of entertainment.

Q. Wyatt Earp is said to have left the old West with half a million dollars and his marriage to the Marcus girl added to this wealth and he was a millionaire when he died. Is that true? George W. Mayberry, 1716 Canosa, Las Vegas, Nevada.

A. According to Frank Waters' book *The Earp Brothers of Tombstone*, Wyatt Earp was practically broke at the time of his death and had been forced to resort to con games for money. Waters quotes the *Arizonia Star*, July 26, 1911: "Wyatt Earp, Walter Scott, and Edward Dean were arraigned a second time today,

(Continued on Page 70)

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BLOODY CITY IN THE SKY

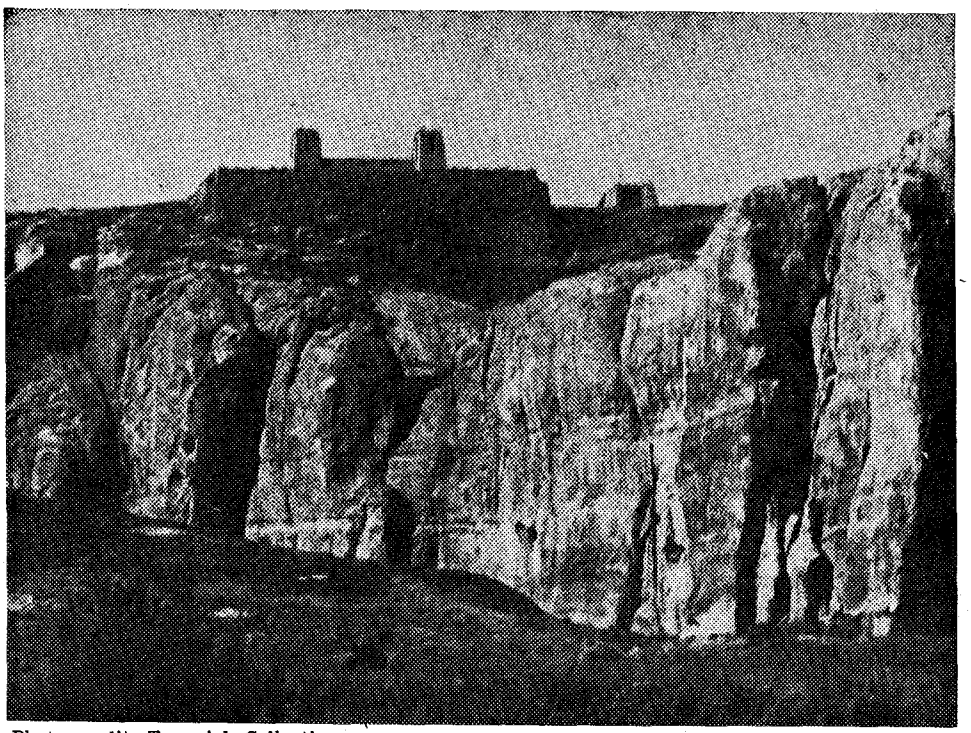

Photo credit: Traywick Collection.

The city of Acoma sat high on cliff, fully protected against attack, but around it raged bloody battle of pre-historic days.

By Ben T. Traywick

IT was a cold, sunless day in January, 1599 when Colonel Vicente de Zaldwar, leading 70 soldiers, galloped out of San Gabriel, the latest and newest colony of "New Mexico." He had been ordered to persuade the Acoma Indians to give obedience to the Spanish crown. However, the colonel had a personal objective in mind that had nothing to do with the orders he had been given. These same Acoma Indians had murdered his younger brother, Juan, only about two months before and he was only interested in avenging that murder.

The Acomas lived in a "sky city" on the top of a mesa with sheer sandstone walls rising to a height of 350 feet. As the Spanish troops neared the Indian stronghold, Indian spies alerted hundreds of Acoma Indians who speedily prepared strong defenses.

Nine days later, lookouts on the 430 foot katzimo (enchanted mesa) three miles from Acoma saw the sun flash off the lances carried by Zaldwar's soldiers and from the steel breastplates of their horses; at this sight a signal was sent up.

Fleet runners were dispatched to relay all this information to Chief Zutacapan, known as the man who never smiled. When he heard from his scouts that the white invaders numbered only seven times the fingers of both hands, the chief laughed.

The small army of soldiers halted to rest and prepare for the coming battle. Both men and mounts were exhausted for during the 160 mile march they had been burdened with heavy coats of mail, steel breastplates, iron helmets, halberds, German maces, Toledo swords, and two bronze artillery cannons.

A courier from Zaldwar's camp delivered an ultimatum: surrender or be destroyed in blood and fire. It was in this way that Colonel Zaldwar chose to follow the orders of his uncle, Captain General Juan de Onate; orders to attempt peaceful submission of the Acomas.

While his troops rested and made preparations, the Colonel brooded upon the Acoma treachery to his brother Juan in the nearby sky-scraping citadel seven weeks before on December 4, 1598.

After a very weary expedition Captain Juan de Zaldwar and eighteen exhausted soldiers had asked for food and water at Acoma. The Indians welcomed them, Chief Zutacapan assured them every hut, pot, and blanket would be theirs if they would climb up the cliffs to Acoma's "city of the sky."

The Spanish inched up the sheer 375 foot sandstone cliffs, weighted with arms and armor. As each soldier reached the summit he was taken to a different hut by an Acomese host. Thus were the Spanish soldiers divided for their own destruction. Hundreds of Indians attacked the tiny handful of white men. The mud huts and the dusty streets were filled with shouts, screams, and the fury of battle. Though hopelessly outnumbered, the

(Continued on Page 55)

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

WE wish we could publish more of the many letters we are receiving praising the bibliographies we tack on to the end of every story, but space simply won't permit. However, we will publish two of the letters as samples of what we are getting. One is from a well-known historian of the old West and one from a student at Indiana University who is working on his Ph. D. and is using Real West for material and would like more from readers.

First the letter from Robert B. Maclaine, Sr., who needs no introduction. Sirs:

After reading your "Sam Moses" article in the September RW and the "Sacrifice of Falling Leaf" article in the November issue, both by my long-time and highly esteemed friend, Joe Koller, I can only say the quality of RW is certainly improving. But even an editor can be "taken in" by fast-buck know-nothings, it seems. For you not only by-pass the trash now, but notate each article with reference datum. And I'll buy that. It keeps the sensationalists who care nothing for the truth out. And, as a writer and historian not exactly unknown by various other publishers and historical foundations, historical purism is far more important to me and to all heritage-minded Americans — than going after the buck without scruples. More to REAL WEST Magazine.

Yours sincerely,
Robert B. MacLaine, Sr.
2808 N. Washington St.
Tamcoma 7, Wash., 78407

FROM COLLEGE STUDENT

Gentlemen:

I wish to add my thanks to the men behind REAL WEST for publishing such a fine western magazine, and special praise for the new policy of having a bibliography at the end of articles.

Have you ever thought of publishing some out-of-print books in paperback for a reasonable price? And how about articles on road ranches, western food, and western hotels? I am working on my Ph. D. dissertation "Hotels in the Trans-Mississippi West, 1865-1890" and if any of your many readers could send me any information or photographs on western hotels I would be most appreciative.

Keep presenting the West as it is and your success shall always be assured.

Sincerely,
Richard A. Van Orman
528 N. Washington #3
Bloomington, Indiana 47403

PEARL YOUNGER

Dear Mr. Rand:

By chance the July issue of REAL WEST came into my hands. I read with interest your editorial article concerning the paternity of Pearl Younger and your statement that Homer Croy "states positively that Cole Younger was the father of Pearl Starr (Younger), daughter of Belle Starr."

I have before me a narrative manuscript written thirty-five years ago by my father, Richard H. (Dick) Reed, concerning his early life and that of his family. He tells of the marriage of his older brother, Jim, to Myra Mabelle (whom they called May), in 1865 in Decatur, Collins County, Missouri, of his almost constant association with her in his earliest boyhood, and of his being present at the birth of their daughter whom they named Rosie Lee.

After Jim was killed in a gunfight by John Morrice, Maybelle later lived with a Bruce Younger, a cousin of Cole, and from this association Rosie Lee became known as Pearl Younger. Maybelle later married Sam Starr and became notorious, as history relates.

I do not attempt to defend the characters of any of the persons mentioned in my father's chronicles nor do I claim any particular pride of relationship, but I do maintain that published accounts of events of history, however remote, should be either provable or better left unsaid.

Very truly yours,
John E. Reed
517 Siskiyou Elvd.
Ashland, Oregon

It is known that Jim Reed and Belle Starr were children together, and your father's narrative may have some new and interesting data on Pearl Younger.

WHY NOT HONOR INDIANS?

Dear Editor:

Various comments on the monument to Custer's Army at the site of the massacre have interested me and having for fifty years been an ardent student of Indian history, I would like to add my two cents' worth. I have visited and photographed the scene of Custer's defeat and found there a memorial to the soldiers who perished there.

But I looked in vain for a semblance of a marker or monument as a memorial to the Indians who fought just as hard and valiantly and who died there defending THEIR own soil, THEIR lands, THEIR homes; THEIR families against ruthless, unscrupulous aggressors bent on conquest. And the same can be said for the Modocs in their lava beds; for the friendly Cheyennes at Sand Creek massacre in Colorado, a stain on the name of the U.S. Army that time can never efface, the shameful affair at Fort Bowie, Arizona, Wounded Knee, etc., etc.

A.V. Paulsen
1212 Carlisle S.E.
Albuquerque, New Mexico

THE DALTON HOME

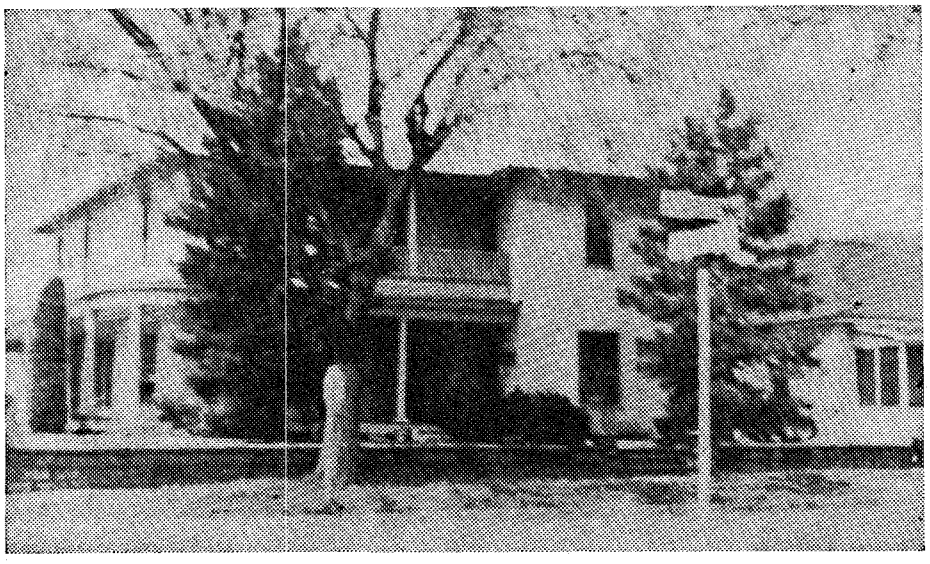
Dear Sir:

The picture of the Dalton home (below) in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, was taken when I was back there on a vacation last April. This was my first trip to my old hometown in over 25 years.

In the early 1920's while walking to and from school I used to see Emmett and his mother as they worked around their yard.

Sincerely,
Perry G. Powers
P.O. Box 151
Sunnyvale, California

(Continued on Page 76)



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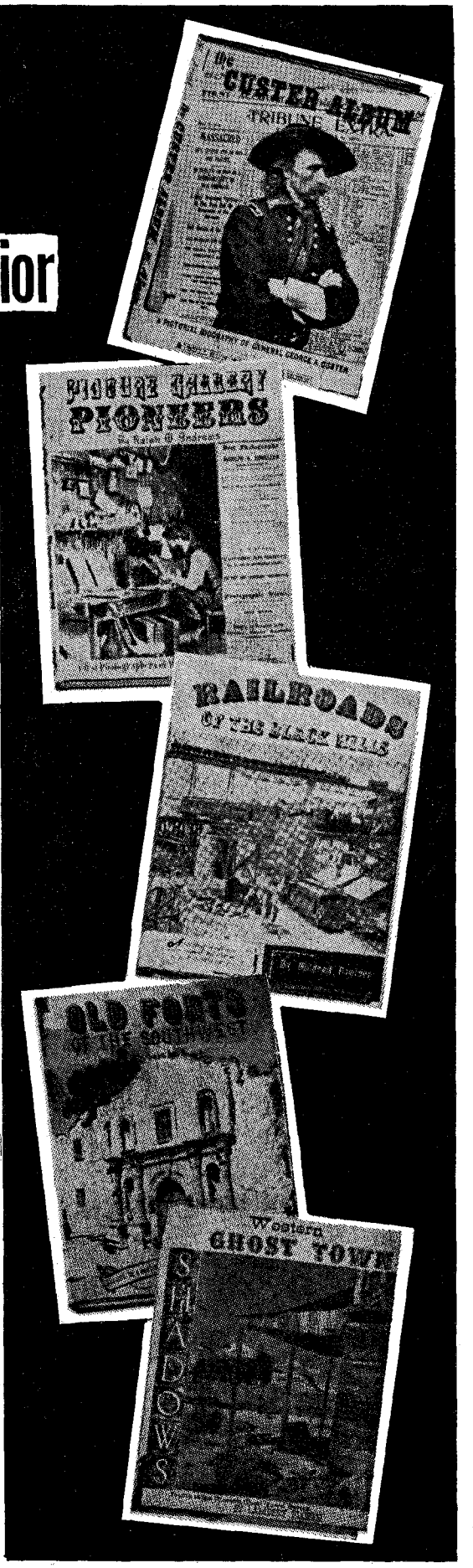

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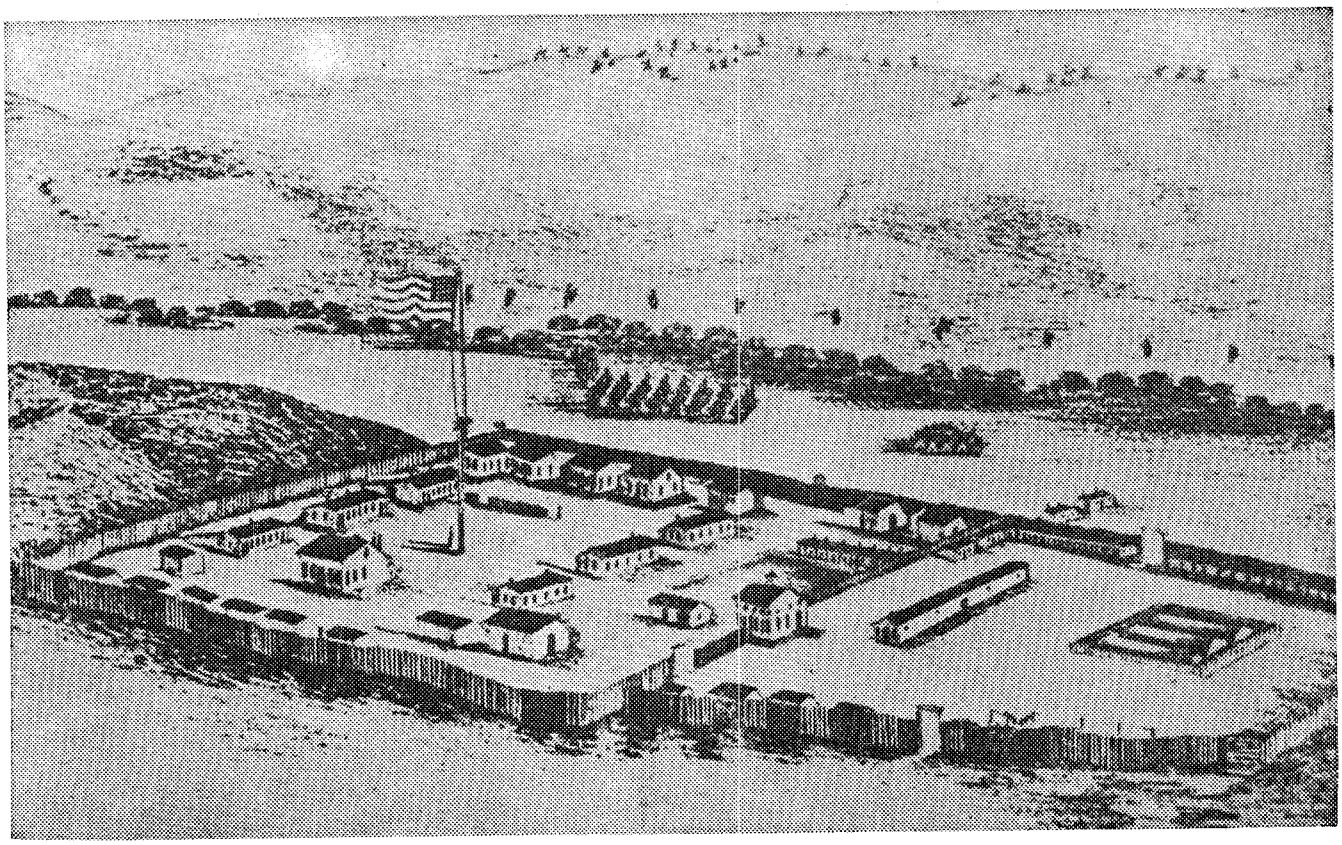

SLAUGHTER AT FORT PHIL KEARNEY

By J. P. Dunn, Jr.

One of the most controversial phases of the Indian wars was what happened at Fort Phil Kearney, that strange fort dubbed by the soldiers "The Hated Fort On The Little Piney." What was the true political background of this gigantic military blunder? Who was responsible for the slaughter of the soldiers at this fort? Writers have so distorted the story of Fort Kearney that the whole picture has taken on bewildering angles. To bring our readers the real story we are publishing here what historians all agree is the most accurate account, written back in 1886.

All Photo Credits: National Archives.

IT was a triangle formed for swift death, the perfect setup for a gigantic military blunder, a blunder that history will never forget.

Until the close of the War of the Rebellion, the great northeastern triangle of the mountain country, lying between the continental divide and the plains, had been subject to little encroachment from the white man, but civilization had been pressing up around it on all sides. On the east, the Sioux had been pushed back gradually until the great outbreak of 1862, in Minnesota, and then, by one stroke, forced into the confines of Dakota. To the south, the mining settlements of Colorado had grown populous and strong enough to entirely dispossess the Indian. On the southwest, the Saints had planted themselves immovably and converted what hunting grounds there were in that section into farms. On the west, the gold-hunters had crowded up to the continental divide and were moving down its eastern slope.

In the following year the wonderful placers of this section became known, and there ensued a rush for the new Golconda that surpassed anything ever known in the Northwest. The richness of the mine justified the great immigration. Helena, Virginia City, Bozeman, and other camps sprang up, with populations that produced nothing but gold, and which had to be supplied with everything else from the oustide.

There were two ways of reaching the Montana settlements from the East. One was by following the estab-

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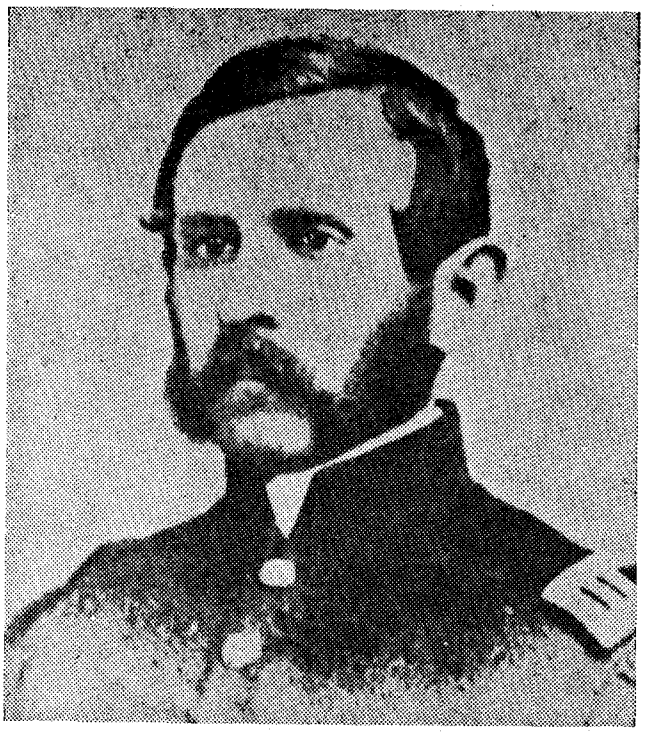
lished emigrant road through the South Pass, to Fort Hall, and thence north; the other was by boat, on the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers, to the head of navigation, and thence through the country of the Crows to the mines. Both these routes were circuitous, from Fort Laramie to Bozeman, along the eastern base of the Big Horn Mountains. For these reasons it became desirable to open a direct road, and preparations for it were commenced in 1865, by negotiating with the Indians for the right of way.

The country through which the proposed road was projected belonged, when first known to the whites, to the Crows. These Indians were tall, well-formed, expert horsemen and good hunters. They had all the fighting they could attend to from their cousins, the Sioux, who waged relentless war upon them. On this account they cultivated the friendship of the whites, from whom they could procure arms and ammunition, and even had several reputable chiefs, among whom were the celebrated Bridger and Beckwith. By 1865 the Sioux, with their allies, the Northern Cheyennes and Arapahoes, had gained control of these sections, and the Crows were virtually expelled from the country east and south of the Big Horn Mountains.

It was an era of peace — in Washington. The Indians, in the annual reports, were doing nothing but defending themselves from the encroachment of lawless whites. The entire country looked contemptuously upon the strength of the red men. The army was cut down to its lowest possible figure, and much of it was employed in the late insurrectionary states.

Its arms were chiefly old-fashioned muzzle-loaders, notwithstanding the wonderful improvements that had been made in weapons during the war. The Indians were better armed. On one occasion a cattle guard excused themselves for not firing on Indians who were attacking their herds, because the Indians had revolvers, while the guard had nothing but muzzle-loading muskets and would be at the mercy of the Indians if they



Captain Fetterman who led troops to disastrous defeat.

discharged them. "Judicious men" were sent out to treat with the Sioux for the right of way through Montana. They met at Fort Sully, and, from October 10 to October 28, made treaties with the Minneconjous, Lower Brules, Two Kettles, Blackfoot Sioux, Sans Arcs, Onepapas, and Ogalalas. These Indians agreed to "withdraw from the routes overland already established or hereafter to be established through their country," and not to interfere "with the persons or property of citizens of the United States travelling thereon."

The matter drifted on through the winter, the opposi-

The defeat at Phil Kearney of the army led to a peace conference where the Indians were again betrayed.

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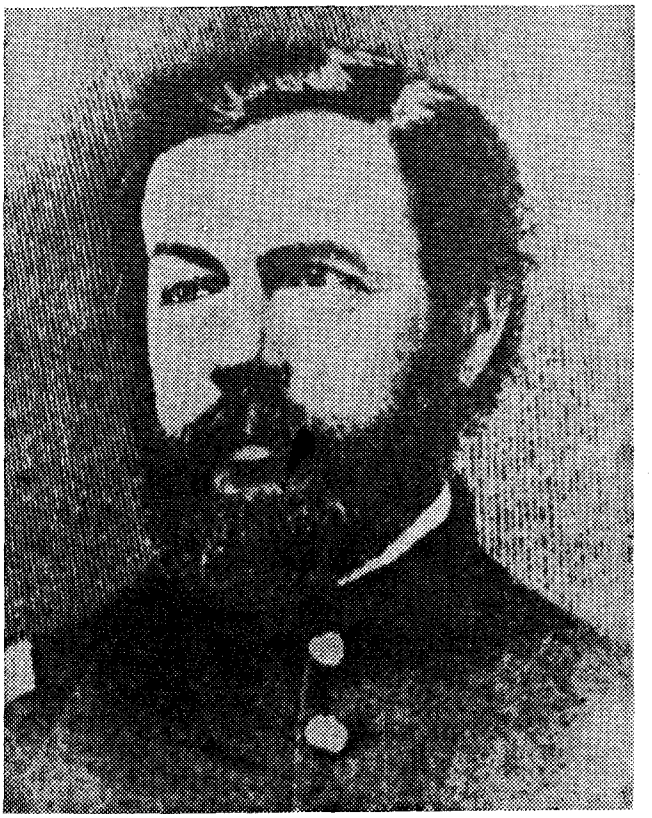
tion growing somewhat less during the annual period of starvation, when the presents from the Great Father looked so much more enticing. The leader of the anti-cession party was Red Cloud (Mock-peah-lu-tah), who was at that time known only as the chief of the Bad Faces, one of the three bands into which the Ogalalas were divided. He was a warrior, not of hereditary rank, who was raised to the leadership on his merits, and was already exerting a wide influence. He bitterly opposed the treaties from the first. An able second was found in Ta-shun-kah-Ko-ke-pah (Man Afraid of his Horses), the warlike chief of the Honc-pah-te-lah band of Ogalalas.

The most influential of the chiefs that favored the treaties was Spotted Tail (Sin-ta-Gal-les-sca) who, like Red Cloud, was not of hereditary rank, but a warrior who had risen by his courage and ability. He and his coadjutor Standing Elk (As-hah-nah-zhe) will be remembered as being among the Brules who surrendered themselves, for the safety of their tribe, after the battle of Ash Hollow.

In the spring the commission located itself at Fort Laramie, being still engaged in efforts to get signers to its treaties, and especially to conciliate the Ogalalas. The idea prevalent among officials, both in the East and the West, was that there must be peace, and accordingly it was said with assurance that there would be. So certain were all parties that the right of way would be granted, that the military occupation of the country began while the negotiations were pending. Colonel H.B. Carrington was ordered up from Fort Kearney, with about two thousand men, of whom eight companies were assigned to the new route. They numbered about seven hundred men, five hundred of them raw recruits. This command passed through Laramie in June, while the negotiations were going on, and marched directly for the Powder River country.

AS soon as the destination of these troops was announced to the Indians, Red Cloud, Man Afraid, and their followers withdrew from the council and refused to return. The only ones of the Prairie Sioux who remained and agreed to abide by the treaties were the Lower Brules, with a few stragglers from other tribes. At that time they numbered about two thousand five hundred, but a year later Spotted Tail, Standing Elk.

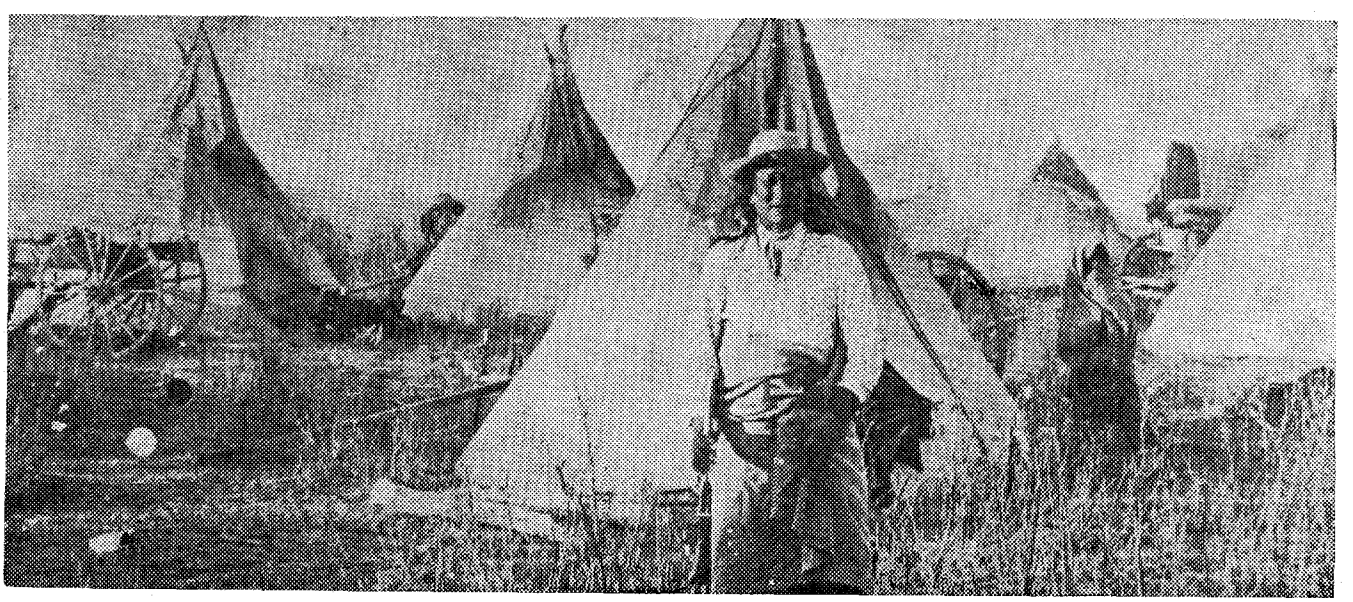


Captain Ten Eyck was sent to aid Captain Fetterman.

and Swift Bear, the treaty chiefs, had with them only one hundred lodges, mostly of old women and squaws, the young men having gone to swell the ranks of Red Cloud.

Included among the Indians that retreated was the mixed band under Big Mouth and Blue Nose, which had lived about Fort Laramie so long that they were known as the "Laramie Loafers." They numbered about six hundred, but less than a hundred of them were men, and more than a hundred were half-breed children. So rapid was the defection of warriors to the hostile camps that within two weeks after the passage of the troops, Spotted Tail and Standing Elk told the whites that their young men had left them and gone to the Powder River

Chief Young Man Afraid of His Horse played important part in fight against defenders of Fort Phil Kearney.



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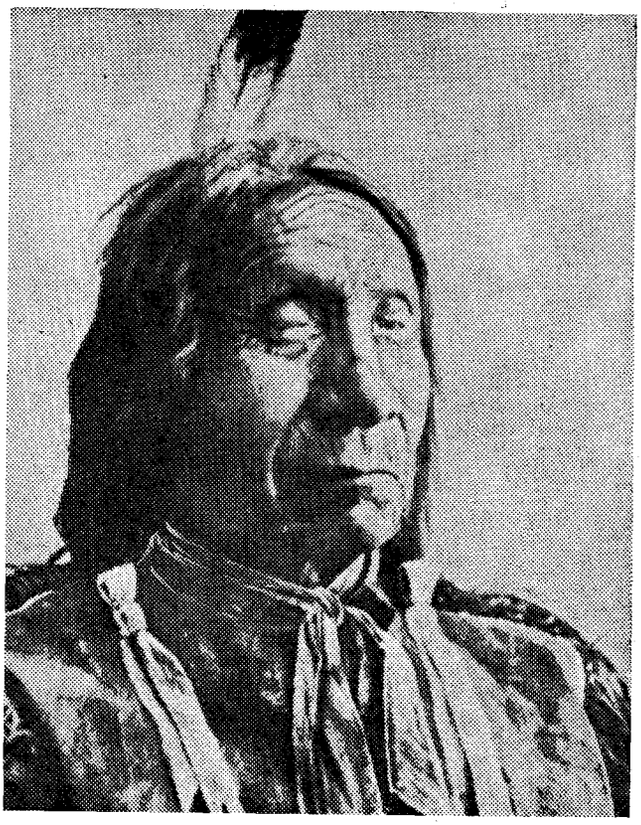


Red Cloud as old man retained mental keenness.

country, and that parties who went far from home had best "go prepared, and look out for their hair."

The detachment for the Powder River country was moving on. The soldiers were splendidly furnished with everything except arms, ammunition, and horses. Nearly all of them were armed with old, muzzle-loading, Springfield muskets, though the regimental band had Spencer breech-loading carbines and a few of the officers had Henry rifles. Of ammunition only a small amount was taken from Fort Kearney, in the expectation that a supply could be obtained at Fort Laramie, but unfortunately there was none there of proper make and caliber. There was no cavalry in the command, and only two hundred horses available for cavalry purposes. On these, two hundred infantrymen, with muskets, were mounted. This expedition was on a strictly peace time basis. The Indians were proceeding on a different theory. On the morning after the command reached Fort Reno, one hundred and sixty-seven miles northwest of Fort Laramie, the peaceful Sioux ran off all the sutler's horses and mules.

They were pursued, but none of the stock was recovered; the only thing the pursuers captured was a pony, so heavily laden with the presents recently distributed at Fort Laramie that he could not keep up in the chase. On July 14 the troops, who had then reached Piney Creek, received notice from the Indians that they must leave the country; that Fort Reno would not be disturbed, but that no new forts could be built. On the next morning the new fort was located at the mouth of Little Piney Creek. It was named Fort Phil Kearney, in honor of the distinguished cavalry officer, though the orthography does not indicate it. *Preparations for defense were at once begun by mowing the parade-ground and putting up signs to "Keep off the grass."

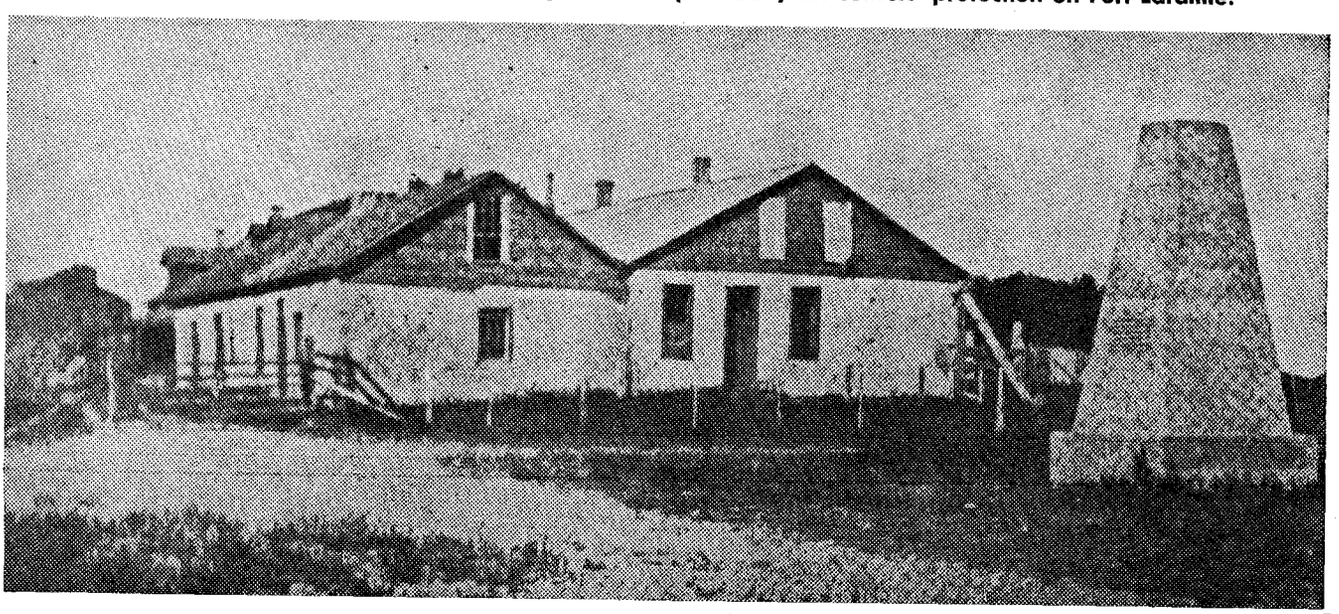
(*The family name is Kearny, but both the Nebraska post, which was named after Stephen W., and this one, are universally spelled Kearney.)

On the morning of the 17th, at daybreak, part of the post herd was stampeded, and the party that went in pursuit was surrounded by a large force of Indians who killed two and wounded three of the soldiers. Later in the day, the same party of Indians came upon the travelling trading establishment of Louis Gazzons, commonly known as "French Pete," an old trader with a Sioux wife, and killed all the men, six in number.

From that day until the 29th, five emigrant trains were attacked, fifteen men killed, and much stock run off, part of it from Fort Reno. On the 29th Carrington appears to have awakened to the fact that the hostile Indians were doing some damage. He telegraphed the Adjutant-general of the army, on that day, for Indian auxiliaries and additional force. On the 31st he requested reinforcements of General P. St. George Cooke, commanding in that district. On August 3, Fort C.F. Smith was located on the Big Horn, ninety-two miles northwest of Phil Kearney, by two companies sent from the

(Continued on Page 58)

Destruction of Fort Phil Kearney by Indian treaty threw responsibility for settlers' protection on Fort Laramie.



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WHO WAS BILLY THE KID'S MOTHER?

Well-known Western writer unravels the mystery that has shrouded the shadowy character of the mother of the famed Billy the Kid and her story.

By Kit Carson

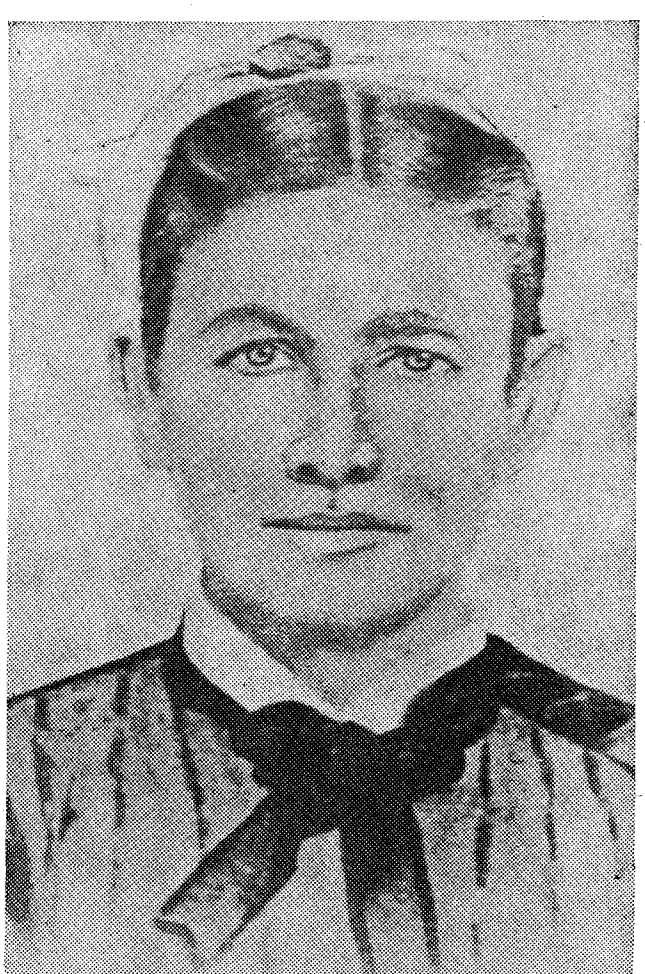

Photo credit: Rose Collection, University of Oklahoma Library.

LITERALLY tons of print have been given to the subject of William H. Bonney, alias Billy the Kid, of the famed Lincoln County War.

Antithetically, little has been directed to his lineage, or his family background. Practically nothing has appeared about his father, whose name might have been McCarty or Bonney, very little about his brother, who has been called Joseph, or erringly Edward, or just plain old Joe; and very, very little about his mother!

The Kid's mother has been one of the most shadowy figures that ever made a track over the virgin stretches of the old West — and she is by far the most difficult to research!

There is almost a complete lack of documents on the frontier woman, as far as has been ascertained, and any information is and always has been, hard to come by!

It has been documented that the mother of Billy the Kid was known during her last years as Mrs. William H. (Catherine) Antrim. This documentation is offered in these pages.

But the bothersome, mysterious missing link in the woman's life is during that period of time when the family left New York City and arrived in Santa Fe, New Mexico Territory, a period which has caused it to be said that *"she always seemed a shadowy figure in the Kid's life!"* Which is, *indeed,* true!

And it certainly seems strange that no one has at least a few comprehensive notes of family background — whether it includes infamous outlaws, of which the West produced many, or leading world statesmen!

Nevertheless there is at least one thing we *do* know of Mrs. William H. Antrim, the Kid's Mother — and that is that *little is known about her.* There unquestionably exists room for controversy. Too, a look into the little-known and hard-to-find accounts of the *Bonney* or *Antrim* family will excite just about as much interest and concern as some of the daring episodes of the nefarious son she brought into the world.

Despite such a meagre background, this little anecdote indicates that Mrs. Antrim raised a kid that most people liked, and everybody, despite the number of killings accredited to him during his short sojourn in the rugged West, seemed willing to render help and assistance to him during his life of outlawry.

Mrs. Pat Murphy of Lincoln County, who has made

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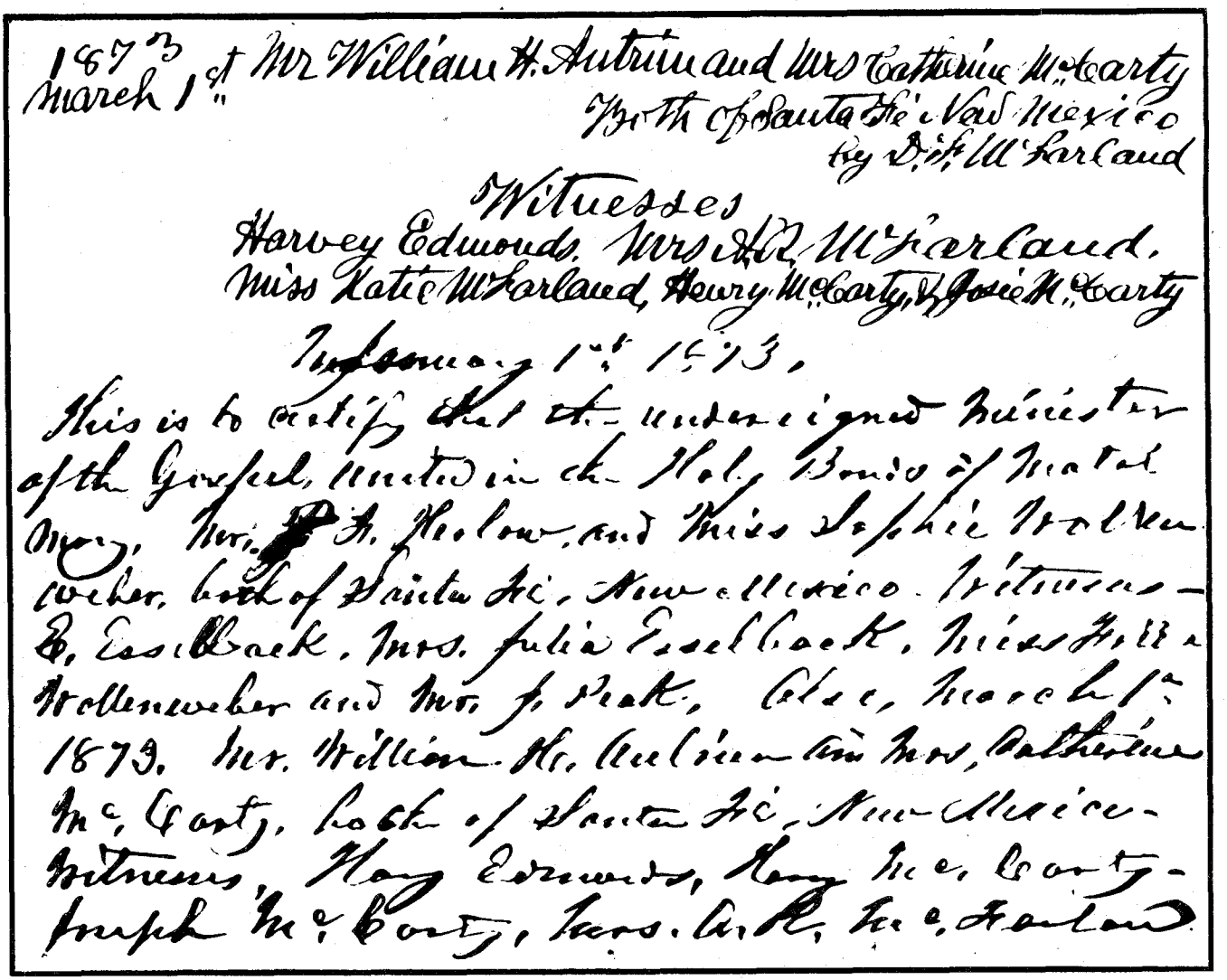

1873
March 1st Mr William H. Antrim and Miss Catherine McCarty
Both of Santa Fe New Mexico
by D. H. McFarland

Witnesses
Harvey Edmonds. Mrs. D. H. McFarland.
Miss Katie McFarland, Henry McCarty, Josie McCarty

January 1st 1873,
This is to certify that the undersigned Minister
of the Gospel, united in the Holy Bonds of Matri-
mony, Mr. W. H. Harlow, and Miss Sophie Wolken
Weber, both of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Witnesses —
E. Eastback, Mrs. Julia Eastback, Miss Hilla
Wollenweber and Mr. J. Peak, Clerk, March 1st
1873. Mr. William H. Antrim and Miss Catherine
McCarty, both of Santa Fe, New Mexico.
Witness, Harvey Edmonds, Henry McCarty.
Joseph McCarty, Mrs. Eastback, Miss Harland

Photo credit: Carson collection.

Marriage contract between Catherine McCarty, mother of Kid, and W. Antrim raised question of Kid's real name.

a careful study of the county's history, is responsible for the accounting of this little humorous incident.

Mrs. Lesnett had come to Lincoln County as a bride and witnessed most of the Lincoln County War. She liked Billy the Kid and had befriended him many times. Mrs. Lesnett in her later years told Mrs. Pat Murphy about the Kid's visit to her one day at the old Dowlin Mill, which was located at the settlement which in later years became known as Ruidoso.

It was at the time the Kid was at the peak of his activity, and Pat Garrett was chasing around all over the country after him. During the visit, Mrs. Lesnett and the Kid were sitting around the old wood stove in the kitchen of the mill, drinking coffee, and talking. For some reason they happened to glance up and look out the small window, and noticed Pat Garrett not far away riding down the trail. Garrett was hunting the Kid, they knew, and had declared openly that he would "take him in!"

His approach was too sudden for the Kid to attempt an escape. Mrs. Lesnett, quick-wittedly, came to the rescue. She jumped up and hastily raised the huge lid to the flour bin where toll for grinding was deposited and motioned for the Kid to crawl in. She then lowered the lid on him — *flour and all!*

Sheriff Garrett rode up to the hitching post, crawled off his horse, and came into the Lesnett kitchen. He, too, drank coffee and the two visited for a while.

He finally raised up out of his seat, stretched himself, announced his departure, strode through the door, crawled onto his horse, and rode away.

Billy then crawled out, brushed the flour from his jeans, and continued the visit with Mrs. Lesnett.

When Editor Philip R. Rand asked me to dig up something new and authentic on the life of the Kid's Mother for the readers of *Real West*, the future looked pretty dark for the moment.

No effort has been spared in the attempt, and some of the topnotch researchers of the subject have been drawn upon and they have laid the fruits of their many years of research into the effort. Appreciation most certainly goes to these people.

The research extended from one end of the nation to the other and abroad. Almost every source has been drawn upon to provide some sort of picture of the little-known movements of the Kid's Mother, Mrs. William H. (Catherine) Antrim.

It also was found out that any attempt to look into the ancestry of William H. Bonney would meet with something new — *if nothing more than a new controversy.*

It is hoped that this will not be understood as a controversial offering. But rather it has been a desire to render the compilation in a manner that will speak for itself, and give the readers of *Real West*, and history students, something of a synopsis of the subject with which to clarify many previous suppositions.

Very soon after Billy the Kid was gunned down that

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July night of 1881 by Pat Garrett in the home of Pete Maxwell, at Fort Sumner, printed matter commenced to flow in gigantic torrents on the exciting subject of the Lincoln County War and its most famed participant, Billy the Kid. The entire world shoveled coal on the movement, whether they were writers or not — or whether they knew anything of the subject. It was an interesting subject, and everybody fell into it, *whole hog!*

The movement did not wane. Since that time practically every writer of southwestern subjects of any consequence has penned some sort of "Billy-the-Kid" script. An urge to write about the startling episodes is certainly not on the wane even today. A new bud sprouts out just about every month.

Argument never settled whether this is picture of Kid.

Photo credit: New Mexico Historical Society

In time, as material for those pens commenced to peter out, the flow of ink pointed in the direction of the family tree. But it was not easy to offer much in this field, in the way of documentation. Fiction was allowed to enter the pages, and what has been conceded as titantic errors in the chronicling of the family tree resulted.

The subject is shadowy, and always has been — and likely always will be! One student seems to have been very accurate with his research, and excerpts from his papers will be used later on.

SOME of the numerous volumes which appeared over the country met with widespread public approval largely for the interesting reading material they contained.

Walter Noble Burns authored *The Saga of Billy the Kid,* and it was first published by Doubleday & Company Inc., in 1925. In it is a chapter, "A Child Under A Dark Star," which treated of Mrs. Antrim and her son, Billy the Kid, and gave something of the family history, but it is rendered in a manner too clear and too concise for anyone to take much stock in.

The author paints a vivid picture of the family and offers words concerning its movement. It lacks documentation of the old frontier newspapers and records so far as is known and was probably compiled from a combination of imagination and certain interviews. It certainly lacks the approval of students who have spent many, many hours digging into the dark, dim corners of the subject. *But it is interesting to read.*

Burns says that Billy the Kid was Billy H. Bonney, and was born in New York City, November 23, 1859; and that William H. and Kathleen Bonney were his parents, "both of unknown antecedents." And that they emigrated in 1862 to Coffeyville, Kansas, taking "with them three-year-old Billy and a baby brother named Edward."

"When little Billy Bonney was toddling about its streets, Coffeyville was a mere collection of shacks on an obscure frontier, safely to one side of the fighting in the Civil War," the author of *The Saga of Billy the Kid* says. It is to be noted here that records account Coffeyville as having first been settled in 1867 — so take it for what it is worth!

Further — In this Kansas frontier town the Father Bonney died, and was buried there. Soon after the widow Bonney with the two children struck out for Colorado.

And here is must also be noted that the "shadowy figure" — the Kid's Mother — had shadows also, shadows which have never been knowingly penetrated — and probably never will be!

She left New York as Mrs. Bonney, and, according to Walter Noble Burns, landed in Kansas under the same name, with a husband.

From the same source we have her left a widow by the death of Husband Bonney in Coffeyville; and the next document picks her up in Santa Fe, New Mexico Territory, in a marriage to William T. Antrim, as Mrs. Catherine McCarty. This document accompanies this article, and shows the two were united in marriage in Santa Fe, March 1st, 1873.

What the phantom woman did between the rugged

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stretches from Coffeyville, Kansas, over the boisterous Santa Fe Trail, into the Trail's terminus, Santa Fe, and how she came by the name of Mrs. Catherine McCarty is certainly soup for thought. Maybe she married again, and it was a short-lived affair; maybe some other strange circumstance developed that caused her to claim another name. God only knows the facts I'm sure. Maybe, some gilt-edged student will luckily stumble upon a solution to the mystery some day!

Before the marriage in Santa Fe, just what settlement the straggling family landed in Colorado is not known; for it is offered that she lived for a period in that territory before marrying Antrim in Santa Fe. It could have been any of those settlements which were about ready to burst wide open as mining towns, as the country was then full of prospectors camped on a future eruption that was to be one of the biggest and richest discoveries on the North American Continent.

Denver was then the principal regional town, with a population of some two or three thousand. Its communication with the outside world was maintained only by the use of the Pony Express which carried the mail to Leavenworth in a ten-day-run, at rates of twenty-five cents an ounce. Under such circumstances, it is easy to understand why the historian has such difficulty in digging up records of facts, *and what a margin exists for mistakes.* And by the same token it can be readily surmised why that period of Mrs. Antrim's life is so *shadowy.*

Burns said the Widow Bonney met and married a man in Colorado by the name of Antrim, and that they soon thereafter set out over the rugged frontier trails in a covered wagon, bound for the New Mexico Territory capital of Santa Fe, and the booming terminus of the rip-roaring Santa Fe Trail. The railroads then had not penetrated the region, and the overland trade made possible by the usage of huge freighting wagons had made the Mexican capital a solid chunk of teeming activity.

THEY landed, and Mrs. Antrim ran a boarding house in Santa Fe, but it is not disclosed what her husband did. It was accounted, however, that Billy the Kid played up and down the crowded Francisco Street, where all the trade caravans gathered to sell "goods," and swap. To that market Burns attributed the Kid's acquaintance with many famous mountain men and frontier scouts and Indian fighters.

The Antrims did not remain long in Santa Fe. They pulled stakes in 1868,

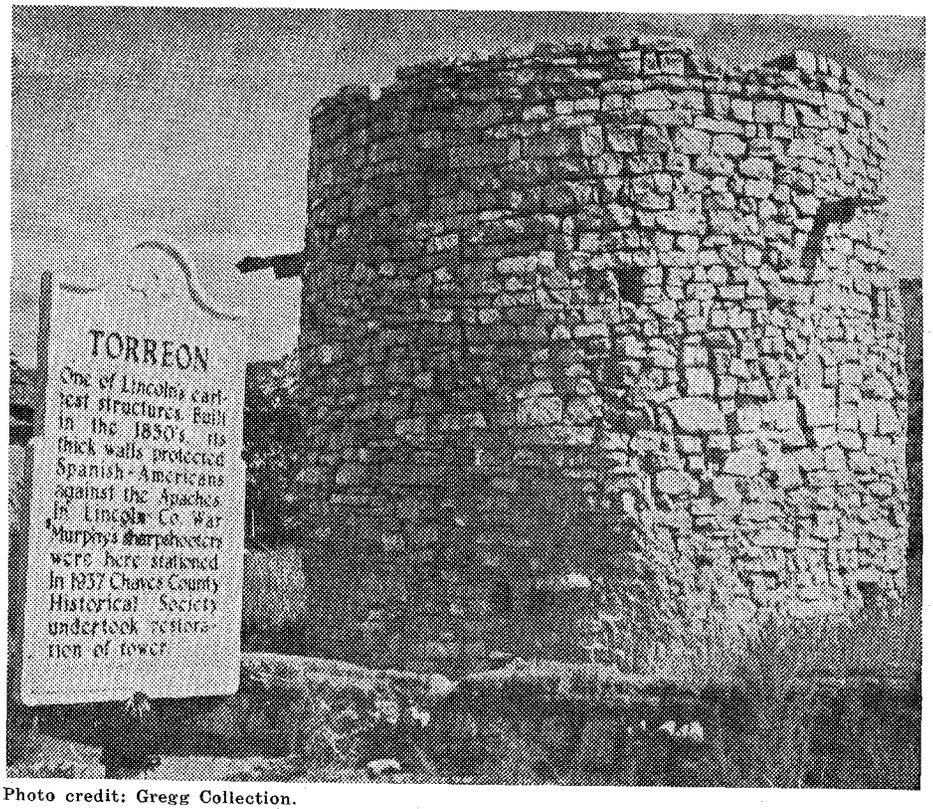
TORREON
One of Lincoln's earliest structures built in the 1850's its thick walls protected Spanish-Americans against the Apaches
In Lincoln Co. War Murphy's sharpshooters were here stationed
In 1937 Chaves County Historical Society undertook restoration of tower

Photo credit: Gregg Collection.

Murphy's sharpshooters were stationed in this structure during county war.

and moved to the booming silver mine town of Silver City, in the southwestern portion of the territory. In this raw, frontier mining town, Mrs. Antrim established another boarding house; and her husband went to work in the mine fields.

Here it should be pointed out that the operation of a boarding house always seemed to be a mainstay for Mrs. Antrim, and certain dim records which can't be exactly tied to that of the family exist in New York which show that such might have been the case in that metropolitan eastern city.

The Antrim family seemed to do very well in Silver City. It is noted that the Kid had free range of the numerous saloons, gambling houses and the like in the raw center, which no doubt created much concern on the part of his mother, but was a matter which was most likely beyond her control — with a drove of hard-working miners to feed and sleep.

Ash Upton was one of Mrs. Antrim's boarders in Silver City. He left testimony in later years that Billy the Kid was "bright at his lessons and stood well in his classes. He had, as a little boy, a sunny disposition but also a fiery temper, and when he was in one of his rages nobody could do anything with him."

In the same chapter of Walter Noble Burn's *Saga of Billy the Kid* we find the story, accepted by many, of Mrs. Antrim being the cause of the Kid's first killing. This was supposed to have taken place in Silver City when the kid was twelve years old. He and his mother were walking down the street when a blacksmith (name never given) insulted his mother. Kid retaliated by picking up a stone and hurling it at the blacksmith. It knocked the blacksmith's hat off but did no other damage. Thereupon stepped into the fray one Moulton (first name not given) who gave the blacksmith a sound thrashing when he started to chase the Kid.

Some time later (no dates are given) this Moulton was in Dyer's Saloon and got into a brawl with a couple of barroom bums. The Kid was standing against the ice box. No explanation is given as to why a twelve-year-old would be loafing in a saloon. Anyway, the Kid watched the fight casually until the nameless blacksmith, seeing a chance to avenge himself on Moulton, grabbed a chair and brought it down on Moulton's head. The chair hit Moulton a glancing blow, but at this moment the twelve-year-old Kid, discharging a debt of gratitude to Moulton, leaped into the fight and with unerring aim sent his knife into the heart of the nameless blacksmith who promptly fell dead . . . still nameless.

No explanation is given how an undersized twelve-year-old could handle a knife with such skill. After killing the blacksmith the Kid is supposed to have run home, buried his sobbing face in

(Continued on Page 49)

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Photo credit: Public Archives of Canada, No. C-6935.

MYSTERY of the SHAKING TENTS

By Francis Dickie

Here is one of strangest mysteries of magic among Indians that even baffles the greatest Indian authorities.

FOR 353 years the mystery of the Indians' "Shaking Tent" has remained scientifically unsolved. The majority of the white men who witnessed it are in agreement in their testimony that they could not find any trickery and that the actions performed were beyond the strength of even the strongest man. Indeed, in one exhibition, the medicine man was several feet distant from the edge of the tent!

Though this amazing example of Indian magic existed from the Atlantic regions of Eastern Canada to the wilds of the Northwest Territories, it has rarely been demonstrated in the last 40 years. Perhaps Sir Cecil Denny, a Northwest Mounted Police officer in the Territories from 1847 to 1882, has the explanation. In 1879 he wrote: "I could tell many strange and weird stories about these medicine men and the remarkable things they accomplished. These would not be credited by most people. However, these strange men have nearly all died, and most of the old Indian customs with them."

To set down the history of the "Shaking Tent" is not so much a problem of writing as it is of searching through many hundreds of pages in various widely assorted old volumes of the past 353 years. The first, of course, is the *Jesuit Relations* in Canada in the 17th century. Then diaries of Hudson's Bay Factors, writings of early explorers, fur traders, and the notes of Sir Cecil Denny, one of the most deeply interested and observant of Indian occult specialists.

Of the early fur traders, Alexander Henry, who lived 1739-1824, in his book *Travels,* published in 1809, was among the most careful observers. From some of these sources have been selected the most illuminating and puzzling examples of what will always doubtlessly remain the unexplained mystery of the "Shaking Tent."

It was in the month of July, 1609, that Samuel de Champlain, famous early French explorer in Canada, while travelling in the Quebec wilderness, witnessed an exhibition of the "Shaking Tent." Here is a brief trans-

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lation of his account:

"A wigwam" (See photograph of group of tents presenting reasonable comparison) "was erected by the Indians of large saplings, covered over with beaver robes, the poles firmly staked into the earth. The medicine man, naked, entered. Soon, from within the tightly closed wigwam, came screaming, different prophesying, voices. The tent began to shake."

Champlain went on to claim the different voices were only ventriloquism, and that the tent was shaken by the man inside. He certainly was in error about the man shaking the tent, as the evidence of many later investigators testified this was beyond any man's strength.

In the following three centuries many curious white men-missionaries, explorers, fur traders and, particulary, the Mounted Policeman, Sir Cecil Denny, and the early fur trader, Alexander Henry — viewed manifestations of the "Shaking Tent" in locations as far apart as Eastern Canada and 3500 miles to the westward in Canada. Here, it is an interesting side note, this phenomenon does not seem to have extended to tribes in the adjoining regions which later became the United States.

FROM the report of many accounts of investigations in the next 150 years after Champlain, it appears this was an epoch in which the manifestations were either more vigorous or more carefully studied by interested white men, particularly in the Eastern part of Canada.

For the earliest, most thorough examination of the unexplainable mystery, we are today most indebted to the writing in the *Jesuit Relations,* particularly those of Father Paul LeJeune, missionary to the Algonquin and Hurons, 1632-1639; Father Jean de Brebeuf, and Father Gabriel Lalemant. For the sake of brevity, the writing here is confined to that of Father LeJeune, as the other eye-witness descriptions are very similar.

This priest was a very thorough man. He realized if he was to be successful in converting the Indians, he must speak their language. He chose the most important, Algonquin. After two years living with various bands, he was fairly fluent.

It must here be particularly remembered that all the missionaries believed *only* in miracles of the own faith. Thus, in examining the mystery of the "Shaking Tent", it was always their endeavor to prove the Indians apparent miracle was only trickery by the medicine men, and not *really* supernatural as were Church miracles. Such efforts were spurred because the worst obstacle, in some instances proving insurmountable, was the medicine men's fierce opposition to the Christian teaching's success with the Indians.

Here is a running translation of Father LeJeune in his *Relations,* 1634. "Three young men erected a tent with six leaning poles in a circle, the pointed poles forced deep in the ground. At the top they were held together by a strong rawhide ring, leaving an opening. The poles were then covered tightly with skins. This tent was of a height a tall man could barely touch the top with outstretched arm. It was large enough to hold six men. On its completion the medicine man crawled under the covering, drawing it back tightly in place.

"From within came the man's low moaning, while the tent began gently to shake. His moaning gave place to whistling, the cry of owls, then howling and song. Soon the tent became violently agitated. I was astonished for the tent continued to shake for three hours! Near the end, from the top of the tent sparks shot up."

Photo Credt: Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

Sir Cecil Denny witnessed this strange phenomenon.

Father LeJeune, at first skeptical, was forced to admit no human strength could have shaken the tent, the poles of which set firmly in the earth. Yet the top of the tent at times swayed bending downward.

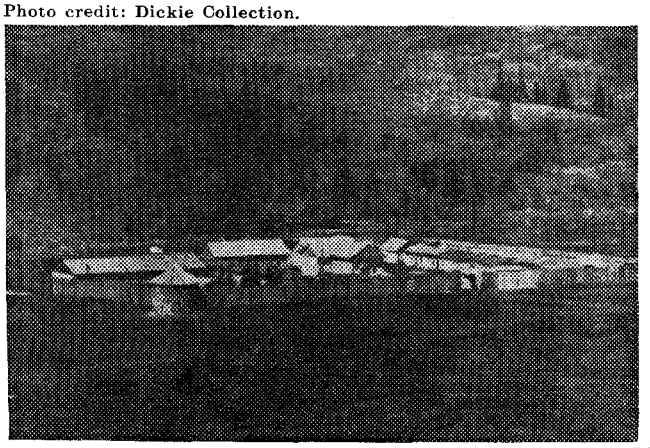
The fur trader, Alexander Henry, in his book, *Travels,* published in 1809, writes this example, witnessed in 1764 among the Ojibwas. This was in the Fort Niagara region, now Province of Ontario. Here is his account: "The Guardian Spirit of this tribe was the Great Turtle. To consult this spirit required elaborate preparation and great ceremony.

"A tent was erected of five poles, each from a different kind of tree! These were about ten feet high and

(Continued on Page 42)

Magic also seen at Fort Walsh, Northwest Territory.

Photo credit: Dickie Collection.



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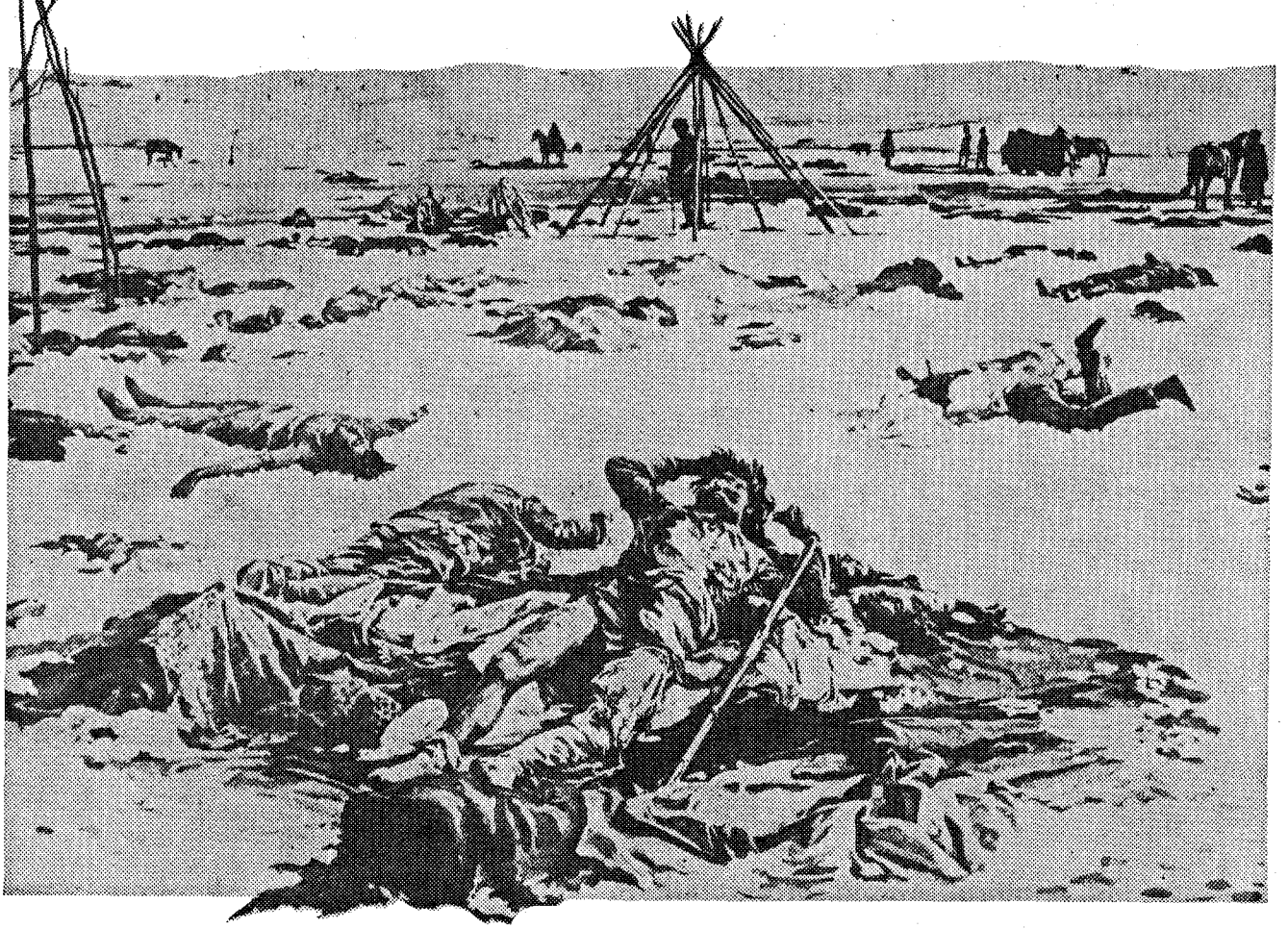
DEATH TRAIL OF THE CHEYENNE



It was a forlorn hope that sent these Cheyennes to return to their former homes, but it took the whole army to destroy them.

By James Long

THE night of September 9, 1878 was a dark, misty gray, that covered the Fort Reno Indian Reservation in the Indian Territory like a blanket. In this luminous darkness the fires of the Cheyennes around their lodges burned brightly, and the soldiers in their pup tents surrounding the reservation were either in bed or getting ready for the night's sleep.

All seemed quiet and peaceful around that Indian reservation. It wasn't. As soldiers pulled off their boots and undressed, and the fires around the Cheyenne lodges burned brightly, shadows moved through the misty darkness, many shadows, hundreds of them. They moved so stealthily and swiftly that not a sound emanated from them.

These shadows were five hundred Northern Cheyennes, led by Chief Little Wolf, fleeing the horrors of that Indian reservation for their homes a thousand miles to the North.

It was the beginning of the Cheyenne's last Trail of Blood.

Actually this Trail of Blood had started two years before, on the night of November 26, 1876. Little Wolf and Dull Knife and Cheyennes were sleeping in their villages in the Powder River country of Montana. There were no guards outside. These Cheyennes were peaceful and had not taken part in the Custer massacre or any other battles against the whites.

So they had no cause to post guards or be afraid of attack by their white brothers. But after midnight a gun exploded outside the teepees. Then another gun and then a barrage of bullets ripped through the tents, killing men, women, children and animals. The Cheyennes

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awakening in panic, ran out into the night and the bone freezing, twenty-below zero temperature. The U.S. soldiers and Indian Scouts under General MacKenzie rode down the fleeing women and children, slaughtering them with the Indian men. In less than half an hour the brutal, unreasoning attack was over. Hundreds of Cheyennes lay dead in the snow. All their ponies, 700 in all, had been shot, and their lodges were now in flames.

The army later admitted that General MacKenzie and his troops had made a mistake and had believed they were attacking the camp of Crazy Horse, but there is no evidence that either General MacKenzie or the army showed any feeling or regret over the ghastly mistake that left hundreds of innocent Indians, men, women and children, dead in the icy snow.

Those Cheyennes, led by Little Wolf and Dull Knife, who escaped half-naked through the snow managed to make their way to the camp of Crazy Horse where they were given food, clothes and shelter. Little Wolf and Dull Knife attempted to persuade Crazy Horse and his Sioux to join them in attacking the soldiers. But Crazy Horse had seen the writing on the wall and talked them out of attempting such a rash act.

So they made up their minds to surrender, and in the spring of 1877, they took their people to Fort Robinson and gave up. They had been promised friendship and peace, wagons, plows and cattle, and a reservation of their own. But instead, their horses were taken, they were disarmed, except for a few hidden guns, then they were herded together and started south, mostly afoot. And of the 980 who started on that never-to-be-forgotten journey, 937 arrived at Fort Reno in the Indian Territory seventy days later, on August 5, 1877.

The Northern Cheyennes were taken to the level bottoms on the North Canadian as the soldiers set up their tents nearby. In the evening the Southern Cheyennes made a feast for the new ones — with thin water soup in the bowls. Plainly these people, with no horses and no guns, were very poor.

"We will not stay to share the little of these poor ones," said Little Wolf, "we will go back to our home on the Yellowstone, where there is game to kill and water to drink. We will go at once, as it was promised we could do if we did not like it here."

He sent word to the agent that they would leave immediately, before the northern snows started falling. But the agent, J.D. Miles, said they could not go, he wanted no trouble, but if they did leave, his soldiers would drive them back.

Photo credit: U.S. Signal Corps, No. 111-SC-82964

Stone Calf, shown with his wife, led the Cheyennes.

Cheyennes camp on the Brule River near Pine Ridge, South Dakota where the army attacked and drove them north

Photo Credit: Photo by Grabill, Library of Congress.

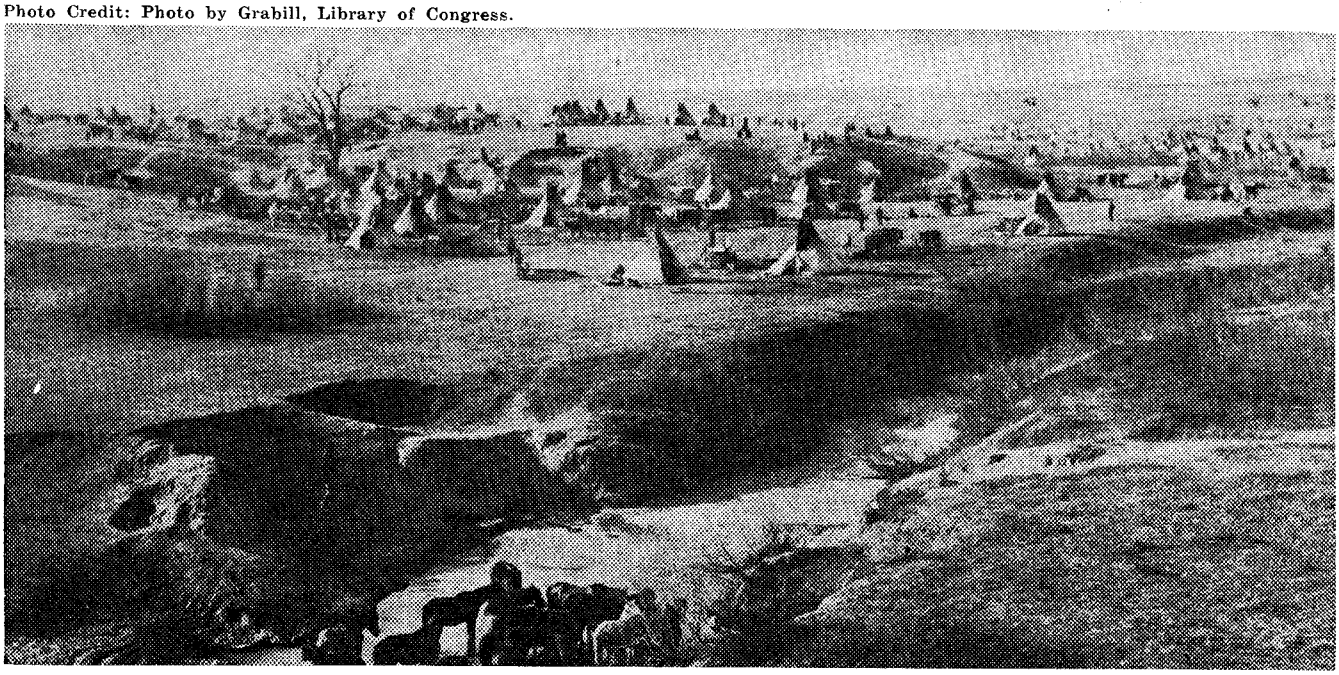

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Photo credit: American Bureau of Ethnology.

Dull Knife led the Cheyennes from Fort Robinson.

THE Northern Cheyennes despised this "heap hot" land choked with grass, weeds, and brush, "heap rain" and little snow. But worst of all were the rations of mouldy bacon, wormy flour, cornmeal ground with the cob, and skinny cattle; some of them worn out white mens' wo-haws that were mostly hide, horn and bones to start with. So many new mouths soon depleted the agency's food supply and, with no game to be found to supplement their dwindling dole, the Wolf's people soon felt the cramps of hunger in their empty bellies.

With summer came swarms of bloodsucking mosquitoes to spread the shaking sickness, malaria. They were all sick, and every day saw one or more carried to the rocks to be buried. Little Wolf said to Agent Miles: "We were raised in the north among the pines and the mountains. We had no sickness there and few died. We would like to go back to our old mountain home. If you cannot give us permisssion to go we will go anyway, for we cannot live here."

Miles answered, "I cannot let you go now, but stay another year and perhaps something can be done."

"No!" answered Little Wolf, "we must go now, in another year none will be alive to go."

Shortly thereafter a detachment of Indian Police was sent to the camp because some of the Wolf's young men had left. Agent Miles was afraid they would all go and had sent police to stop them. At this time, Little Wolf sent word to the agent that he would move the camp a little farther up the river from its present stinking location. The Cheyennes moved their camp as he had said, but before they had their lodges set up, a company of soldiers hurried up with a cannon and ordered the people to go back to the agency. With their big gun trained on the village, the troops remained four days.

On September 8th the agency doctor came. He walked beside the silent chiefs past all the sick. The women turned the kettles upside down to show their emptiness; they held out to him bowls of roots and grass. "This is a death camp, a burial ground!" the doctor growled angrily. But, having none of the white quinine powder for the shaking sickness, he could not help them.

That night the Cheyennes packed for travel. There were about 100 warriors, ranging from boys of thirteen to old greyhaired men. The rest were women and children, about 300 in all. Swiftly, silently, they packed their ragged, worn, and broken belongings. Not a sound was heard, never a wail from the smallest baby. The travois were loaded, a few of the sickest were allowed to ride, a few warriors had half-starved ponies, they had a few guns. In this pitiful manner they began the trail for home, over a thousand miles to the north. To fool the soldiers they left their lodges standing, the fires brightly burning, and their going was not discovered until the next morning.

After the breathless running people had made it safely away from the agency and had been brought together, Little Wolf fanned his braves out for miles on either side for the badly needed supplies. In a few hours the raiders had brought in many horses, and, best of all, several fat cattle. It was good to eat the tender, fresh meat, the first they had had in many moons. Now they would have new moccasins and many needed things.

They marched unmolested for two days and were making camp on the Little Medicine River for the night when a scout signaled from a ridge that troops were coming. Little Wolf ran from his makeshift lodge and called to his warriors. "Do not shoot! Let the soldiers shoot first! But get your horses and arms ready. I will meet the troops and talk with them. If anyone is killed, I will be the first. Then you can fight!"

The white commander, the whiskey-smelling Captain Rendlebrock, sent a scout to ask the Wolf to give up and go back to the agency. Little Wolf's reply was: "We do not want to fight, but we will not go back. We are going home."

He rode nearer the whites for further talk. The troops fired at him, and the Cheyennes fired back. The battle was on. The troops charged several times, but the Indians held fast and threw them back.

Then the Cheyennes, in a yelling charge, drove the troops back into a ravine and surrounded them on three sides. The warriors kept the soldiers penned in the waterless gully all night. In the fighting, three troopers had been killed and left where they had fallen, thus providing the first good guns and shells the Cheyennes had had since leaving their northern home. In the morning, Rendlebrock and his men mounted their horses and retreated back toward the Canadian. The Indians — content with victory — did not pursue, but at once broke camp and fled north. Five Cheyennes had been hit but none killed.

ON the fourth day, near the Cimarron River a troop of cavalry charged them, but were badly outnumbered and soon retreated. The next day a third force met them, and with the troops was a large number of

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civilians. With the soldiers the Cheyennes saw again the red-faced Captain Rendlebrock whom they had defeated back at Turkey Springs.

Here the Indians were outnumbered, but having the advantage of position, they held the whites off. The fight lasted all that forenoon, and the Indians had used their last powder, when the whites ceased firing and retreated to their wagons. The Cheyennes fled toward the Arkansas. As they neared the stream they came upon a band of hide hunters skinning buffalo.

The hunters were scared, but the Indians were so glad to see the fresh meat — twenty fat cows — that they let the trespassing white thieves go unharmed. But they took the hunters' heavy buffalo guns, kegs of powder, and chunks of lead. Then they hurried across the river a little way above Fort Dodge.

A few miles north of the river the scouts reported a strong force of soldiers coming accompanied by a large number of civilians and many wagons, commanded by the white chief Colonel Lewis. While the Indians dug trenches and threw up breastworks, Little Wolf walked up and down the lines with strong words of encouragement. "Wait," he said, "until they are close. Do not waste your powder, but make every shot count."

Slowly, the heavy line moved up, with the cavalry holding their horses back so the foot soldiers could keep pace. In front of his men rode Colonel Lewis. As the whites advanced they poured a heavy fire into the Indians' position, but only a few scattered shots answered from the Cheyennes' guns. When the soldiers, with Colonel Lewis in the lead, had come very close, the Wolf spoke as he squeezed the sacred bundle beneath his arm. "Fire!" he ordered, as he made the lightning *kill* sign with his hand. "Shoot true, and with every shot knock down your man!"

With a thundering roar the big buffalo guns belched forth their devastating hail of lead, knocking Colonel Lewis off his horse and downing many of his men. In the stinking smoke and confusion the soldiers fell back to their wagons, and taking advantage of the lull in the fighting, the Cheyennes made their escape through a narrow ravine.

The whites were too strong, and Little Wolf knew that he dared not risk any further fighting with them or his people would all be killed. The Cheyennes retreated for three days. The women jogged along weary for need of sleep. Babies rode silent, heads rolling in their cradles. Old men crouched in the drags, some tight-lipped, some singing brave songs to cheer their weary relatives. On the flanks and in the rear rode the young men.

Shortly after the Cheyennes crossed Frenchman's Fork of Republican River, troops again charged down upon them. The warriors fell behind, but could make no stand because of a shortage of ammunition, but they managed to delay the troops by a few weak shots and pretending to charge. Then began a long hard chase, which ended when the soldiers suddenly stopped, probably because their horses had given out. The weary Indians kept on running until dark.

Scouts rode in with word that the soldiers had camped, and the tired people dropped thankfully in their tracks. The Wolf had them all moving again before light, but no more troops were seen, and they crossed the South Platte near Ogalalla on October 4, 1878, and finally camped for a much needed rest near the mouth of White Clay Creek, on the North Platte.

The long running fight was over at last. They had made an unbelievable march of over a thousand miles. In less than a month this handful of Cheyennes with pitiful equipment had out-maneuvered, outwitted, outfought, and outrun the whole United States Army, across the width of three states.

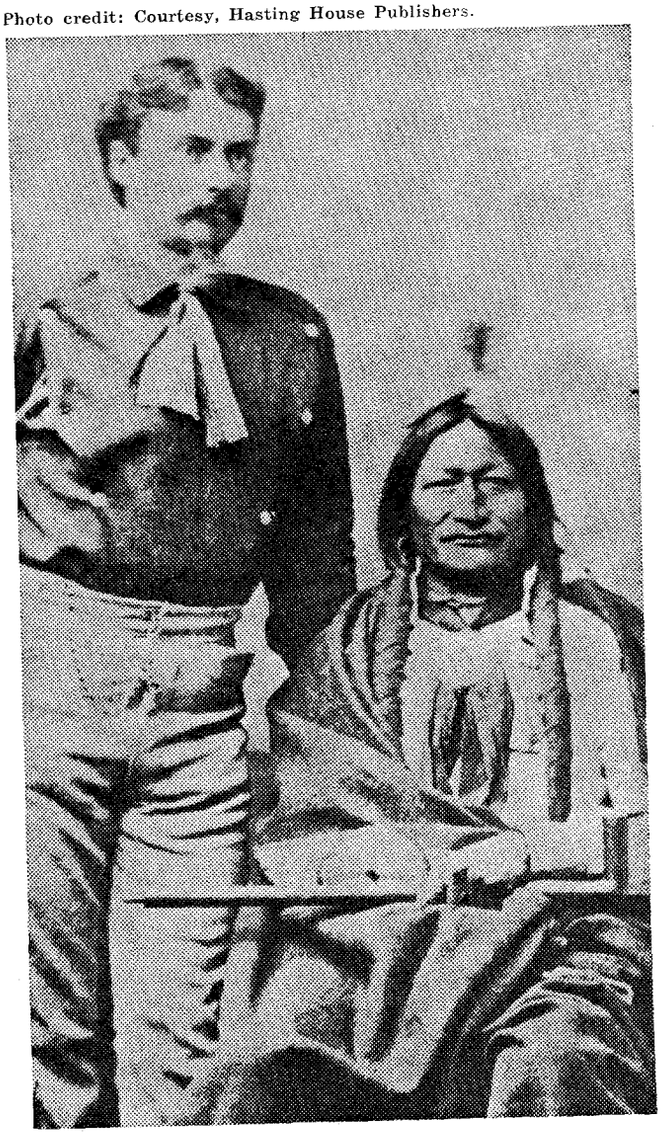
Three army corps had attempted to uphold the bruised vanity of the government by rounding up and capturing or killing a little band of homesick Indians, the few remaining people of Little Wolf and Dull Knife, whose only crime was that of escaping from the land where they were rapidly dying of starvation and disease, and trying to get back to the land of the forefathers.

BUT their respite was shortlived, and they hastily packed up and fled when the scouts reported many soldiers coming close. A few men were sent to make a half-covered decoy trail to lead Captain Johnson and his troops away. The ruse worked, and the people moved safely across the Niobrara River into the safety of the Niobrara Hills. The Cheyennes were back home, back to their land of mountains and lakes and snow. But at what cost? Nearly half of their warriors had been killed. Their few horses were lame, worn out, practically useless. The people were exhausted, hollow-eyed, gaunt. The legs of the children resembled pipestems.

(Continued on Page 63)

Little Wolf and his captor, Lieutenant W. P. Clark.

Photo credit: Courtesy, Hasting House Publishers.



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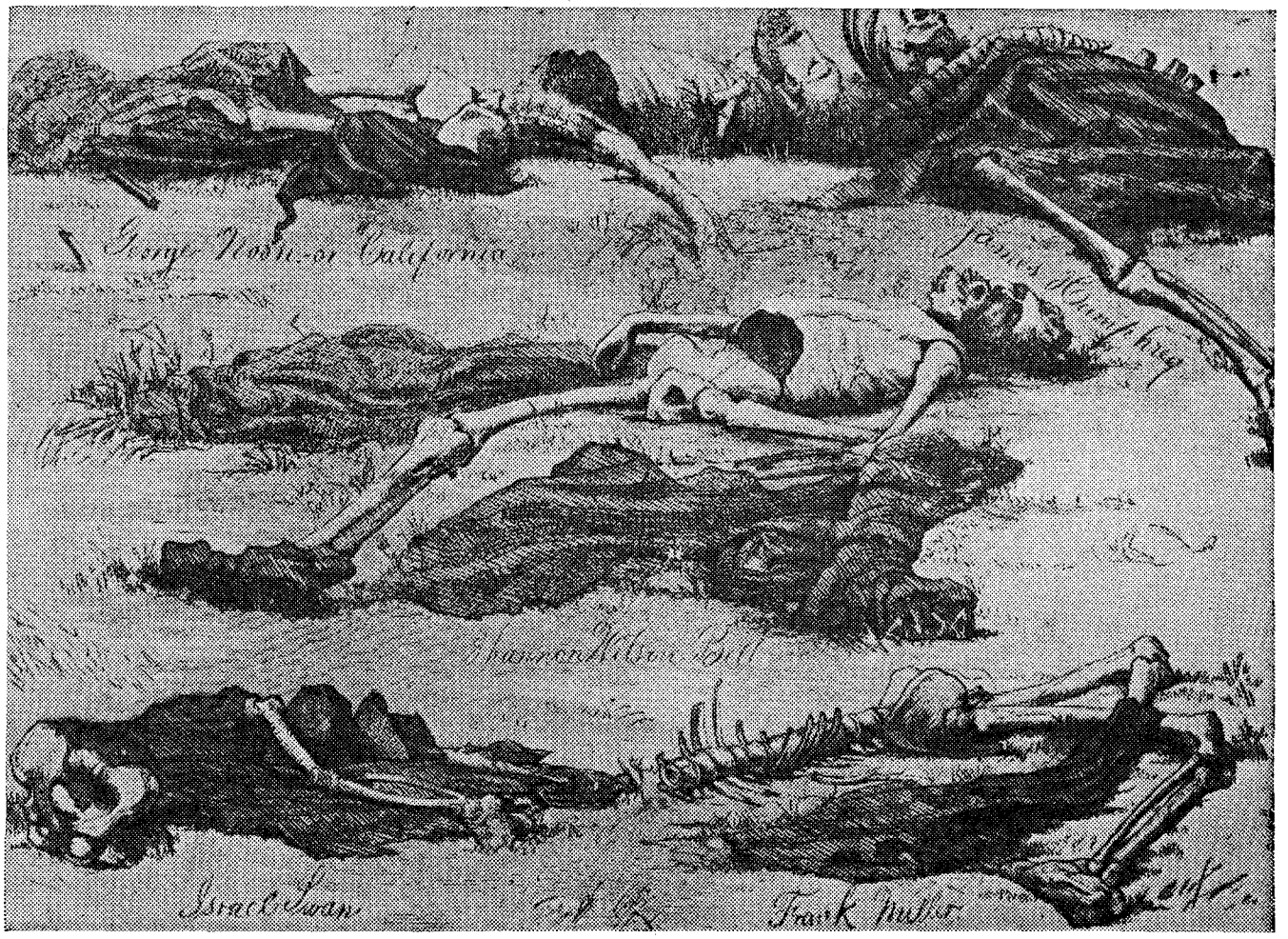

CANNIBALS LEAVE ONLY BONES

It was an odd collection of humanity, the group that thought they were headed for fabulous gold riches in Utah, but they were to write the most ghastly cannibal orgy in the West.

By Earl Spendlove

ALFRED Packer struggled vainly to get up but the man on his chest was too heavy. He tried frantically to pull the hands from his throat but the strong fingers grew tighter and tighter. His chest burned, his breath came in short gasps; then, as he sank into a pool of unconsciousness, his arms dropped limply to the ground . . . and he felt a pistol beneath his hand. Summoning all his strength he raised the revolver and fired. As the echoes of the shot died away, one of the strangest crimes ever recorded in western history came to a close.

The story had its beginning early in 1873, when twenty men from Salt Lake City moved up the Uncompahgre River and stopped at the camp of Ouray, great chief of the southern Utes. They were an odd collection of humanity; tall, short, fat and lean, dressed in broadcloth and in rags; their ages varied from sixteen to sixty, but they had one thing in common. Each had a burning desire for wealth and it was the lure of the yellow metal that had brought them to the foot of the towering, snow-capped San Juan mountains in southern Colorado.

Leading the group was Alfred Packer, a tall man with long, dark curling hair, dark mustache and goatee and deep set, dark grey eyes that came alive at the mere mention of gold. He was a strange, mysterious man but he knew Colorado and, for a few dollars and a promise of a share of their wealth, he had agreed to lead his followers to where gold could be picked up by the sackfull.

"You cannot cross the mountains," Ouray told them. "The snow is too deep".

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SO for a week they waited. But Packer was not a patient man and the warm days and his empty pockets made him all the more anxious to go on. Finally he convinced ten of his party that they could cross the snowy San Juans and soon pick up more gold than they could carry on the sunny southern slopes.

It was a warm, clear day when, in two separate parties, they left Ouray's camp, near the Los Pinos Indian Agency, and headed into the mountains. Two days later a howling blizzard hit the snow-packed pass and winter came back to the valley.

"Gawd it must be cold up there," a bearded man shivered as he looked at the cloud-shrouded mountains. And he and the others left behind speculated on the fate of their companions but they were content to do their speculation close to the warmth and security of their fires.

Weeks went by and, when no one returned, it was assumed that they had made it over the mountains . . . or had perished in the snow and cold. Then, one day Packer came down the valley alone. He told a wild tale of how, when he became footsore and snowblind, his companions had abandoned him and left him to die. Luckily he had stumbled into a cave where, protected from the weather, he had been able to survive until his sight came back by carefully rationing his meager supply of bacon and beans. The prospectors willingly accepted his story, but not the observant Indians.

"You too damn fat," Ouray growled suspiciously and others of his tribe nodded in agreement.

WHEN Packer began buying drinks at the bar and making a play for the dusky damsels in Ouray's camp his erstwhile followers also became suspicious. They were sure something was wrong when he tried to cash a Wells Fargo draft made out to one of his companions and was found to be carrying a knife and gun that had belonged to another.

"Let's have a drink," Packer would shout when their queries became too embarrassing.

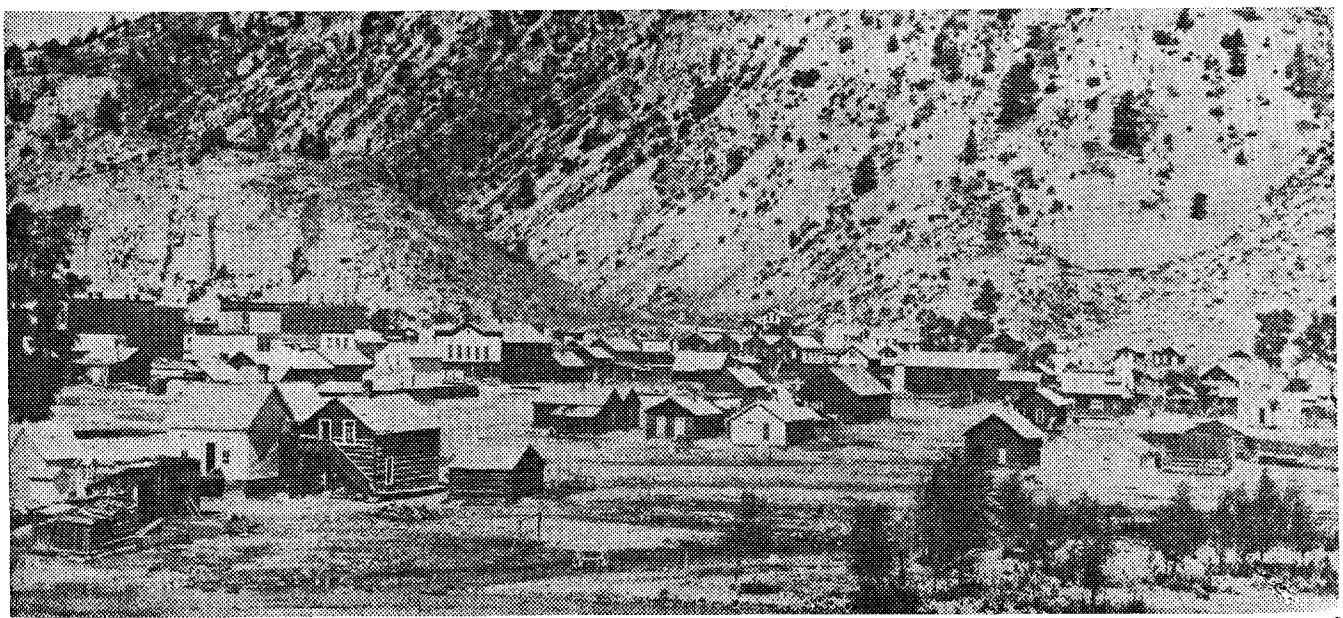
And, since he was buying, no one questioned him too closely. That is, until General Charles Adams, the Indian Agent, came to Los Pinos. Adams would not allow his questions to go unanswered and when he persisted Packer became confused, crossed himself, then broke down and admitted his companions were dead. Pressed for details, he related one of the weirdest stories ever told. It was a story of a heinous crime in which he admitted participation, but steadfastly maintained that he was not the instigator.

Photo credit: Denver Public Library.

Alfred Packer, leader of group, was cannibal monster.

Packer and his followers passed through Lake City on their way to starvation and then the cannibal orgies.

Photo credit: Denver Public Library.



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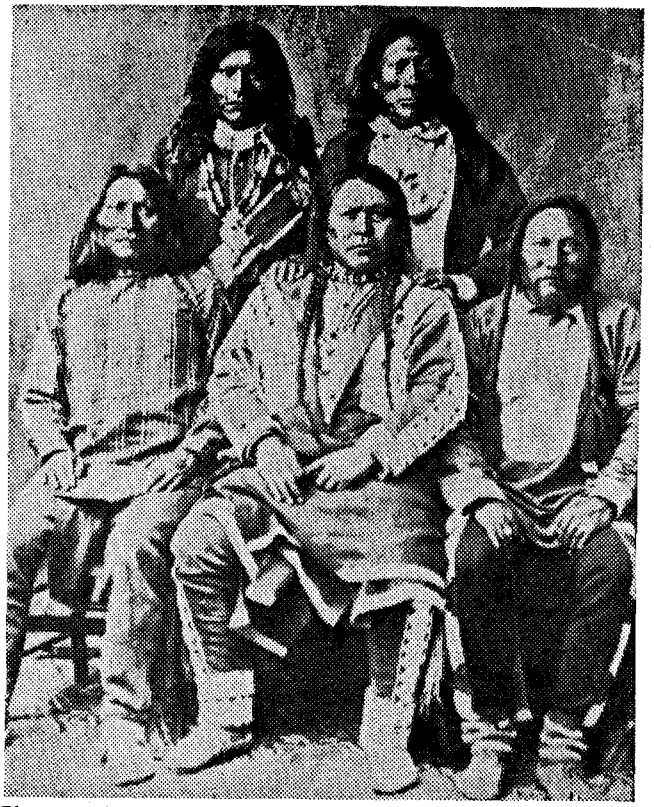


Photo credit: Utah State Historical Society.

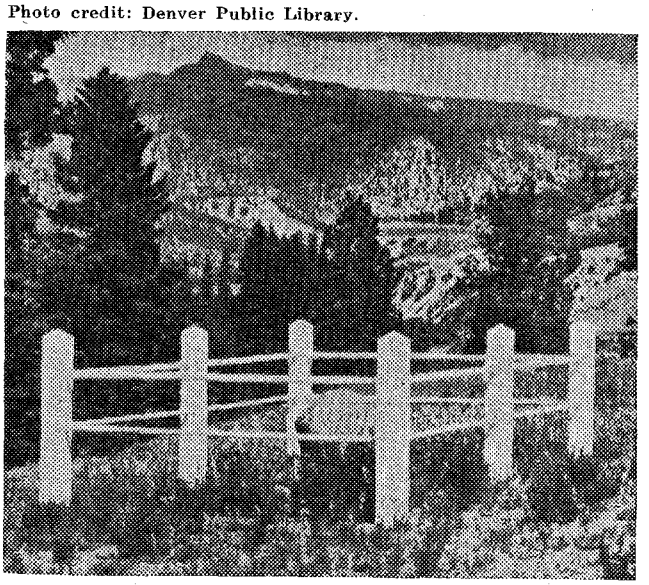
Chief and sub-chiefs warned Packer of the dangers.

THEY were making good time on the hard-packed snow and had almost reached the pass, Packer said, when the blinding blizzard struck. The snow froze on their bearded faces and the wind drove the biting cold through their clothes but they struggled on up the mountain when they could see where they were going and huddled together when they could not. By mid-afternoon the snow was knee deep and they were suffering from frostbite and exhaustion. Finally, just before dark, they sought shelter in a shallow cave where they built a fire and huddled together throughout the long, bitter cold night.

Next morning it was still storming and almost five feet of powdery new snow had obliterated the trail and hid any landmarks that Packer might have recognized.

Mass grave of Packer's victims, south of Lake City.

Photo credit: Denver Public Library.



Realizing the seriousness of the situation, he took stock of their provisions and found that they had barely enough food for one good meal. His companions looked at him with fear in their eyes when they realized their plight.

"We'll just have to sit tight until the snow gets hard enough to walk on, then head back to Los Pinos," Packer told the others, speaking with a confidence he did not feel.

So they sat in the cave and waited. But it continued to snow at irregular intervals, and when it was not snowing a whistling wind piled and repiled the snow into deep drifts. To have attempted to go on or to return to Los Pinos would have been nothing short of suicide.

AS the days passed, carrying wood for the fire became a never ending task. During the daylight hours they spent time wallowing through chest deep snow and struggling through even deeper drifts to tear frozen branches from near-by trees and drag them back to the cave. During the long, cold nights they took turns feeding the branches to the ever-hungry fire.

The hardships were too much for Israel Swann, a tall, gaunt man of sixty, and on the third day he lay by the fire too cold and exhausted to move. That night he died of hunger and exposure.

It was impossible to dig a grave in the frozen ground so, to get the old man's body out of the way, they dragged him out into the snow and left him under a tree. They had turned and started back into the cave when Shannon Bell, a big, rough Irishman stopped them.

"Wait a minute," he said, looking down at the body lying in the snow. "We are starving and can't last two days without food."

Instantly the others knew what he meant and a look of horror came over their faces.

"You mean eat him?" Sixteen-year-old George Noon asked incredulously.

"No, not that!" Packer protested.

"I'd rather die than stoop so low," cried "Mister" Humphrey, a very proper gentleman from England.

"You may just do that," Bell growled and a bitter argument ensued.

Humphrey, reportedly a black sheep from a fine old English family, would not give in. But the others, one by one, accepted Bell's ghoulish suggestion and Albert Miller, a German butcher, cut up Swann's stringy carcass and they roasted it over the fire. Humphrey said nothing as they went about their grisly business, but when they began to eat the half raw flesh he could stand no more.

"Why you uncouth, savage ruffians, you are lower than the bloody cannibals in Africa," he cried with righteous wrath, then turned away and retched.

FIVE days later "Mister" Humphrey came to an inglorious end when he died of starvation and was eaten by the "uncouth, savage ruffians" as they sat by the fire in the cave.

"Sure and if we'd have had some salt, "Mister" Humphrey would have been downright tasty," Bell said as he smacked his lips with gusto.

With Humphrey gone, only four were left, Packer, Bell, George Noon, and the German butcher. Miller had been a fat man, but hunger and hardship had taken their toll. Now, the skin on his face hung in folds and his clothes flapped loosely on his wasted frame. In the high, cold air rheumatism slowed him down and he found it more and more difficult to carry his share of wood for the fire. *(Continued on Page 44)*

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MINE SUCKERS WERE EVERYWHERE

The tricks used by the con men in the gold fields to separate the sucker from his money were many and varied, and the suckers numerous.

By Jan Bob

THERE are no figures which could ever be compiled but there is little doubt that as much money changed hands for "salted" (faked) mining claims as was actually ever taken out of the ground legitimately. Most of the vast fortunes were accumulated by rigging the mining stock markets, selling them and buying in short. As long as any coin was being produced, there were suckers that would buy gold stock if told the nuggets were to be found growing in the 20 foot jack pines which grew in the area.

As a matter of fact, in some of the western diggings where these pines grew, a miner would spot a newcomer and pretend to take his knife and pry a nugget from beneath the bark of the tree. Of course he had merely palmed the nugget and pretended to get it from underneath the bark. But, wide-eyed, the greenhorn would want to buy into such a bonanza and after money had changed hands, he would climb the tree until brought down by the raucous laughter of the others.

But from Colorado through Montana, Wyoming and Nevada there were subtler means of separating the verdant sucker from whatever cash he had available. To the potential sucker, there was always that legend that "Old Pancake" Comstock had sold away a multi-million claim for a few dollars. "And he thought he'd out-slickered them smooth-hairs from Californy. If he can do it, so can anyone of us."

The famed "Lucky" Baldwin, who seemed to have a Midas touch, was one of these slickers who knew a trifle more about salt than they did about gold.

Minor, root-deep claims began to show less and less values and the owners knew it was then high time to find a buyer for what would probably prove to be a worthless pile of rock. And the methods they used to make these "dry holes" pay were only slightly less than ingenious.

When a claim, staked on a gravel bar, was to be sold fingernails were stuffed with gold-saturated clay which would dissolve as the seller washed out a sample pan for a buyer. Or if he suspected such a gimmick and wanted to wash out his own color, ashes from a cigarette would be accidentally dropped into the pan and was bound to show color. Of course the cigarette, or possibly two, had been heavily impregnated with gold dust and its ashes in the pan would be enough to excite any greenhorn and even such old-timers as "Lucky" Baldwin.

Being accurate with a chaw of old cut plug could be profitable, too. The chaw was laced with gold dust, enough so that a show of color would turn up in the pan, or even in the sand if it was a near miss.

Variations on these themes of trickery sometimes included shovels drilled with small holes and filled with gold dust which would be spilled, of course, when and where it would do the most good.

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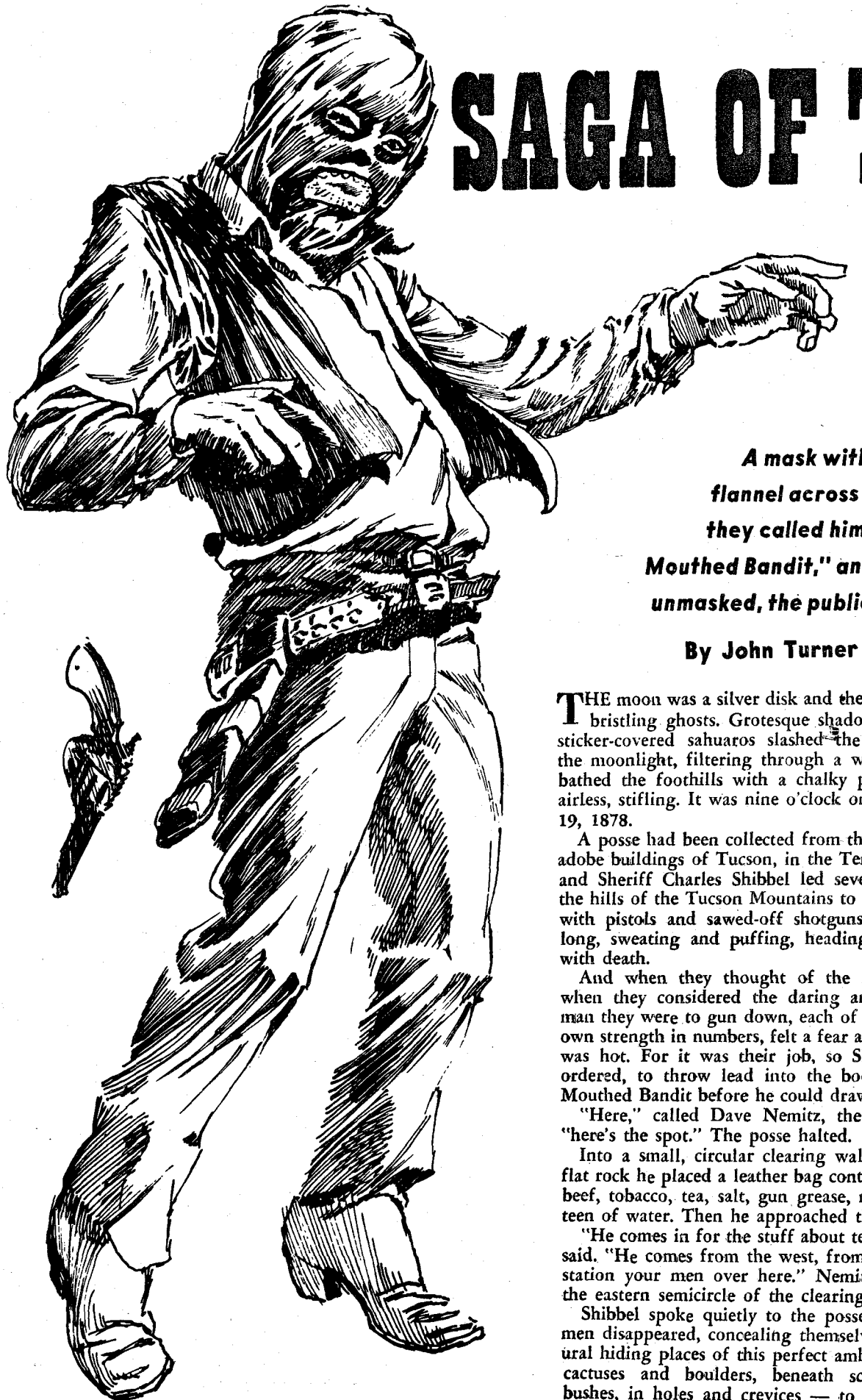

SAGA OF THE

A mask with a strip of red flannel across the mouth and they called him, "The Bloody-Mouthed Bandit," and when he was unmasked, the public was stunned.

By John Turner

THE moon was a silver disk and the cactus looked like bristling ghosts. Grotesque shadows from the huge sticker-covered sahuaros slashed the rocky ground as the moonlight, filtering through a white-haze overcast, bathed the foothills with a chalky pallor. It was hot, airless, stifling. It was nine o'clock on Monday, August 19, 1878.

A posse had been collected from the dusty streets and adobe buildings of Tucson, in the Territory of Arizona, and Sheriff Charles Shibbel led seven men afoot into the hills of the Tucson Mountains to kill a man. Armed with pistols and sawed-off shotguns, they stumped along, sweating and puffing, heading for a rendevouz with death.

And when they thought of the imminent ambush, when they considered the daring and mystery of the man they were to gun down, each of them, despite their own strength in numbers, felt a fear as cold as the desert was hot. For it was their job, so Sheriff Shibbel had ordered, to throw lead into the body of the Bloody-Mouthed Bandit before he could draw to shoot at them.

"Here," called Dave Nemitz, the bandit's betrayer, "here's the spot." The posse halted.

Into a small, circular clearing walked Nemitz. On a flat rock he placed a leather bag containing beans, dried beef, tobacco, tea, salt, gun grease, matches and a canteen of water. Then he approached the sheriff.

"He comes in for the stuff about ten o'clock," Nemitz said. "He comes from the west, from the mountains, so station your men over here." Nemitz gestured toward the eastern semicircle of the clearing.

Shibbel spoke quietly to the posse. One by one, the men disappeared, concealing themselves among the natural hiding places of this perfect ambush site — behind cactuses and boulders, beneath scrubby greasewood bushes, in holes and crevices — to await, silently and nervously, the arrival of the Bloody-Mouthed Bandit.

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BLOODY MOUTHED BANDIT

Shibbel, himself, crawling under a palo verdo tree, lay flat on his belly, checked his firearms and marvelled at the chain of events which had resulted in this march into the arid desert a mile west of Dave Nemitz's ranch and five miles west of town.

A week before, the Overland Stagecoach had been held up at Nine Mile Waterhole on the last leg of its run from San Diego to the pueblo of Tucson. It was the third holdup in as many months. Each robbery had been executed by the same man — an outlaw so horrible and fiendish in appearance that he had been dubbed the Bloody-Mouthed Bandit.

Over his head he wore a hideous mask, a white cloth sack which fell about his shoulders. Eye holes had been cut out and rimmed with red flannel. Across the mouth another strip of red flannel, like an enormous, obscene smear of lipstick, had been sewed on. From a distance, holdup victims declared, the mask looked like a bleached skull bleeding freely from the eyes and mouth.

No one had the remotest idea who this terrible bandit was, least of all the sheriff. Clues were scarce and several posses of mounted trackers, led by Shibbel, had ended up on cold trails. Shibbel found himself under fire by the townsfolk, who demanded that he capture the bandit or turn in his badge.

EYEWITNESSES to the latest holdup gave accounts of the masked man's strength and marksmanship. Had he not picked up the heavy locked box of valuables right off the ground, where it had been tossed, by simply reaching down out of the saddle with one hand!

And the coachman, presuming that the masked man would be caught off balance by lifting such a heavy weight, grabbed for a hidden shotgun. But had not the bandit hoisted the box in front of him, redrawn his holstered pistol with lightning speed and fired! It was an amazing shot, passengers of the stage testified. The bullet smashed into the shotgun's stock, knocking the gun out of the coachman's hands and ricocheting into the air.

This action prompted *Tombstone Epitaph* Editor John Clum, who was traveling on the stage at the time, to editorialize later in his paper: "The masked outlaw whoever he is, is as strong as a bull with an eye like an eagle . . ."

It was largely through such publicity — both printed and spoken — that the bandit's tremendous strength became the first evidence in detecting his identity. Several days after the third holdup, Sheriff Shibbel was visited by a young reporter from the year-old *Weekly Star.*

"Sheriff," said the young man, "I think I know who your Bloody-Mouthed Bandit is."

Shibbel edged forward in his chair. "Who?" he asked eagerly.

"Bill Brazelton," said the reporter.

Shibbel slumped back into seat, sighing. "Son," he said slowly, "Brazelton's a freighter; he's no more a holdup man then you are."

"Let me tell you something," said the reporter, undaunted by the sheriff's skepticism. This was his story:

Twenty-six-year-old William Whitney Brazelton, who delivered feed and fuel for Tucson businessman, Bob Leatherwood, had once performed a feat of strength in the editorial office of *The Weekly Star.*

He informed the staff that he had been a strong man and bouncer in a San Francisco beer garden before coming to Tucson. To prove it, he took off his shoes, stood solidly in the middle of the small office and invited the entire staff to climb onto his back.

When he was covered with clinging reporters, he began to rotate — slowly at first and then faster and faster — until all the helpless newspapermen had been torn off him scattered around the room.

"And then, Mr. Shibbel," whispered the reporter, as if he were scared of being overheard, "Brazelton did a handstand. And on the floor beneath his hands, he spread out a big square of red flannel. There's not much red flannel in Tucson and he had a whole big swatch of the stuff. I think Brazelton's your man."

Shibbel scratched his chin and, dismissing the reporter, promised to check into Brazelton's activities. He still doubted if Brazelton was the Bloody-Mouthed Bandit, but every clue, no matter how obscure, was welcome.

Shibbel was not closely acquainted with the suspect. He'd seen the tall, strapping Brazelton perhaps half a dozen times in the year the man had been in Tucson and had worked for Leatherwood. He knew that Brazelton although the fellow had never been in any trouble with the law, had a penchant for showing off his strength and playing elaborate practical jokes. The idea of these two — Brazelton and the bandit — being one and the same was a weird thought.

Yet the sheriff was up against a weird situation, and the possibility of Brazelton being a part-time freighter, part-time outlaw, a sort of Jekyll-and-Hyde personality, became more and more deserving of investigation the further the sheriff went. He was very interested to learn, for instance, that Bill Brazelton was a crack shot.

"Some of the boys had a shootin' contest a while back," Bob Leatherwood told the sheriff, "and my Bill, he won it. You know how? Why, he won it hittin' a silver dollar at 25 yards and him turnin' a somersault at the same time. Some shot, huh?"

The sheriff allowed as how it was and continued his interrogation. "Where's Bill now?" he wanted to know.

"Been gone a week or so," answered Leatherwood. "He takes off every now and then; visits with relatives in California, he says. No tellin' when he'll be back; he comes and goes."

(Continued on Page 43)

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(CONCLUSION)

BLOOD BATH AT RED RIVER

SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALLMENT: *In 1862 Fort Abercrombie, on the Red River, 32 miles south of the present city of Fargo, North Dakota, was caught in the Sioux uprising led by Little Crow. Actually, Fort Abercrombie could hardly be called a fort. There was no stockade around it. It was only a cluster of buildings and open spaces. At the fort was Company D, 5th Minnesota Volunteers, 81 men in all, commanded by Captain John Vander Horck, a genial, guitar-playing German. The men in Company D were untrained, as all the regular army had been sent south to fight the Confederates. Captain Vander Horck refused to believe that the Indians would attack the fort until settlers came pouring into the fort and the Indians appeared in the woods. The volunteers made a brave stand, aided by the bowitzers fired by expert German artillerymen. But after the last vicious attack, the startling discovery was made that the ammunition sent to the fort was not for the .69 calibers and there were less than 200 rounds of this caliber left for the muskets as the Indians prepared for their big attack.*

By Carelton Mays

LESS than two hundred rounds of ammunition left! Captain Smith stared in stunned silence at Sergeant Malcolm who had given him that information. Outside the fort the Indians were regrouping for another attack.

"Two hundred rounds," Captain Smith finally exclaimed. "They will keep the Indians away for a few hours and after that . . . . ."

"It will be a ghastly slaughter of men and worse for the women," Sergeant Malcolm cut in. "Shall we spread the word so everybody can be prepared?"

Lieutenant Groetsch, who was with Captain Smith and Captain Vander Horck, said, "What else can we do?"

Captain Vander Horck, still kept in bed by Doctor Braun because of his wound, turned to Captain Smith and asked, "What shall we do?"

"Wait and see what happens," Captain Smith answered. "It will take the Indians some time to regroup and bring up reinforcements. We will have a day or two to consider our situation and much can happen in two days. There is a chance a relief column may reach us. All we can do is wait and improve our position by adding to the stockade. It still isn't completed. Additional barrels and sacks of flour and other material from the wagon train detained here can make it far more impressive as a defense."

The next day, September 4th, started with the roar of muskets across the river. Indians hiding in the woods sent barrage after barrage into the buildings and the improvised stockade. It had all the signs of a massive attack, but that attack didn't come that morning, or during the day. All day the Indians sniped at the men trying to work on the stockade.

When night came the darkness hung over the fort like a blanket of swift doom. Captain Smith, Lieutenants Groetsch and Cariveau, and Captain Vander Horck wondered if the big attack would come the next day. All that day the Indians kept the men from working at the stockades, and night brought that same fear for the three officers.

By this time the news of the shortage of ammunition had leaked out and the feeling of terror had siezed all the civilians and most of the soldiers. The civilians wanted to make a break for freedom. Captain Smith was forced to post soldiers at the open spaces with instructions to shoot anybody trying to flee the fort, an act that would have brought certain death.

This panic among the civilians, which might have developed into a serious exodus from the fort came to an abrupt end when Walter P. Hills who, with Elisha Spence had carried the first dispatch for help rode into the fort with word that a relief column would start soon for the fort. This news was greeted with wild cheers by the civilians, but there were no cheers by Captain Vander Horck and Captain Smith who were questioning Hills.

"I can only tell you that troops are being sent from Fort Snelling or Fort Madison to relieve communities and the forts under attack," Hills said. "I asked that a relief column be sent here, but before that column gets here, they will have to pass towns where Indians are attacking. That's all I can tell you."

"Even if they have started," Captain Smith said, "all they will find by the time they get here will be the bodies of the defenders, including ours. At best the relief column, if it really gets here, will not arrive for a week or ten days."

"But the civilians," Captain Vander Horck protested. "Shall we tell them all this?"

"What good would it do?" Captain Smith conjectured. "It would start another panic and many would flee the fort to be killed by the Indians. Maybe they'll die if they stay here, but we have time and time means something may happen."

Pierre Bottineau, the famous French scout and guide, entered the office. He had slipped through the Indians to get to the fort only a few minutes before.

"Pierre Bottineau," Captain Vander Horck exclaimed. "How glad we are to see you."

"You probably won't be happy with the news I bring

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you," the famous scout said. "The Indians have been reinforced with Wahpeton and Sisseton Sioux. The leaders of these reinforcements are Chief Sweet Corn and Wanatan (Chief Wanatan was a Yankton). They are ready to attack in the morning. How are you fixed to defend the fort?"

"We're not fixed," Captain Smith answered.

Then he gave Bottineau the details about the shortage of ammunition and how the chances of getting any outside help or ammunition were almost nil. Bottineau agreed it was nil and said there was nothing to do but to fight to the last bullet and the last man.

THERE was little sleep for any officers that night. They tossed and turned in their bunks, the horror of what would happen at dawn haunting their nervous sleep and their waking hours. About three o'clock the eerie stillness of the fort was broken by the wild whooping yells of Sergeant Malcolm. He burst into Captain Smith's room, yelling, "We've found it, Captain, we've found it . . . . .!"

The sergeant was too excited to tell the captain what he had found, and it wasn't until Captain Smith followed the sergeant into the ammunition shed that he saw what the sergeant had found. At first it didn't seem to make much sense. The sergeant with several soldiers had opened a canister case and lying on the floor were a number of bullets taken from the canister.

"See those bullets," Sergeant Malcolm cried. "They're .69 caliber, the caliber our muskets use. They are loaded in the canisters for grapeshot. Somebody in the ordinance department made this blunder. We have 12 cases of canisters, enough to supply us with over 2,000 bullets."

"Get every man, woman and child here," Captain Smith ordered. "Have them bring every piece of glass, every nail, every tack, every hunk of iron that can be broken into pieces and put into the canister as grapeshot."

Within an hour all the women, children and civilian men not on military duty were in that room unloading the canisters of their .69 caliber bullets and filling the canisters with nails, glass — anything that would serve as grapeshot.

Photo credit: State Historical Society of North Dakota.

Rolla Baks played important part in rescue of garrison.

At dawn there was movement on the prairie to the west. In the misty gray darkness the moving forms couldn't be made out distinctly. Then, as the mist left the earth, a warning yell came from sentry Bob Swenson, whose post faced the prairies. His warning brought Lieutenants Cariveau and Groetsch to his side, and the lieutenants saw forty or fifty mounted Sioux riding toward the fort.

Dramatic picture of settlers and their families as they were being rushed to Fort Abercrombie for safety.

Photo credit: Library of Congress.

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The mounted Indians were dashing toward the fort and then back. Lieutenant Cariveau ordered, "Back, every man, to his post inside the fort. The Indians are trying to lure you out on the prairie where the main body will make short work of you."

The soldiers darted back for the protection of the stockade, the stables, and other buildings. Captain Smith joined Lieutenant Cariveau, got the story of what had happened from him.

Pierre Bottineau joined the officers. "Get your men ready for the big attack," Bottineau said. "This is an old Indian trick, sending a few horsemen to lure soldiers from their cover, and then the big attack comes. They failed to lure your men out, thanks to Lieutenant Cariveau, but the attack will come anyway."

It came quicker than even the veteran Bottineau figured. It came with a deafening volley of musket fire from behind the trees along the river, and then from all sides came hundreds of attacking Indians.

The officers and Bottineau got to the large enlisted men's barracks safely, and then each officer took command of the soldiers on the three sides. As the soldiers send a deadly fire into the advance ranks, the howitzers, under the command of Sergeant William Deutsch, belched their ghastly death at the advancing Indians. Many went down, but the others continued coming forward like veterans.

One of the defenders later wrote, "The bravery of those Indians facing the howitzers' fire was amazing. They continued advancing like finely trained soldiers."

And as the Indians advanced, the murkey darkness of the dawn became a bright light from burning haystacks near the barn, and the flaming buildings at Slab town, all ignited by the Indian fire arrows to give the attackers light. It was a weird and eerie picture — the flickering yellow light with its dancing and gyrating shadows, like merry demons, that danced and darted over the faces and forms of the attacking Indians and over the buildings of the fort, and with this the roaring thunder of the howitzers, sending out their long streams of orange-red in the yellow light, and the din of the musket fire. It was like a scene from Hell itself.

The main attack took form quickly. It was centered on three points — the barn and the stables at the southeast corner, the sawmill at the northwest corner, and the small commissary store house at the northeast corner. These buildings gave Indians some protection from the howitzers, which had to have an open space to be effective.

Captain Smith had rushed to the stable where during the first attack he had driven Indians back. This second attack was different. It was no longer a few Indians trying to steal a few horses. The Indians attacked in waves, riding to the right and left of the buildings, while others advanced on the front.

The captain got inside the stables. The twenty soldiers there, all volunteers, were crouching behind the stable, apparently not knowing how to meet incircling attack. Captain Smith yelled, "Get to the doors and to the hay door upstairs. The Indians won't set fire to this building because they want the horses."

THE soldiers scrambled out from behind the stall partitions, some running to the doors and others scrambling up the ladders to the hayloft and the hay windows. From these positions they sent a deadly fire into the riding Indians. The Indians quickly changed tactics. They leaped off their horses, clung close to the ground, making themselves difficult targets. They got to the doors of the barn. The soldiers held their fire until they could see the Indians.

Not too many Indians fell. They apparently expected this and were hiding before the soldiers fired. From their prone positions the Indians fired. Privates Ben Moyer and Jake Hamson went down and Jimmy Fel-

(Continued on Page 56)

White traders with the Sioux chiefs had an important part in persuading the Sioux to sign peace treaty.

Photo credit: Library of Congress.

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McClelland's Mighty Diamond

Stewart McClelland had many weird ideas for inventions, but his big wheel and dream of making diamonds topped them all.

By Jules S. Jones

SOME say human companionship is the essential substance in keeping a man properly glued together. The theory seems well-founded in the case of R. Stewart McClelland, a resident of one of Arizona's boom mining camps during its early days.

McClelland made no particular secret of the fact that his family, members of a distinguished Southern lineage, had decided he would do better elsewhere and they regularly sent him a check just to stay away from home. It was this independence which probably guided his active mind into somewhat curious channels.

Though most fortunes were being made all about him, McClelland turned most of his efforts toward various inventions. From the first, the Arizona hard-rock men considered him little more than a harmless curiosity. Their opinion was not improved when McClelland invited one of the miners to his shack for a Sunday chicken dinner. With the meal consumed, the miner noticed that the foot had an identifying slit between the claws. It was one of the miner's own chickens that McClelland had served him!

When word of that faux pas got about camp, McClelland had more and more time to devote to his weird inventions. Though he had a rather generous allowance from home, his experiments and inventions were frequently costly and he lacked the funds to buy various parts. If necessity is the mother of invention, then courage must have been its daddy. McClelland took to pilfering here and there.

Needing a set of wheels to complete some sort of a contraption, McClelland looked for some that would fit his purpose. He finally located what he wanted but, unfortunately, they were attached to a stamp mill which

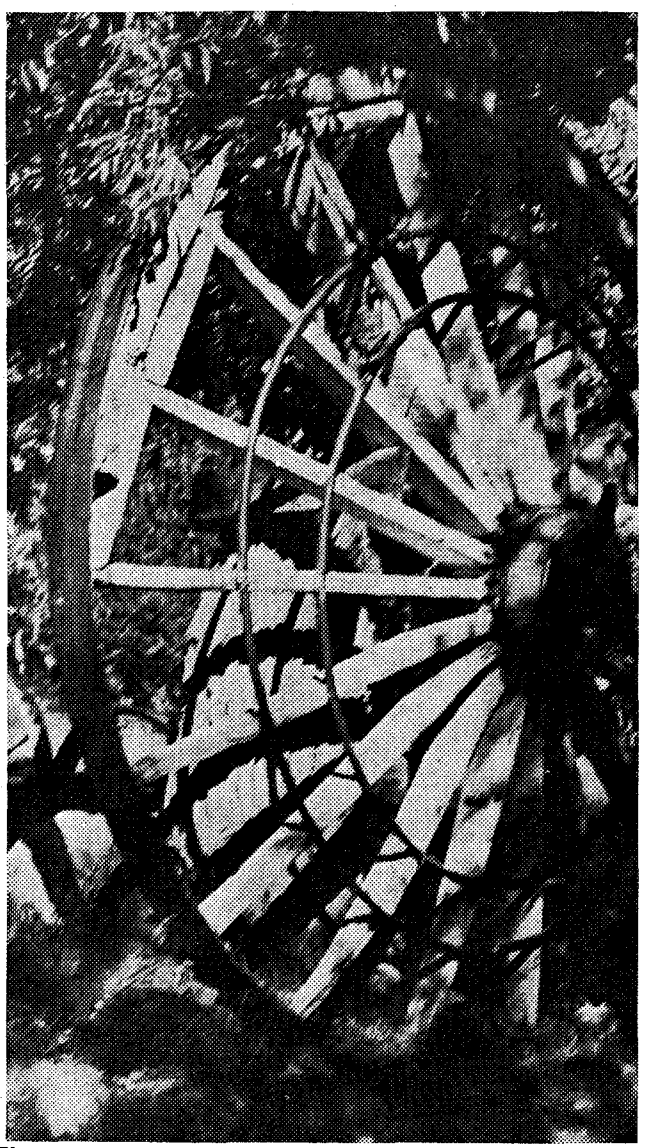

Photo credit California State Library.

crushed ore for the smaller mines in the area. Not being able to buy them, McClelland waited until midnight before he made his move. One after another, he loosened the wheels and put them on the bed of his wagon.

It was nearing dawn when McClelland finally finished with his task of stealing the wheels and other pieces of machinery he thought might be useful some other time. Then he set fire to the stamp mill to cover his crime.

McClelland waited until the flames began to soar before he jumped into his wagon to make a get-away. He cracked his whip over the team. They strained and tugged. But the wagon didn't move. He whipped them again, but still nothing moved. The weight of the stolen wheels and machinery was too heavy for the horses to pull! McClelland broke into a sweat as he tried to urge the horses into a supreme effort, even harder when a shower of sparks settled on his wagon.

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Weird Powers Of Indian Medicine Men

Medicine men had absolute power over tribe and enjoyed unusual favors such as the choice of any woman, the best food and lodge and anything else they wanted.

By Colonel Richard I. Dodge

THOUGH each Indian warrior head of a lodge is the priest for himself and family, there is in each tribe a "Medicine Chief," whose word in spiritual affairs is all-powerful. He is necessarily a man of strongly marked character, with brains, dignity, and knowledge of men. He is not necessarily a chief by birth, nor even the head of a band, though his position as Medicine Chief always gives him a following.

His sacerdotal dignity brings no immunity from the dangers of war. On the contrary, the fighting force of the tribe never takes the field without his presence. In battle, his are the most reckless dashes on the enemy, for, to prove to his flock the efficacy of his medicine, he must show the perfect safety it affords him even in the midst of the greatest dangers. He claims to have power to overcome the devices of the Bad God, and his standing amongst his people depends on the ease and certainty with which he makes his claim good.

The reduction of the power of the head chief and the subsequent breaking up of the tribe into small bands has reduced the temporal standing of the medicine chief and may have had some effect toward diminishing his priestly authority, but the religious sentiment is so strongly implanted in the Indian nature that the medicine man must always be the man of his tribe most worthy of consideration.

Formerly he relied upon his influence with the head chief for prompt punishment of any contempt or violation of his orders. Their respect and obedience depend on the estimation in which he is held by his people, and on their religious training and enthusiasm.

The Indian has no Sabbath or Sunday, no regular time is set apart for the ordinary duties of religion. The Nez Perces and one or two other small fragments of tribes observe Sunday as a church day and have a form of worship corrupted from that taught them by Roman Catholic priests long years ago, but among the Plains Indians the priest is not expected at ordinary times to hold any meeting for worship or to perform any ceremonies.

He has one or more wives, a fine herd of ponies, for he is always rich, and lives as do the other Indians. He has no social intercourse with the commons of the tribes, never entering (unless in sickness) any lodge except that of the chief or head men, and permitting no inferior warrior to enter his lodge, except on business. He maintains a grave and dignifed demeanor, suited to his sacerdotal office and functions. He is a great favorite with the women of the tribe, all of whom have free access to his lodge, and to them he owes something of his power over the husbands. He is the recipient of constant offerings, nothing especially nice being cooked in any lodge that the women do not bring him a share of it.

Besides being the chief priest, he is also the physician of the tribe. This requires no special knowledge of the healing art, for as all disease is only a manifestation of the presence of the Bad God, if "He" can be exorcised by the spiritual power of the priest, the patient will get well at once.

Almost all Indians have some rude knowledge of herbs in the treatment of wounds, so that the medicine chief is only called in extreme cases. He is paid only in case the patient recovers, a rule which it might be well to adopt in civilized life. The exorcism of the evil one is accomplished by incantation.

In each tribe and band there are more or less old women who do the howling in all cases of sickness, and who stand only a little lower than the priest in power over the Bad God. These are immediately sent for in any alarming illness, and whether the patient is dying of

(Continued on Page 46)

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Photo credit: Mercaldo Archives

THE STRANGE of BIG NOSE KATE

By J. L. Quale

(This version of the meeting of Big Nose Kate Edler and Doc Holliday in Dodge City was told to me by my grandfather who was in Dodge and a regular patron of the Long Branch the year Big Nose Kate came to town. Like most old-timers, Granddad was never one to spoil a story in telling it, but on the whole I believe this to be a fairly accurate picture of Big Nose Kate and Doc Holliday. And I give the facts to you just as they were so often related to me by Granddad.)

DODGE City had never seen anything quite like the statuesque lady in the flouncing red satin dress, with bustle and parasol and monstrous plumed hat to match. She stepped regally down from the gaudy yellow Santa Fe train that afternoon of May 24, 1878. It was plain she was no ordinary creature from the way the fawning conductor assisted her to the wooden platform.

Dodge City's loafers, who had drifted over from their usual stand on Front Street, with some 15 Texas cowpunchers and the passengers on the two coaches, their heads hanging out the windows, gaped as the Amazonian female minced across the planks, her huge bustle flopping up and down in unison with her movements.

Kate Elder was anything but a delicate woman. She stood a straight six feet tall and all the rest of her was in proportion and in the right places. Her most striking feature was her nose, an instrument of which a Roman senator would have been proud. Strangely it did not detract from her attraction to men. They all sensed that here was a lot of woman.

Kate was not unaware of the sensation she was causing. She stopped and stood there, hands on her broad hips with her wide red skirt and half-dozen petticoats billowing in the ceaseless praire wind.

"Ain't you ever seen a lady before?" she demanded.

From a wispily-built character standing in the center of the hangers-on, Jim Farley, who had a reputation as a local wit, came her answer.

"Not one with as big a nose as yours, sweetheart," he yelled.

The small smile on Kate Elder's broad visage faded. In two strides she stood before Farley. For a full minute she regarded him stonily. Then her red-gloved hands shot out and spun him around. Grabbing him by the seat of his striped pants and the collar of his black cutaway she lifted him off the planks, walked over to the edge of the platform and dumped him into the dust of the depot yard.

Then she turned around, looked contemptuously at the stunned crowd and addressed her audience. "Now one or two of you yahoos go get my baggage and tote it to the hotel."

With this she started for Front Street, her ostrich plumes waving triumphantly, and behind her came a cheering bunch of town bums and Texas riders.

This was Dodge City's introduction to Kate Elder.

And this was Kate's introduction to the appellation "Big Nose Kate," which was to remain with her throughout her days in the old West.

KATE by no means created her first sensation at Dodge City. She had been a personality who made an impact on people from her early teens. Her father was a God-fearing, shouting Methodist farmer outside Leavenworth, Kansas, and from her tenth year to her fifteenth Kate matched him with both voice and zeal.

Until her fifteenth year, she walked in the way of righteousness and piety, a devotee of the church, never missing Sunday school, camp meeting or regular service. Sometimes during a sermon she would see the light so clearly that she would interrupt the minister's sermon by rising in her pew and shouting her "hallelujahs" and

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LOVE AFFAIR and DOC HOLLIDAY

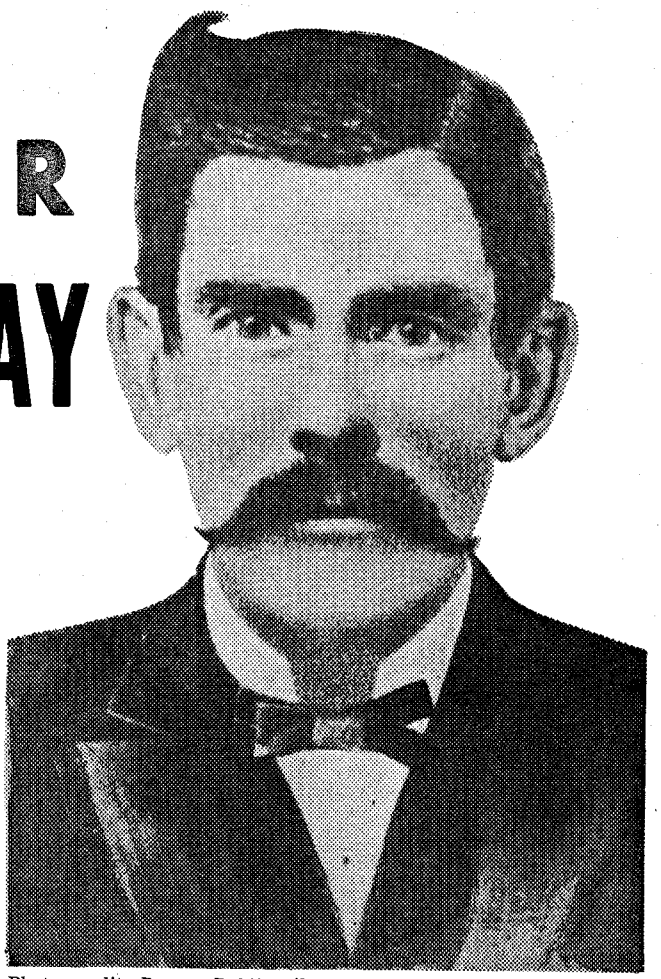

Photo credit: Denver Public Library.

"amens" and "so be its" in a voice loud and clear.

Her alto voice was stronger than it was musical, but regardless, she was a prized member of the choir. In her early years her father and her overworked mother were well pleased with her.

As was usually the case in Kansas in the days of her childhood, Kate's parents did not expand on their spiritual teachings and tell her the facts of life — about the birds and the bees. She was a youngster with a strong curiosity, and with the years the curiosity burgeoned. Healthy and fearless she decided to find out for herself what this thing called romance and love was all about.

She allowed, or maybe inveigled, a neighboring farm boy to take her up in a hayloft one night in the interest of natural research. She quickly learned what she wanted to know. She was intrigued and thrilled, and she continued her education until the inevitable happened and nature took its course. When eventually her father's eyes read her diploma through her swelling gingham gown he wrathfully kicked her out of the house in sanctimonious indignation.

Kate walked to Leavenworth. Helplessly she roamed the streets for two days, despairing and hungry. Eyes followed her and she was approached by a fat, motherly woman who insisted on taking her to a lunchroom to eat. Then she invited her to stay at her "home" until some sort of arrangement could be made.

The home needless to say was a brothel and it did not take Kate long to accept her kindly benefactor's proposal. When her daughter was born she took it to a foundling home, quickly forgot about it forever, and became an inmate of the brothel.

For the next several years, as she acquired more and more skills of her trade, she heard exciting tales from her "visitors" about the booming cattle towns to the west. Texas longhorns were streaming up by the millions and making everyone rich. First it was Abilene, next Ellsworth, then Newton, then Wichita. And finally Dodge City.

Kate was fascinated by what she heard about the latest — and the last — of the trail towns, Dodge. Its rawness, lawlessness and disregard for sin in all its forms captured her imagination. She decided to go west and see for herself if what everyone was saying was true. So one day, she bought herself the all-scarlet ensemble and boarded the yellow Santa Fe cars and departed the East toward her destiny.

Kate had decided to become a free agent rather than to be confined to the four walls of a brothel and forced to split her profits with someone else.

The following night the bat-wing doors of the Long Branch Saloon banged open and Kate came in. Without hesitation she walked up to the bar and ordered whiskey.

She was well aware that by standing at the bar she was violating one of the most sacrosanct canons of the plains. Phil Brecker, back of the bar, hastened to fill her command.

Kate drank one glass, ordered another, drank it and ordered another. She didn't hurry. Glasses tinkled, chips clinked, cards slammed on the tables. Three quarters of the men present, however, continued to keep the remarkable newcomer in their sight.

Suddenly those watching her stiffened as she walked over to a poker table where five men were playing stud. She went directly to a dark-haired, pale-faced, handsome semi-young man with a sweeping mustache.

"You four-flushing tinhorn," she yelled. "What you mean second dealing on that kid there?" She pointed to a young Texas cowboy. "You're plain crooked."

The crowd in the Long Branch froze. Big Nose Kate had called Doc Holliday something only a lunatic, male or female, would dare to do. Doc was regarded as the most dangerous killer on the plains.

Deliberately Holliday rose from his chair and turned to face his accuser. He looked up into the face of the woman who was taller and heftier than he. Then he

(Continued on Page 67)

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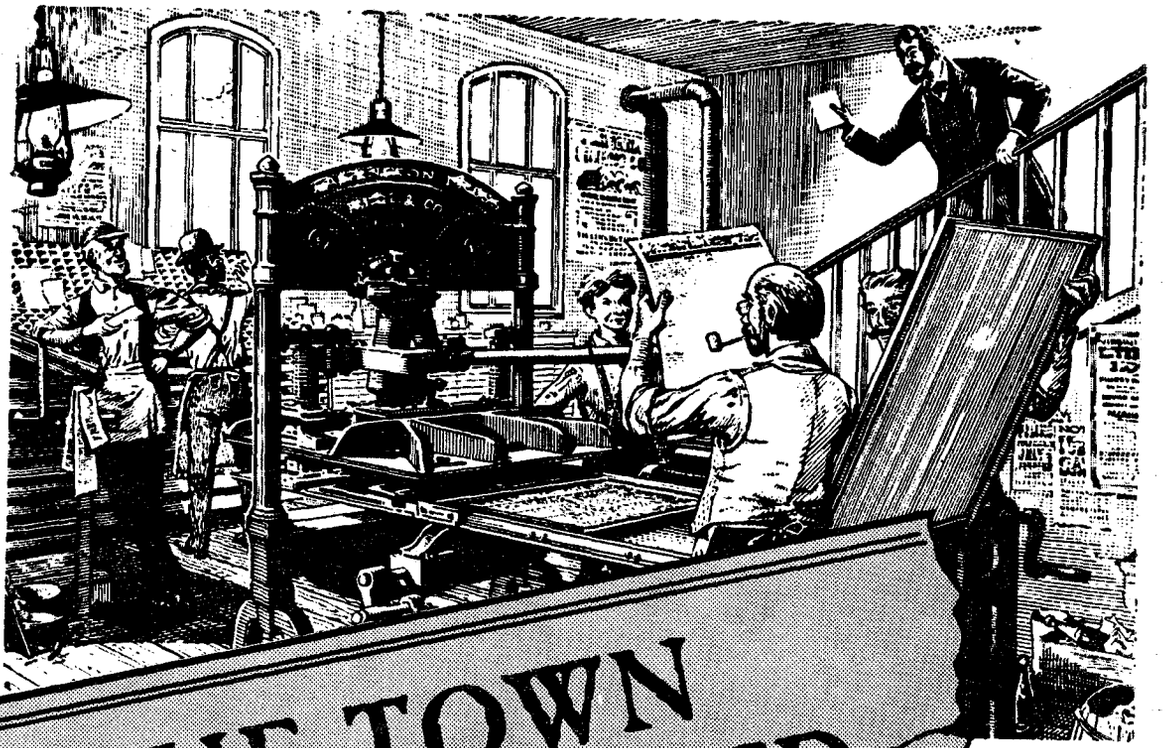

THE TOWN THAT LAUGHED ITSELF TO DEATH

Towns of the West had various claims to fame, but Austin was only one with distinction of having laughed itself to death.

by Bob Young

"WHAR'S that rascally varmint who calls himself an editor?" the tall, and gaunt man bellowed through the editorial office of the Reese River Reveille. Dressed to the nines in a frock coat, ruffled shirt and morning pants, the man seemed to fill the entire office. Even his long handle-bar mustache bristled as he hollered again.

The editor in question, Fred Hart, appeared.

"I'm the man you want," he said quietly.

Frontier editors, whether it be in Austin, Nevada, as Hart was, or anywhere else, were ready to shoot from the hip when they shot from the lip in the columns of their newspapers. The first requisite of a good reporter was that he also be a good shot.

The gaunt man's bony finger pointed to a front page item of the Reveille:

"ELECTED PRESIDENT

The Sazerac Lying Club was organized last night, our esteemed, prominent, and respected fellow-citizen, Mr. George Washington Fibley, being unanimously chosen president of the organization. There was no opposing candidate, his claims and entire fitness for the honorable position being conceded by common consent of the Club."

The man referred to as George Washington Fibley sputtered that the story was a damned outright lie, and that he wasn't leaving without a retraction, apology or satisfaction from Editor Hart for his foolishness.

Fred Hart hated a retraction like a preacher hates sin. Such a move reflected not only upon the accuracy of future news but possibly upon the courage of the editor himself. His mind churned seeking a solution, even as Mr. George Washington Fibley tapped his gold headed cane in cadence on the editor's desk. At length, Hart's face brightened.

"I have it. I'll write a story that will solve the complete problem, and no one will be damaged in the least."

"It had better be good," Fibley warned as he stamped from the cluttered office. "I'll be back, if it isn't."

Next day in nearly the self-same spot, where the first notice had appeared, Hart wrote this, and thereby won himself a life-long friend in Fibley:

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"APOLOGETIC

An apology is due from the Reveille to Mr. George Washington Fibley. We said in yesterday's issue that he was elected President of the Sazerac Lying Club. This was an error; he was defeated."

Hart had the ability and the situation to outrageously tinker with the news because he was in a boom town which was never noted for its killings. Even though it produced an estimated 100,000 ounces of gold and nearly 19 million ounces of silver, Austin with its blithe spirit became known as "The Town That Died Laughing".

AUSTIN took hold in the Reese River area when Bill Talbot, a pony express rider stationed at Jacob's Place, was out looking for wood. Mad when he stumbled over a rock while bringing back an armload of sticks, he saw the offender had the dull glow of inner values. He picked up a couple of pieces of float and sent them off to an assayer in Virginia City. It was May, 1862, when the excited report came back. And with the news hotter than an assayer's report, the rush was on.

Though there were a number of small peripheral camps, action gravitated towards a site overlooking the "river", and named by David Buel after the Texas hero Stephen Austin. With the usual population explosion, following a rich strike, a county named after Lander, a hero of the Nevada Indian uprisings, was carved from most of the territory and Austin, as county seat (which it still is), was on its way.

Curiously, though Austin's ores were incredibly rich, the town was the scene of more swindle and stock kiting schemes than probably any other boom camp. Within the first few years, there were an estimated 6,000 mining and milling companies organized, stock selling briskly to Easterners and Englishmen, who would buy anything for any price that had the name of a mining company on it. It was better than rubbing a gold pan and raising a desert genie who could perform miracles.

Perhaps the best remembered bits of stock hanky-panky involved the alledged Reese River Navigation Company, whose prospectus promised investors huge returns. Ore would be loaded on barges, then trans-shipped to the Central Pacific Railroad at Battle Mountain. With just the ore in sight, probably hundreds of barges would be needed to handle the ore over the 100 mile voyage to the depot.

There were a couple of flaws in the scheme. Mills right at the site of the mines were already built or being built, Battle Mountain was upstream not down. Besides, the Reese River averaged a flow of about four inches or so — when it wasn't either completely dry or in flood tide wrecking everything in the channel with the force of a desert cloudburst. There was even a story telling of a coach passenger, feeling a bump and a tiny splash, who asked: "What did we hit?"

"Don't worry," the driver replied. "That was just the Reese River we crossed."

Salted mines, fictional mines and mines said to be just a step away from the famed Comstock Lode were all sold from Austin. Even the local churches caught the spirit of promotion.

According to a contemporary book called NEVADA'S TURBULENT YESTERDAY, by Don Ashbaugh, the gullibility of those in other parts of the country was well displayed in Austin's neverforgotten fund raising campaign to build a church.

When the deacons received a great many mining shares as donations they decided to organize the Methodist Mining Company and sell the stocks in the East. Some sources say that "more than a million dollars worth" was purchased by good church members.

It is very probable the faith of some of these found that many of the donated stock certificates were worthless scraps of paper. However, Austin Methodists were able to say with great pride for many years that they had the "handsomest church in Nevada".

MONEY raising schemes, such as Gridley's famed Sack of Flour (basis for the present Red Cross) and Dave Buel's Shoe Fund were a pair of gimmicks to

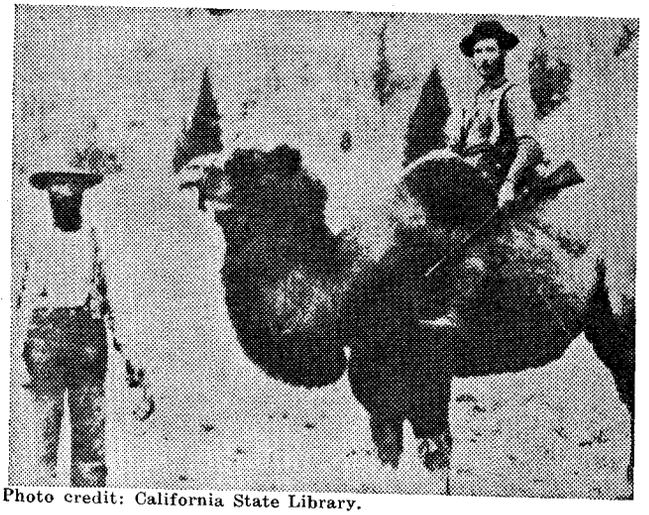
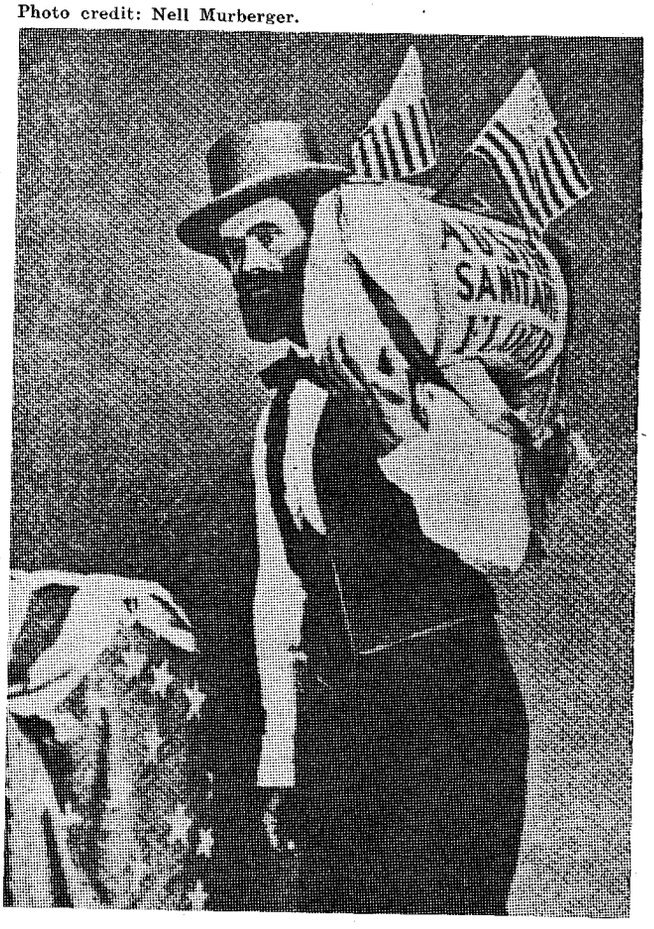


Photo credit: California State Library.

Ill-fated camels once inhabited town of Austin.

Gridley made Austin famous with his sack of flour.

Photo credit: Nell Murberger.



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make money appear where there had been none before.

Colonel Dave Buel was somewhat of an unwitting, though not unwilling, partner in this scheme. Austin residents were trying to build a school to accommodate the passel of children coming into Austin, but money was not being donated fast enough. Buel was a Brobdingnagian-sized man with feet and shoes to match. Someone filched a shoe and put it up for auction. When a successful bid was made, the money paid, the shoe was again auctioned off. It wasn't long afterwards that the Austin school was built.

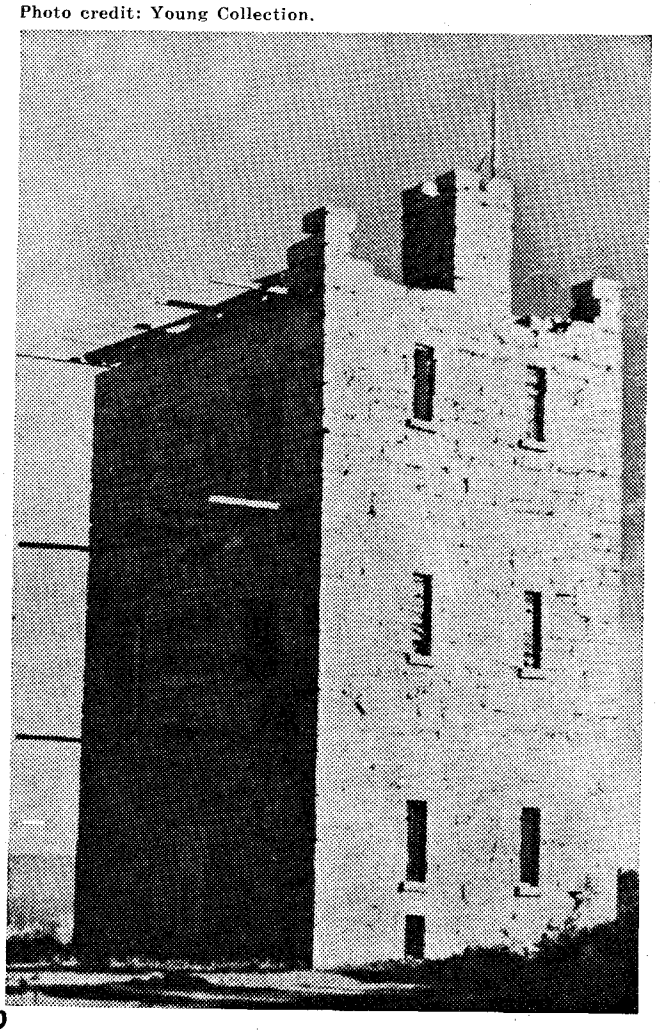
The Reese River Reveille was there setting down all these facts and more, too, for the historians who would later dust off the records. Since there weren't always major stories to fill the gaping columns of the newspaper, reporters took great liberties with the daily happenings; many of which concerned the Indians and Chinese, both of which were numerous and harmless.

"A short time ago," the Reveille reported, "a couple of Paiute Indians went to a store on Main Street and purchased the entire stock of playing cards contained therein. They took them to their camps, and having secretly marked each one, came back to the store, and putting on that look of misery which only an Indian knows how to assume, whined out that they "heap broke", and offered to sell them back for one-fourth of what they had paid. The pasteboards were purchased on these terms, and were subsequently sold, a pack at a time to the Shoshone Indians.

The Paiutes knew that the Shoshones made their purchases at this particular place; and the guileless Shoshones, unaware of the manipulation, played poker with the wily Paiutes, without suspicion that all was not — as Governor Bradley would say — "on the dead square". The result was, the Paiutes won all the money the Shoshones possessed, and now there was weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and sackcloth and ashes, in the camp of the Shoshone.

Stokes Castle was one of the famous sites of Austin.

Photo credit: Young Collection.



A little later the Reveille reported on the demise of a Chinese, with this account:

"A celestial maiden named Sing Loy passed in her chips, in Chinatown yesterday afternoon, from the effects of a dose of opium administered with suicidal intent. Jealousy was the cause which led the maiden to commit the rash act which terminated her earthly career and shut her off forever from breathing the rarefied atmosphere of this altitudinous region. She was the wife, or chattel, of "Doc", a Chinaman. The bereaved Doc is almost inconsolable over his loss, as the woman cost him $400 when she was new. Her remains were borne to the silent tomb in a job-wagon this forenoon, being followed to the grave by a solitary heathen who, when asked the occasion of so light-waisted a funeral replied,

" 'Chinawoman take heap medicine, heap die, no Chinaman go to funelal. Rich Chinaman die, plenty of Chinamen go funelal.' "

THE Reveille had something of more importance to record when Bill Cornell rode into Austin, fresh from Illinonis in mid-1863. For some unexplained reason he was an active candidate for a merry mansion because he was under the delusion that everyone was trying to kill him.

Cornell seemed calm enough until a friend, Bill Milligan, stopped by his tent to chat. Instead of inviting Milligan in, Cornell whacked him with an axe, nearly fatally wounding the miner. Cornell, not satisfied with that, rushed across the street into Dunham's saloon to take another forty whacks at anyone available. Though Cornell swung his axe like a scythe through wheat, he didn't hurt anyone and a shot fired at him missed. Cornell, his mouth frothing, his eyes burning, rushed from the saloon slashing at John Capron, whom he managed to cut badly.

Next came "Frenchy" who, after a blow on the head which opened the bone to the wind, took a stiff drink, mounted his horse and rode off alone for treatment. Cornell continued down the street cutting, slashing, and finally not satisfied used the handle as a two-edged weapon. A posse was mounted but they were so busy picking up bodies and rendering aid to the wounded, they lost Cornell's trail in the night.

Next day, he was found not far from Austin, his head split apart with an axe and, for good measure, his throat laid open. Lacking any better explanation, everyone decided he had committed suicide though it is difficult to imagine how a man could split his head which hung on by little more than a muscular fiber, after he had cut his own throat, or vice versa. But it didn't matter much, Austin was busy with other things.

Things such as the string of camels which regularly plodded into town, all of the beasts heavily laden with salt. These animals were so feared by horses that they were prohibited from entering town during daylight, and there were few who could control them entirely.

Some Mexicans coveted the long, silky hair sported by Old Hennan, patriarch of the camels, to adorn their saddle rigs. But Old Hennan would have none of it, and after their reatas had settled about him, he bared

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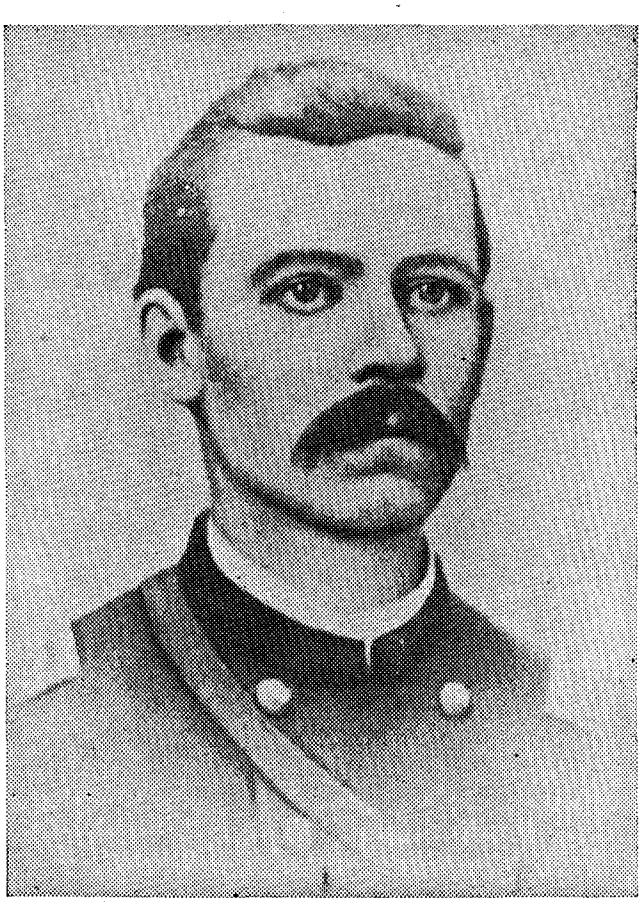
LOUNSBERRY'S FAMOUS NEWS SCOOP, CUSTER MASSACRED

By Louise Cheney

A blast from a Missouri River steamboat gave Colonel Clement A. Lounsberry the tip-off on greatest news story of that era, and how he capitalized on this tip is one of the greatest stories of West.



THE shrill blast of a steamship whistle on the Missouri River on the night of July 5, 1876 was the advance notice of shocking news. Colonel Clement A. Lounsberry, editor and publisher of the BISMARK TRIBUNE was alerted by the sound. He recognized it as the river steamer *Far West,* captained by Frank Marsh of Yanktown, one of the most fearless steamboaters on the "Big Muddy."

The *Far West* was scheduled to be at the headquarters of the Missouri with supplies for General George A. Custer and his Seventh Cavalry. Aware that something unforeseen had happened, Lounsberry raced to his buggy. Lamp lights were flashing on and men pouring into the streets as the frontier editor headed his rig toward the dock on the east bank where the *Far West* would tie up.

Just as Lounsberry's lathered horse halted at the river, the ship docked. Dr. Henry R. Porter, a young surgeon attached to the Seventh, and Colonel Ed Smith, adjutant to General Alfred H. Terry, cleared the gang plank and rushed to Lounsberry.

"Colonel," gasped Dr. Porter, "we have tragic news! Custer and the majority of the Seventh have been massacred at the Little Big Horn!"

Lounsberry listened in horror as the tale of bloody battle, savagery and mutilation poured from the doctor's lips. Some two hundred and sixty men had perished at the hands of the Sioux.

Aboard the *Far West* were thirty-two men of Major Reno's command, most of them critically wounded. Three had died on the run down the river, a record breaking trip from the junction of the Little Big Horn, fifteen miles from the site of battle and seven hundred and ten miles from Bismark. Captain Marsh had accomplished the feat in fifty-four hours.

The stunned Lounsberry thought instantly of his reporter, Mark Kellog, the only newsman to accompany Custer on the expedition. 'Where's Kellog?" he asked apprehensively.

"He died with Custer."

Though deeply shocked and grieved, Lounsberry, as Dakota correspondent of the NEW YORK HERALD, steeled himself to prepare to transmit the news east.

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MYSTERY OF THE SHAKING TENTS

(Continued from Page 19)

eight inches in diameter, rather more pillars than poles in their size. They were set in a circle in holes dug two feet deep, after which the earth was packed back. At the top these pillars were bound by a loop of moose hide. The poles were then tightly covered with streched moose skins, lashed into place with hide thongs. A small opening was left for the entrance of the priest who entered naked, save for a breechclout. Then the opening was carefully closed. Night had fallen.

"THE priest was scarcely within when the edifice, began to shake. while numerous voices began yelling, then mingled screams, sobs of despair, anguish and sharpest pain. Human words were then uttered, yet in a tongue none of the Indians understood, and the entire village was now gathered around the tent. Presently a sound resembling the cry of a puppy. At this the Indians cried joyfully the Great Turtle had arrived.

"The Chief of the village now began questioning the Turtle, during which the tent continued to rock so violently I expected it to fall to the ground. Despite this, the Great Turtle continued to be consulted, and predicated and answered until nearly midnight. Then a terrible cry announced its departure.

"One of the questions put dealt with the position of the English troop, their number and intentions, if friendly toward this village. The Turtle replied that near Montreal there were a great number of soldiers and boats, that they were friendly, and the leader, Sir William Johnson, would bring presents. Other questions were put by other tribesmen mainly about the health of distant relatives."

EVANGELIZARE PAUPERIBUS MISIT ME. St Luc IV. 18.
R.P. MARCHAND O.M.I.
R.P. FAFARD O.M.I.
N.D. DE MONTREAL 1849
TOMBES MARTYRS DE LA CHARITE SOUS LES BALLES DES CRIS LE JEUDI-SAINT 2 AVRIL 1885
WHO FELL MARTYRS TO CHARITY SHOT BY THE CREES ON HOLY-THURSDAY 2ND APRIL 1885
AVENDRE AU PROFIT D'UNE BONNE OEUVRE

Photo credit: Dickie Collection.

Photo credit: Dickie Collection.

Sir Cecil's companion to shaking tents.

Henry concludes his description with this statement: "Though I was on the watch during the scene described for contrivance or fraud, I made no discoveries of such. The predictions about the soldiers came true."

As in the experience of Father Le-Jeune, Alexander was impressed by the great strength of the tent, and certainly no man could cause its continual, and violent agitation.

Other early writers, W.J. Hoffman, in The Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1885-86, gives details of similar events among the Ojibwas; also, J.O. Dorsey, in the same Report of 1889-90, among the Dakotas and Assiniboines, far western tribes.

Probably the most convincing, and certainly the most unusual and puzzling of all eye-witness accounts is this one of Sir Cecil Denny, while a member of the Northwest Mounted Police, stationed at Fort Walsh, Northwest Territories. His account is outstanding and so different from the others because the medicine man was in plain view of Sir Cecil and his Indian interpreter. The medicine man was not near enough to even touch the tent! Here is Sir Cecil's account:

"I happened to be camped on the Red Deer River in 1789 close to a large Blackfoot Indian encampment. One moonlight night I walked over to

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the camp with my interpreter, Billy Gladstone. We intended visiting the lodge of the medicine man, which was pitched a little distance from the main camp.

"We entered his lodge which had only a small fire in the center of the lodge. The medicine man was seated wrapped in his buffalo robe at the side of the teepee smoking one of their long medicine pipes. He paid no attention to us. We sat down near him, and also proceeded to smoke quietly. He still gave no sign of recognition of our presence.

"Everything was still, while outside from the main camp sounded beating drums where dances were being held. We had sat this way for quite a time when I was startled by the ringing of a bell above the top of the lodge. I could see nothing and the medicine man made no move. Presently the teepee began to rock, even lifting off the ground about a foot. When it is remembered that such a tent as this consists of a dozen long poles crossed at the top, wide apart at the bottom and covered with heavy buffalo robes it is impossible to lift one side, as I now witnessed, for these teepees are so built that no ordinary wind could blow them over. And remember the Indian did not touch the tent!

"After some time the rocking motion ceased. I hurried outside to see if anyone had been playing tricks. Not a human being was in sight near us; the moon was clear and you could see a long distance. I returned, resumed my seat. The tent began again to rock, this time so violently that it sometimes lifted several feet on one side so that both myself and the interpreter could plainly see outside. My interpreter was thoroughly frightened by this time, and I was not much better; yet the Indian never stirred. We had seen enough and left, returning to the camp thoroughly mystified."

This, then, is a very small selection from scores of different descriptions by men of widely varied occupations. All were highly intelligent, skeptical at first in their approach to the exhibitions of the "Shaking Tent".

Their reaction to what they saw is certainly best summed up for all of them by the final words of Sir Cecil. "Thoroughly mystified." And certainly, among all the descriptions, that of Sir Cecil is the most puzzling of all.

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

All scources of research for this article are included in the article.

RW

SAGA OF THE BLOODY MOUTHED BANDIT

(Continued from Page 29)

"Can you tell me, Bob," asked the sheriff, "when he's taken off in the past few months?"

"Sure I can. Let's see now . . ."

LATER that day, back at his office, Shibbel checked carefully the exact dates of the three local stagecoach holdups. And he was even more interested to discover that each one coincided with the out-of-town trips of William Whitney Brazelton.

From Charley Bain, veteran driver of the Overland Stage, Shibbel learned that the bandit was riding a black gelding with one white stocking on its hind leg. Immediately, the sheriff ordered a search of the area for the horse.

The trail was warming up and the confident Shibbel even walked over to *The Weekly Star* office to tell the young reporter that he may have been right.

A black horse was soon located in a corral at Dave Nemitz's ranch in the Tucson Mountain foothills. Unmistakably, this was the same horse that the robber had ridden. Not only did it have the same color and markings, but all four shoes were tacked on backwards — an old trick to baffle trackers if the need ever arose.

Nemitz, one of Brazelton's close friends, did his best to protect him at first. But Shibbel, threatening to jail Nemitz for obstructing justice, finally broke him down and persuaded him to betray his friend. Nemitz confessed that Brazelton was the man they wanted, that he was the Bloody-Mouthed Bandit. He told the sheriff he had been carrying supplies to Brazelton, who had been hiding out in the foothills above the ranch house.

"A joke," Nemitz growled bitterly. "That's what he said at first . . . just a big joke to prove he could do it. After the first one, he said it was so funny he couldn't quit . . . said he wanted to get a lot of money to go back to California. He's got coins and jewelry hid all over them hills. I never seen any of it, believe me."

Once Nemitz sided with the law he went all the way, even suggesting the ambush strategy in which the men now found themselves.

THE tremulous hoot of an elf owl, breaking the hot silence of the night, jarred the sheriff back to the present. He stretched his cramped, aching body. He and his men had been waiting now for over an hour. The elf owl hooted again and then Shibbel heard boots crunching across the desert gravel.

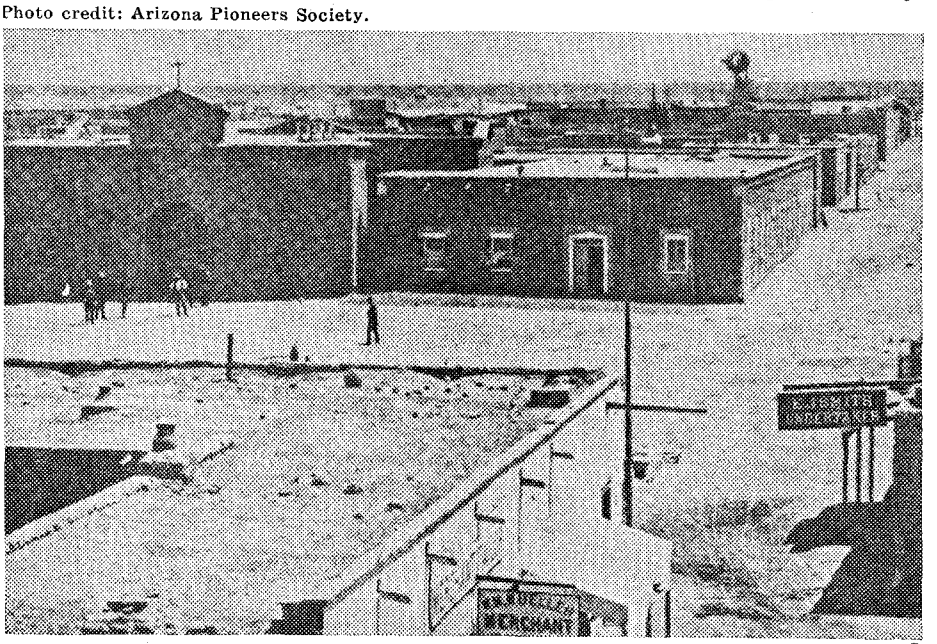
A half minute later he levelled the barrel of his shotgun on the sack of supplies and Shibbel blasted away at him.

Shibbel's shot was the signal. Rather than risk the lives of his men by asking for surrender, the sheriff had relied on a surprise ambush. The posse opened up, cutting the bandit down in a few seconds. He had no chance to use his .45's or the Spencer rife he carried.

As he fell, Brazelton screamed curses at the posse and the treachery of Nemitz. He slumped onto his face and chest, his powerful arms doubled up beneath him.

Picture of Tucson at the time Bloody-Mouthed bandit was operating successfully.

Photo credit: Arizona Pioneers Society.



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"I die brave, by God!" he gasped.

Shibbel and his men closed in as the dying man struggled to push himself upright. With a blood-spewing cough, he fell again. This time he fell onto his back, his arms spread straight from his chest. Brazelton was dead.

In a half-empty leather bag, secured to the bandit's side by a cartridge belt, Shibbel found a white cloth sack with red flannel sewed around the eye holes and across the mouth. He looked at the mask — a pitiful thing now instead of a symbol of terror — and he lowered his head and looked at the bleeding body, punctured with shot and bullets.

And then, slowly and carefully, Sheriff Shibbel hid Bill Brazelton's face from the chalky moonlight with the only covering available — the mask of the Bloody-Mouthed Bandit.

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RW

CANNIBALS LEAVE ONLY BONES

(Continued from Page 26)

"He can't last another day," Packer said as they watched him flounder through the snow.

Bell nodded in agreement. Minutes later, Miller dropped a few sticks of wood by the fire, sat down heavily and held out his hands to the tiny flame.

"Mein Gott it's . . . . ." Miller was interrupted by the roar of Bell's revolver, a neat round hole appeared in his forehead and he fell backward onto the ground. Packer cut the meat from his bones and the remaining three gourged themselves on his flabby flesh.

GEORGE Noon shivered in his sleep, then he opened his eyes and looked out at the cold grey dawn. Never in his life had he been so cold and so hungry. A hundred times in the past few weeks he had wished he had never left home. His troubles began when Packer's party stopped at his father's farm and young George heard the prospectors talk excitedly of the gold to be gathered in the Colorado mountains.

The lure of adventure and dreams of easy wealth had been too much for the boy and, the night after they left, he secretly gathered a few things together, and mounted on an old plow horse, followed them down the trail. He was a willing worker and the men in Packer's party welcomed him. For a few weeks life had been so exciting that he had scarcely missed his home. Now, he thought of his mother and how, if he were home, she would be calling him down to the warm kitchen for breakfast.

The thought of food made the pain in his stomach more acute and he looked across the smoking embers to where Shannon Bell sat, looking at the revolver lying in his lap. A few feet away Packer leaned against a rock, his eyes on Bell.

"I'm hungry," the boy said.

"We're all hungry," Bell answered.

"What are we going to eat?" Noon asked.

"We're going to eat you, George", Bell answered almost gently and, before the lad could cry out, shot him in the head.

Two days later, Alfred Packer deftly speared the last bit of George Noon and placed it in his mouth. Then he

Part of posse sent to check on the reports of cannibalistic orgies of Packer and what they found broke case.

Photo credit: Library of Congress.

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leaned back against the wall of the cave and chewed slowly as he gazed thoughtfully into the fickering flame of the tiny fire.

"George was tender, but not as tasty as some of the others," he said, and looked at his companion.

A sudden change came over his bearded face as he found himself looking into the hard, glittering eyes of Shannon Bell. For a long moment they stared into each others eyes and, although no word was spoken, each knew, that to survive, he must murder the other.

Both Packer and Bell had a reputation for being a fast man with a gun so each bided his time and waited to catch the other off guard. For the rest of the day the fire went untended and darkness crept into the cave and found the two men facing each other over the cold, dead ashes.

In the gathering darkness, Packer listened to Bell's heavy breathing. Slowly, his hand moved toward his revolver. His fingers were closing over the handle when, in a flash of light, the crash of a shot shattered the silence. Alfred fired once at the flash, then Bell came hurtling out of the darkness, smashed him to the ground and knocked the gun from his hand. A moment later they were struggling on the floor of the cave, locked in mortal combat.

Packer was no match for the big Irishman and he soon found himself on his back with Bell's powerful hands clamped on his throat. His chest burned, his breath came in short gasps and he tried frantically to tear away the hands. Then, as he sank into the dark pool of unconsiousness, his arms dropped to the ground and he felt a pistol beneath his hand. Summoning all his strength he raised the revolver and fired. Bell fell heavily upon him and for several minutes Packer, too exhausted to move, lay under his dead weight.

FOR two days he sat in the cave and looked into the grinning face of the man he had murdered. On the third day, the wind blew the clouds from the mountain top. For a few hours the sun shone brightly and Packer looked out on a glistening white world. By mid-afternoon, for the first time since the blizzard struck, the temperature was above freezing and the snow began to thaw. Then, after a bitter cold night, he found he could walk on the hard-crusted snow. So he hacked a few choice cuts from Bell's body and started back to Los Pinos.

There was doubt in Adams' eyes when the story was finished. But the General said nothing. Instead, he ad-

Photo credit: Denver Public Library.

Plaque at grave of Packer's victims donated by public subscription.

roitly hired Packer to help him recover the remains of his companions. Alfred willingly agreed and, with a party of men, they started up the mountain. They were almost to the pass when Packer became lost and could not remember where the cave was. He did not, however, become "lost" soon enough for others in the group found the cave. Inside were four skeletons with their heads bashed in and the flesh stripped from their bones. There was evidence of a violent struggle and the fifth man, a gaping gunshot wound in his chest, was found in the back of the cave.

Packer's trial was the strangest ever held in Hinsdale County. He had never heard of the fifth ammendment, but he had his own strategy. And, as the trial proceeded he became more and more talkative. The more he talked the wilder and more fantastic his stories became.

The judge, one of the most ardent Democrats ever elected in southern Colorado, shook his head at the great volume of conflicting information. Gleefully the rowdy spectators urged Alfred on to the most preposterous and outlandish stories ever told. And, when they tired of this, they taunted the judge and made disparaging remarks about his political affiliations. Finally, when he could stand no more, he called a halt to the bizarre proceeding and sentenced Packer to forty years in the State Penitentiary.

Then he showed his tormentors he could give as good as he got when he leaned down from the bench, shook his finger and shouted, "Packer, you depraved Republican skunk, there were only five Democrats in Hinsdale County and you ate them all."

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WEIRD POWERS OF INDIAN MEDICINE MEN

(Continued from Page 35)

consumption, or suffering from an acute attack of cholera morbus, the treatment is the same. Howls, only howls, most doleful and lugubrious. As the patient gets worse, the women of the lodge "lift up their voices" and howl in chorus; then the women of other lodges come around and join the howl, until the whole camp is a pandemonium of howls.

If all this does no good, the medicine chief is sent for. He mutters incantations, performs some mysterious ceremonies, and finally putting a tom-tom into the hands of a lusty young acolyte, has it beaten with all force immediately over the head of the patient. This treatment generally very promptly finishes the matter one way or the other.

The Indians have an idea that strangers, particularly white strangers, are ofttimes accompanied by evil spirits. Of these they have great dread, as they create and delight in mischief. One of the duties of the medicine chief is to exercise these spirits. I have sometimes ridden into or through a camp where I was unknown or unexpected, to be confronted by a tall, half-naked savage, standing in the middle of the circle of lodges, and yelling in a sing-song nasal tone a string of unintelligible words.

At the first sound of his cry, the women and children huddle into their lodges, and in a moment no evidence of life can be seen, except the lank figure of the priest, the black, beady eyes of the occupants of the lodges, as they watch the newcomers through the partially closed doors, and the half-famished curs that sniff and yelp around.

THE position or office of medicine chief is not hereditary (though there are a few instances where a father and son have held it), and is not conferred by chief of council. A man gains it by general, and not infrequently, tacit consent of the people of the tribe.

The constant thought of every Indian man or woman is, "How shall I evade or counteract the power of the Bad God?"

Photo Credit: National Archives

Sitting Bull was once a medicine man.

The medicine chief is dead; the tribe in mourning. A warrior comes forward who says, "I have found the proper 'medicine.' I set at naught the power of the Bad God."

In time of war every opportunity is given him to prove his assertion. Every risk that a man can run he has to take. Time and again he must put himself in the "imminent deadly breach," and his "hair-breadth 'scapes" must be so marvellous as to be accounted for in no other way than that his medicine is perfect. That point once conceded beyond doubt or cavil, and his character and standing being satisfactory, he glides into the coveted position by general acquiesence.

When the native honors and dignity of hereditary chief are united with the acquired honor, military renown and spiritual power of the medicine chief, the result is an individual most dangerous, most potent for good or bad. Such a one was Black Hawk, and such a one is Sitting Bull. Other than the last-named (of whose personal history little is known) the medicine chief most renowned of late years for his power over the Bad God was the Cheyenne, Medicine Arrow (Min-vitz-in-nan-epivomanist).

His father was medicine chief before him. Early in life the young man had gained such renown for his wonderful daring and marvellous escapes from ap-

Photo credit: American Museum of Natural History.

Navajo Medicine man curing sick with sand painting, a common cure with Navajos.

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parently certain death, that when the father died he had no competitor for the vacant place.

He ascribed his wonderful immunity from wounds and sickness to his discovery of the secret of making an arrow so potent in its charm against the "evil one" that no warrior who carried one could ever be hurt in any way.

Fortune favored him, and in the later years of his life, he found a ready sale in the spring, at a pony each, for all the arrows he could make during the winter. The fame of his arrows extended to all the tribes of the Plains; Sioux, Northern Cheyennes, Pawnees, all became his customers, and contended for the privilege of buying one of the life preserving arrows.

More than any Indian on this continent he had the power to have united tribes, hostile to each other, in one grand crusade against the whites.

Fortunately for them, and for the Indians, he was a confirmed drunkard. The ponies gained so easily in spring and summer, were drunk up in autumn and winter. He would give a pony for a gallon, or if especially thirsty, even for a bottle of whiskey. On those terms he, of course, always got what he wanted.

He died on Tongue River in 1874, retaining to the end (in spite of his drunkenness) more repute for spiritual power and more influence over the Plains tribes than any Indian before or since.

A vacancy in the office of medicine chief is not necessarily or even usually filled at once. The Indian sets much store by his life, and a position reached and retained only by most reckless exposure to an endless series of dangers has attractions for few except the most ambitious, or those who really believe in themselves or their powers.

I have already spoken of the earnest effort made by each individual warrior to discover the proper secret ingredient of his medicine. Should the Indian have a "run of bad luck," he accounts for it at once. His special ingredient is not good. He therefore tries some other, and keeps trying until his luck changes, when he has, of course, found the proper thing at last. The Indian is in solid earnest, and childish as all this appears to us, he has firm faith in himself and his medicine. The medicine that has enabled a warrior to pass unscathed through all the dangers of the road to the position of medicine chief, must be perfect, and the faith in it of its fortunate possessor is supreme.

The medicine chief is not an impostor or hypocrite. In 1868 when Forsyth's little band, buried in their rifle pits, were holding at bay an overwhelming force of redskins, a Cheyenne medicine man, ambitious to be medicine chief, and firmly believing in the efficiency of his medicine, dashed alone almost into the lines of the whites. His medicine failed him at the critical moment, for he was shot and killed.

Any especially remarkable and long-continued run of good luck is attributed at once to the medicine of the fortunate warrior. Others begin to look upon him as a medicine man, and not to be outdone in faith, he firmly believes it himself. These men drop into the practice of medicine and become healers of the sick by the same gradual process, already described, and under the influence of the same belief in the efficiency of their medicine.

"Good medicine" does not argue any special preference of the Good God (who is already as good and kind to all Indians as he can be). It shows power over the Bad God — or devil. All disease is simply the manifestation of the presence and power of the devil.

Alice Fletcher persuaded Chief Joseph to give up many Indian superstitions.

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AN unfortunate Indian is stretched upon a bed of sickness, tortured with fever, or racked with rheumatism. The devil has him in his power. What is more natural than to send for the warrior of the tribe whose medicine is known to be the most efficacious charm against the power of the evil one?

And here is where the hypocrisy and deceit come in. While he may really believe in the power of his medicine, he has sufficient knowledge of human nature to be aware that its effect on the patient depends somewhat on the mental condition of the latter. Like the civilized doctor who gives a bread pill when medicine is not really necessary, or like the French surgeon who cut off the leg of a dying man "to amuse him", the ordinary Indian doctor resorts to every humbuggery that he can invent.

Socially and pecuniarily the office of medicine man is a good one, and when from lack of success with his patients he has lost faith in the power of his own medicine, he carefully hides the knowledge in his own heart and keeps up appearances by increased noise and mystery, and redoubled activity in "blowing" about his powers, advertising himself.

The power of faith can be no more strongly exemplified in any race or sect than is manifested among these ignorant people.

The Nez Perces are a superior race of Indians, and their Chief, Joseph, a man of courage, intelligence, quick perception, and other qualities sufficient to make him much above the average man, either white or red.

When Joseph and his band were held as prisoners of war at Fort Leavenworth, his favorite child, about a year old, was seriously ill. Though he and his band claimed to be Roman Catholics, and though they had the attendance of white physicians, as able as the country afforded, when the latter pronounced the case critical, their services were dispensed with, and the medicine chief (who is also priest of the tribe) was called in. All night long a tom-tom was beaten immediately over the head of the poor baby; this music accompanied by the sing-song incantations of the priest and the mournful howls of half a dozen old women. Joseph's good judgment was demonstrated, whatever we may think of his humanity. The child got well.

The medicine chief of the Plains tribes is an essentially different person from the medicine men of the Pacific coast, or those commonly described by writers on the North American Indian. He does not descend to the tearing and eating of human flesh, or other horrible practices designed to strike terror into the beholders. He ignores posturing dances, or conjuring tricks, and rarely has recourse even to excess of absurdity in dress. His influence is a moral one, founded on belief in himself and knowledge of human nature, and his means are (with a difference) very similar to those practised by civilized doctors and ministers. He gives no drugs, but he beats his tom-tom; he makes no prayers, but sings his incantation.

He is the outgrowth, the expounder and interpreter of that higher order of religion of which I have given an account.

By far the largest portion of the Indians are not on that higher plane of religious belief. Just as our ignorant communites select or accept the spiritual ministrations of some self-sufficient donkey, as ignorant, but more brazen than themselves, so most of the Indians put their faith in some one of the number of pretenders who eagerly thrust themselves forward.

From the highest to the lowest, human nature is the same. Be he civilized or be he savage, man delights in being humbugged, and any pretender to mysteries, either medical or spiritual, is sure to find someone to believe him.

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WHO WAS BILLY THE KID'S MOTHER

(Continued from Page 17)

the lap of his dear mother and then told her he would have to flee to escape arrest. Burns waxes quite sentimental as he describes this parting. "The boy slipped out into the night, his mother's eyes straining after the slight, furtive figure hurrying away . . . It was the final parting on earth, mother and son never saw each other again."

THIS was also Burn's goodbye to Mrs. Antrim as he made no further reference to her. He follows the fleeing twelve-year-old into Lincoln County where Billy the Kid wrote his strange chapter of blood.

The marriage license of the mother, who was at that time Mrs. Catherine McCarty, to William Antrim, dated March 1, 1873, has been photostated as it appeared in "Minutes of Session" of the First Presbyterian Church records of Santa Fe. It appeared, in 1963, in a booklet entitled *Little Known Facts About Billy the Kid*, by Pete Hertzog, published by The Press of the Territorian, under the direction of Phil Cooke. A reproduction of the photostat is a part of this story. Ruth Rambo of the Library, Museum of New Mexico, has been helpful in making this document available for *Real West* readers.

What's just behind us creates something of a question. Did the Antrims become acquainted in Colorado — or in Santa Fe? Or did they, after romancing in Colorado for a while, take a mutual oath of common law marriage and await an arrival in Santa Fe of a church and a minister for the church vows, when Mrs. Antrim's two sons, Joseph and Henry, as noted in the record, acted as witnesses?

Probably the most accurate and productive research that has ever been conducted on the family tree of Billy the Kid is that made by Philip J. Rasch. His efforts have encompassed many years of diligent research in old newspaper files and dusty tomes.

Not long ago he caused his papers, which were the result of this careful study, to be deposited in the history museum of Old Lincoln, New Mexico, where the famous Lincoln County War raged; and where the Kid miraculously shot down two deputies and made a daring escape from the county jail while awaiting the date for his hanging for his nefarious deeds — only to be gunned down a short time later by Sheriff Pat Garrett in Fort Sumner. Fractures in the woodwork from his hot, flying bullets of that moment are still to be seen in the old Lincoln County Courthouse, where the museum is located.

IT is worthy to note at this point, inasmuch as Coffeyville, Kansas, has been previously mentioned as a probable residence of the Kid's Mother at one time, what authors Philip J. Rasch and R.N. Mullin had to say in an article entitled "Dim Trails — The Pursuit of the McCarty Family," as it appeared in the *New Mexico Folklore Record*, Volume VIII, 1953-54, now out of publication:

It is a curious coincidence that near Coffeyville, Kansas, there is a small town named Liberty. In this town is an old house still known as "the old Bonney place." There is documentary evidence of the existence of a William L. Bonney (b. August 17, 1849 — d. November 7, 1916) and a Donald C. Bonney (b. 1839 — d. 1924). An orphan boy of this family is said to have been adopted by a family named Van Cleve. A descendant of the family teaches school in Coffeyville, but knows of no records connecting her family with that of the Kid.

When this writing was commenced, and Mr. Rasch was contacted in the East, he wrote: "I would refer you to the three articles I published in the *New Mexico Folklore Records*, one of which gave the newspaper account of her death. That is almost the only actual record on her known to exist, other than those of her marriage to Antrim . . . . Miss Telfer's version, her maiden name was Kathleen McCarty and she was an immigrant Irish Catholic. The Bonney family was bitterly anti-Catholic and refused to have anything to do with her, which was more or less responsible for Bonney starting to drink and the marriage becoming most unhappy."

It will be noted here that Miss Lois Telfer of New York City has been acclaimed as the "only known living relative" of Billy the Kid, and gave her support a few months back in the Lincoln County move to relocate the burial site of the Kid from the old Fort Sumner cemetery to Old Lincoln. It met hot protest, and the effort failed. *Real West* carried an article by this writer on the subject.

How hot the reburial issue became can be particularly demonstrated by this notation that appeared in the *Lincoln County News*, December 7, 1961; and also shows now perplexing the background of Mrs. Antrim really is:

Billy the Kid is suddenly coming up with a lot of relatives.

Latest is Mrs. Mary Scott of Parks, Arizona.

Mrs. Scott says she is a third cousin of Billy, whose bones are now the subject of a court fight in De Baca County. She said her mother, whose maiden name was Bonney and who lived in McDonald Country was a second cousin of Billy. She said her mother had seven sisters and two brothers, several of whom had large families.

"So there are quite a few relatives of Billy still around," said Mrs. Scott.

The New York woman who claims to be the only living relative of Billy is Miss Lois Telfer.

Mrs. Scott, who would like to see Billy's bones remain in peace in their present location, doubts if the correct body will ever be found.

"If I thought they would actually move Billy's body, I might take court action myself to stop it," she said. "But I don't think they ever will find the right body."

Mrs. Scott and her husband, Andy, operate a trading post at Parks, between Flagstaff and Williams on U.S. 66. They lived in Albuquerque until several years ago.

So far as is known no documentary proof has ever been offered to tie this so-called branch to the main Antrim trunk.

Old Lincoln County Court House where Billy the Kid made his famous escape.

Photo credit: New Mexico Department of Development.

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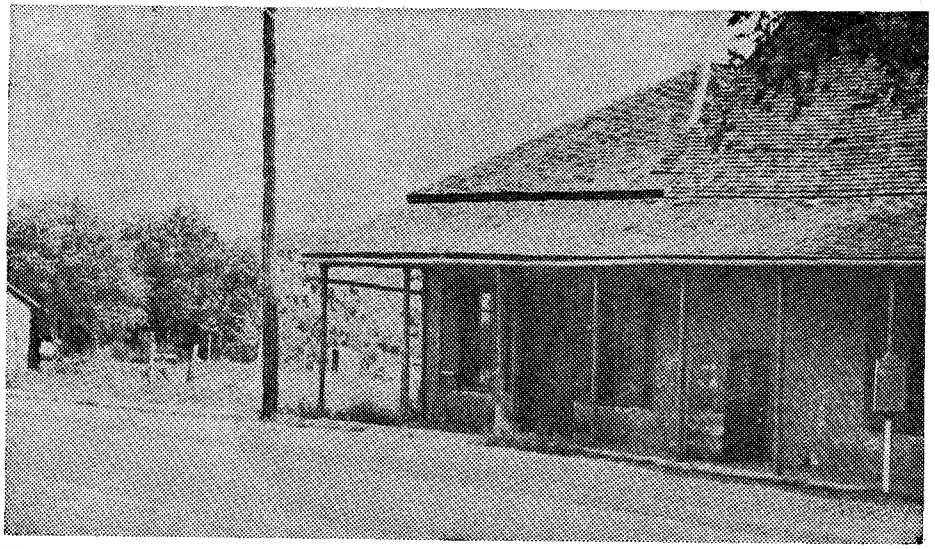

Photo credit: Gregg Collection.

Tunstall store building which escaped the flames that destroyed McSween home.

By the quotation of a portion of Mr. Rasch's letter, as stated before, we have something of the background of Mrs. Antrim before, and probably at the time, she departed New York City for the great rugged stretches of the West. That portion of her life up until the time of her marriage to Antrim in Santa Fe, New Mexico Territory, must be conceded as somewhat dim.

Another glimpse at the Kid's Mother is noted in an article by Mr. Rasch in the *New Mexico Folklore Record*, entitled "The Twenty-One Men He Put Bullets Through." It appeared in Volume VIII, 1953-54. It reads:

By one of those happy coincidences which repay the student for hours of fruitless poring over dusty tomes, the writer himself had the pleasure of finding this item in the Grant County **The Herald**, September 26, 1875. It reads: 'Henry McCarty, who was arrested on Thursday and committed to jail to await the action of the grand jury, upon the charge of stealing clothes from Charley Sun and Sam Chung, celestials, sans cue, sans Joss sticks, escaped prison yesterday through the chimney. It's believed that Henry was simply the tool of "Sombrero Jack," who done the stealing whilst Henry done the hiding. Jack has skinned out.'

Thus a long standing problem regarding the life of Henry McCarty, alias Billy the Kid, has been solved. We know that he left Silver City just a year after the death of his mother on September 16, 1874 . . . .

Research on the subject by the two previously mentioned authors also offers an accounting on the mystery of Mrs. Antrim's other son, Joseph "Joe" Antrim. What Mullin and Rasch have uncovered seems conclusive proof of Joe Antrim's death. They offer in the article: "The Colorado Department of Public Health has furnished the writers with a photostat of the death certificate of a Joe Antrim who is surely the same individual. He died of apoplexy November 25, 1930, at 1617 Larimer Street, aged 76 years. His assets totalled $1.50 and his body was turned over to the Colorado Medical School."

Grave of Billy the Kid and his two companions, O'Folliard and Charlie Bowdre.

Photo credit: Mason Collection.

In closing out this article, a paragraph in the Mullin and Rasch piece entitled "Dim Trails" will be quoted, along with the old newspaper account of the death of Mrs. William H. Antrim, *The Silver City Mining Life*, Saturday September 19, 1874.

The Mullin and Rasch paragraph:

Some time between 1870 and 1873 Mrs. Catherine McCarty, a widow, came to Santa Fe from New York City. With her were her two sons, Henry and Joseph. On March 1, 1873, she married William H. Antrim. Soon thereafter the family moved to Silver City, where Mrs. Antrim died of tuberculosis on September 16, 1874. Some two or three years later Henry was arrested for theft. He succeeded in escaping from jail and fled to Arizona. On August 25, 1877, he killed F.J. Cahill at Camp Grant. He became connected with a gang of rustlers known as "The Boys," but left them in the fall of 1877 to work for John H. Tunstall. Thereafter his life can be documentated almost week by week, and so passes out of the province of the authors' research.

The Silver City Mining Life obituary of Mrs. William H. (Catherine) Antrim:

DIED in Silver City, on Wednesday the 16th inst., Catherine, wife of William Antrim, aged 45.

Mrs. Antrim with her husband and family came to Silver City about one year and a half ago, since which time her health has not been good, suffering from an infection of the lungs, for the last four months she has been confined to her bed. The funeral occurred from the family residence on Main Street, at 2 o'clock, on Thursday.

Thus comes to an end the accounting of Mrs. William H. (Catherine) Antrim, mother of the Great Southwest's most famous outlaw, William H. Bonney, *alias* Billy the Kid — more liked than hated, and a subject that is as hot today as it ever dared to be!

Full acknowledgement is hereby made for each source of information that has been tapped for this compilation, and deep appreciation is cited for usage of the material in each case.

The bibiography: *The Saga of Billy the Kid*, by Walter Noble Burns; articles by Philip J. Rasch and R.N. Nullin in *New Mexico Folklore Record: English Westerners' Brand Book*, The English Westerners' Society, Liverpool, England; *Chicago Westerners' Brand Book; Little Known Facts About Billy the Kid*, by Peter Hertzog, The Press of the Territorian; microfilms of old newspapers, The Coronado Room, the Zimmerman Library, The University of New Mexico; *Lincoln County News*, Carrizozo, New Mexico; and others.

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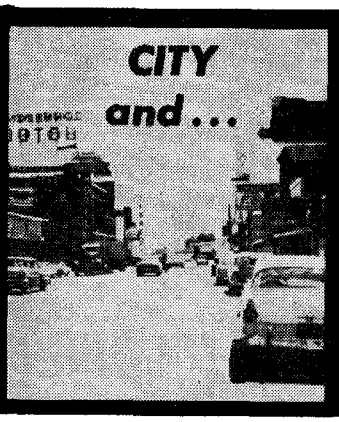

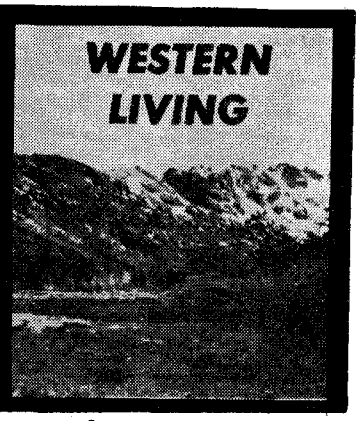

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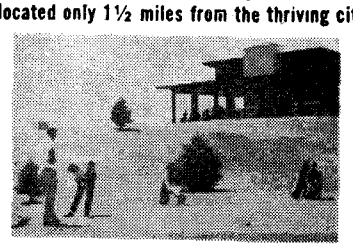

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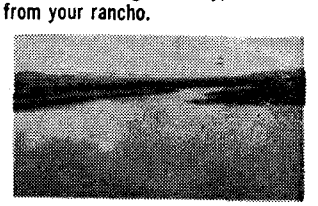

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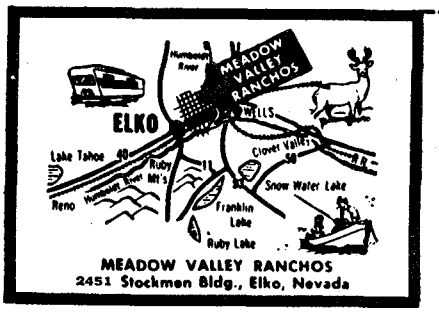

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McCLELLAND'S MIGHTY DIAMOND

(Continued from Page 33)

SADLY, McClelland freed his horses from their harness as the wagon caught fire and burned to the ground. The red-hot machinery dropped to the dirt.

Bad luck seemed to plague Stewart McClelland until that glorious day when he found his diamond.

Realistically, the diamond was nothing more than an exquisitely formed quartz crystal, which had grown to enormous size and of fine luster. Perhaps loneliness, scorn and contempt had loosened some of McClelland's mental moorings but whatever, McClelland believed he found a valuable gem and was the proudest man in Arizona when he displayed that fine, but very fake, gem. With great pride, he would rub and polish the stone against his pants, examine it in the sun, then rewrap it in a red bandana and stow it away in his pocket.

As such things do, the diamond became something of a symbol; security when he was broke; a silent, sparkling treasure when he was alone; a source of pride when he was among men. Considerately, most of the men pretended a mock awe at the huge stone.

Bolstered by the possession of the diamond, McClelland summoned enough courage to speak of his love for Rosalie Higgins. But then he was now torn between two loves: his diamond on the one hand; and Rosalie on the other.

In McClelland's mind, the two loves meant conflict. To possess one, he must lose the other. It was a terrible, rending decision that had to be made, but he finally made a choice.

Slowly, McClelland walked to Rosalie's house and was met at the door by her father. "I would like to speak with you alone," McClelland requested politely.

"Why certainly, McClelland," Mr. Higgins said. "Anything the matter? You look worried."

Silently, McClelland reached into his pocket and withdrew the stone carefully wrapped in a bandana. He stared at the treasure for a moment before he spoke.

"Mr. Higgins," McClelland said with emotion choking his voice. "I will give you my diamond for the hand in marriage of your daughter, Rosalie."

Mr. Higgins was equal to the situation. He looked first at the stone, then at McClelland. His voice was calm and kindly when he spoke.

"Since I noted the attention you were paying Rosalie, I figured that such a choice might have to be made one of these days, and I have thought about it," Mr. Higgins said. "I have made my decision."

McClelland nodded and awaited the fateful words.

"Son, I don't want you to trade that diamond for Rosalie," the girl's father said. "I'm her father, and I know she just ain't worth it."

McCLELLAND emitted a small sigh of relief as he carefully rewrapped his diamond and thanked Mr. Higgins for his honest and wise analysis of Rosalie's real worth. Somehow, he had known it all along.

Once relieved of his matters of the heart, McClelland dug into the creation of other gadgets, concentrating mostly on things he thought would improve mining methods. Like many another weird-o, McClelland became something of a local expert in one particular field: that of writing reports on prospective mining properties. His imagination and mind, not being confined with the usual restraints of society, were able to develop literary flights of fancy which had little to do with values but much to do in persuading investors.

CHIEF JOSEPH DEAD

Spokane, Wash., Oct. 3, 1904 — Chief Joseph died near here on the little reservation set by for his tribe in 1878, after his defeat in the Bear Paw Mountains.

For 25 years Chief Joseph stayed among his people quietly, living peacably on the reservation. He scorned to speak English, and never learned a word of the language.

Lacking the usual moral suasions of society to guide his hand in writing these reports, McClelland became a literary artist, a title which was proven by the number of responses he got from eastern investors. Others in the camp got wise to what McClelland was doing and wired the prospective investors not to come. Finally, McClelland agreed to quit sending out his brochures, but he just wouldn't stop writing or inventing. What else was there left for him? It was his last report which was the cause of his disappearance from the pages of history.

Two brothers, Bill and Frank Barnes, were old-time hard-rock miners who had done tolerably well in their years of scratching ore out of the Hardscrabble Mine. But as the pair aged, the dank, damp shafts weren't too friendly to arthritic joints. Besides, Frank had grown so chunky it was now difficult for him to negotiate the narrow shafts to chip out ore. After discussing the matter, they agreed to sell but they hadn't been able to find a buyer despite the worth of the mine.

Because of McClelland's known activity in the promotion of mines, they decided he could solve their problem. McClelland was asked to inspect the property, write a glowing report, then they would distribute the report which would surely bring a buyer immediately.

Besides, McClelland would write their report for nothing where a real mining engineer would require a fee in advance. McClelland asked for nothing except a percentage of the gross sale figures.

Escorted to the mine, McClelland inspected the shafts, drifts and winzes. Nothing escaped his wandering eye and, once satisfied with his investigations, McClelland disappeared into his shack to compose the report.

As he chewed the end of a stubby pencil, McClelland made the figures and his fancy march up and down again as he wrote the text for the brochure which would provide the Barnes brothers with a fortune and himself with a bundle of long green.

"You've done fine. Just fine," Bill Barnes said as he ran his finger along the lines, his lips twitching with the rich words.

Frank was equally pleased and he motioned to his brother for a hurried consultation after reading the report.

Then Frank spoke. "McClelland, before we read this here report of yours, we never realized just what a good thing we had. We think our mine is too good to sell and we're going back and work it ourselves."

And just as they left, Bill Barnes said: "And thanks much for your report. Probably saved us thousands of dollars."

R. Stewart McClelland never wrote another mining report, nor again appeared in the town — a town which marked his final defeat with mankind.

Perhaps he may be looking for a valuable property like the one he described for the Barnes brothers. But then, who would predict what R. Stewart McClelland might do at any given moment?

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THE TOWN THAT LAUGHED ITSELF TO DEATH

(Continued from Page 40)

his teeth (which could cut a nail in two) and charged. The horses flipped their riders and the Mexicans had to cut their precious ropes.

Indians were offered $5 to retrieve the reatas but Hennan was too ferocious. Those who dared go near were driven away by his fetid breath, reputed strong enough to wilt a cactus. Old Hennan got away for good, and never again did anyone try to shear a camel for his hair — unless he was dead.

With the advent of churches, schools and even the International Hotel, brought from Virginia City piece by piece, "cultoor" began to replace interest in popskull and a night of revelry with the red-gartered girls.

In such places temperance talks quickly wear thin, and someone prevailed upon Artemus Ward to stop on his way west to regale the populace with his homespun humor. Lacking any other suitable place, a partially completed building was fitted with benches, barrels and kegs for the audience, and 150 miners paid $2 each to hear Ward. Ward was all they expected and they sent him on his way again, though somewhat fearful of the Indians who molested lone coaches, especially at night.

Ward's worries were justified. They had scarcely left Austin when a band of Shoshones grabbed the driver, and pulled the coach to a stop. At first they indicated they would kill everyone aboard, but finally one prevailed, speaking fractured English.

"Him Artemus Ward. Talkee man," he explained to the others. "You talkee now. Much talkee." The Shoshone emphasized his words with a long knife.

Ward, believing that he had little choice, began to talk. The Indian kept telling him to talk louder. Ward complied until his words were pouring forth at a screech. Even then he had to talk louder because the Indians would talk among themselves, then laugh and beat their sides. Ward had about run out of prepared speechs when one of the Indians stepped forward, winked and said: "Bull, Mr. Ward, Bull."

ONLY then did Ward realize he had been put on by a group of fun-loving Austinites who wanted to scare him, then have a hilarious tale of how Ward talked to the Indians in fear of his life. It is recorded that it took some time before Ward appreciated the rough humor of the situation.

With at least 400 wagons moving into Austin daily, and that number moving out with ore and other exports, the town became a trifle wilder, and the need for faster transportation was apparent.

One of the gentler souls coming out of this boom town was Emma Wixom who had come to Austin, with her family, in 1864, at the age of five. Emma sang with the church choirs and with some recognition of her vocal abilities, she was sent away to study in California and later in Vienna. Though she gave command performances and sang to wildly enthusiastic audiences, she never forgot her hometown and assumed the pseudonym of Emma Nevada, which she used throughout her professional life.

Emma made a triumphant return to America, especially Austin, where she was referred to as the town's "own little girl." Emma became one of the West's greatest ambassadors of goodwill and gave many important performances, including one at the coronation of King George. She died in 1940, and many monuments have been raised to her sweetness and light.

But all was not as pleasant when Rufe Anderson gunned down Noble Slocum (for reasons which history has obscured), and was convicted of first degree murder. He walked up to be hanged, but the noose failed and he bounced to his feet beneath the scaffold. The same thing happened the second time and the crowd began a chant to let Anderson go free. Twice was enough. But authorities paid no attention and the third effort resulted in Anderson's being strangled to death.

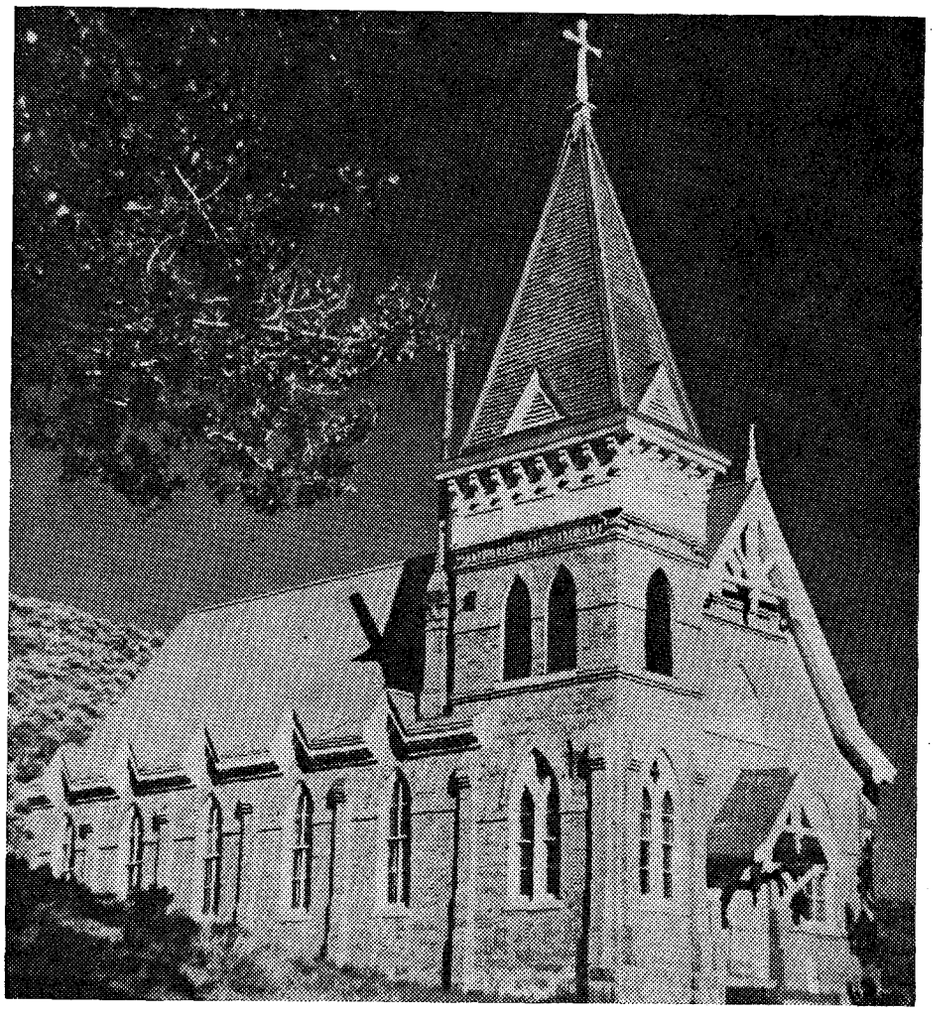
But the next killing was less sanguinary, at least in that way. John Vance seems to have been afflicted with some deep-seated neuroses and brashly stated he could lick any SOB in the bar. All but one man looked for cover. That was Irish Tom Carberry. "Now that we know what the rest of them guys are, I still don't believe you," Carberry said.

Vance noted his opponent wasn't wearing a gun and sent him for one. Carberry snorted. "That won't be necessary, I'll just borrow one. It'll save me drinking time."

Carberry borrowed the gun, then

This Episcopal Church was built in hey day of Austin and survived that era.

Photo credit: Young Collection.



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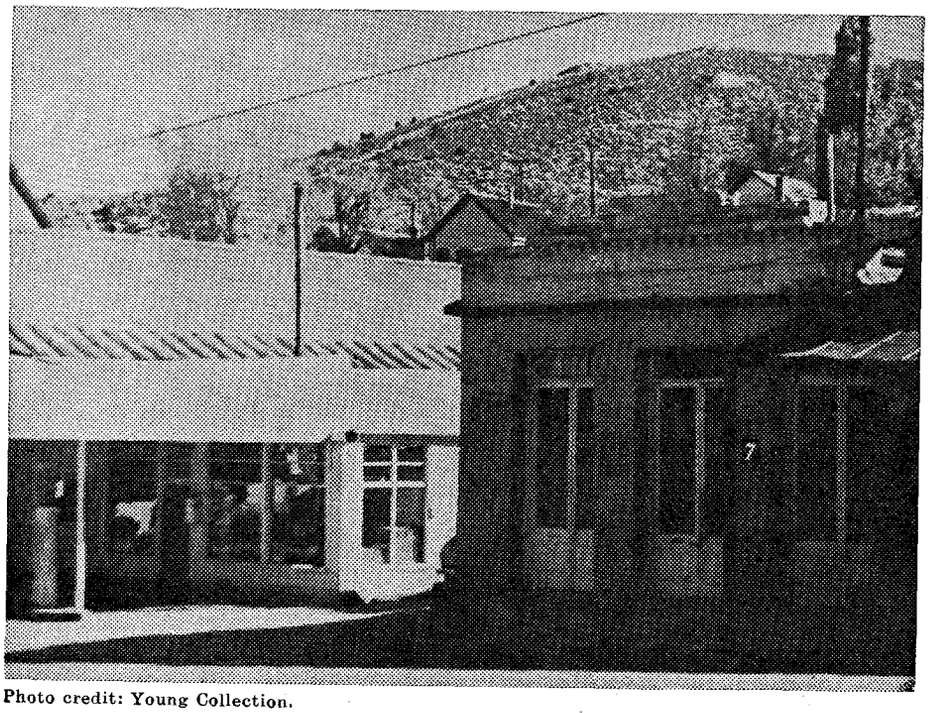


Photo credit: Young Collection.

Office of Reese River Reveille, which was always in thick of every fight.

walked out into the street, indicating he was ready for the fray. The men squared off in the center of the street and Vance began firing. One, two, three, four, then five shots. Not one took effect on Irish Tom, who then calmly laid his gun across a crook in his arm and with one shot killed Vance. A jury was quick to acquit such a man.

Through the years floods and fires ravaged Austin but the town had pride and wanted a railroad to serve its needs, in good times and bad. Already an estimated $50,000,000 had been shipped out and that seemed reason enough for a railroad which would link Austin with the transcontinental Central Pacific at Battle Mountain, about 100 miles to the north. The plan seemed to have merit to Senator M. J. Farrell and he pushed through a state bill which would provide a $200,000 subsidy to help finance the project.

It seemed as though Someone Up There was against the railroad because it was plagued with floods, accidents, strikes and every sort of frustration, so many in fact that it became known as Farrell's Folly. The five-year time limit was disappearing like a bottle among thirsty miners. A second 10 hour shift was hired and put to work and work continued without let up. It became a do or die thing with the life of Austin at stake.

Better weather helped progress but the deadline for completion and payment of the subsidy was only days off. The deadline was midnight February 8, 1879. By noon there still remained a mile of track to be laid and completed. It was hopeless. Or at least so it seemed.

Miners came down from the hills or out of the mines to help. Excitement grew as the minutes, then hours ticked away. Just as it seemed the problem had been solved, word was flashed that a supply train still forty miles away was carrying the last necessary rails to complete the track.

It looked like Austin's iron artery to the outer world was doomed once and for all time. Without making the deadline, the subsidy would be lost.

At this blackest moment some unrecorded hero came forward and talked with the City Dads, telling them of a plan which would save the day. He talked with the mayor, who then discussed it with the rest of the city council. All were enthusiastic but it had to be formal. The proposal was put in the form of a motion, voted upon and passed unanimously, just a few minutes before midnight. They then adjourned to where the track crews were still working. There were cases of bubbly taken along to properly celebrate the occasion, though the men could see little to cheer for. They were still a half mile away with no chance to span the gap.

But it had been spanned. They had laid the track far enough to win the subsidy.

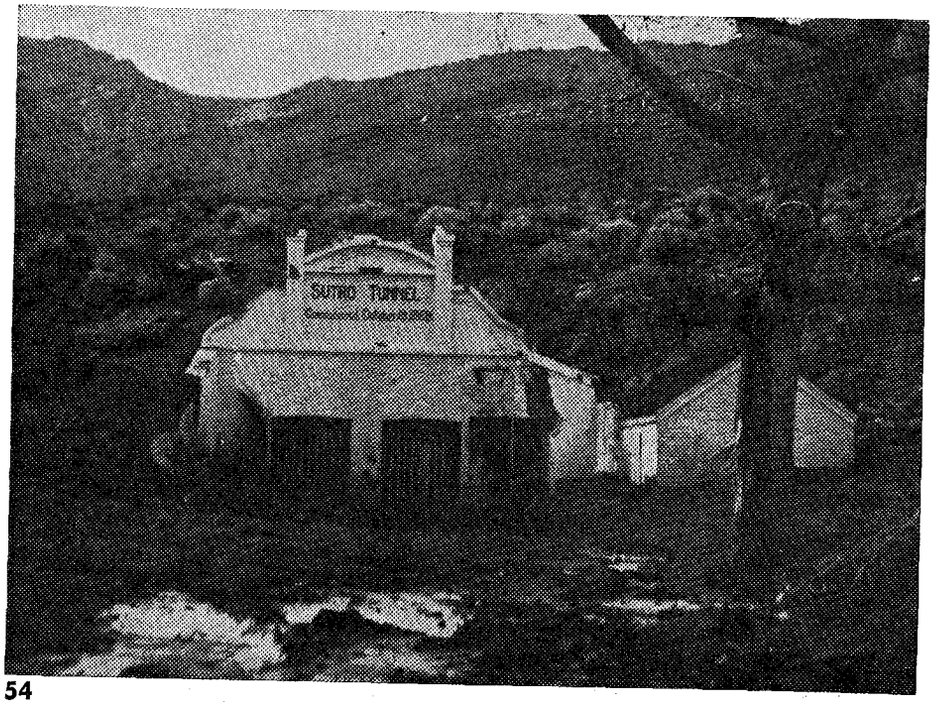
The city council at the suggestion of the guiding genius, had simply extended the city's boundaries to reach the stopping point of the railroad. So the railroad had come to Austin, thanks to the resourcefulness and daring of the city fathers.

In fact the railroad actually reached Austin after it had begun to wane but people of that basic character just don't fade away. No matter that a rather famous author has written an obituary in his book called, "The Town that Died Laughing," Austin still thrives. Admittedly it isn't booming with rich mines but there are other, more enduring, values which have kept Austin going.

There's still a lot of spirit left, and fishing, farming, ranching and tourists are all bringing money into Austin and helping stabilize its economy.

Outlet of Sutro Tunnel which was supposed to revolutionize mining operations.

Photo credit: Young Collection.



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Buildings are marked and labeled for their historical significance and residents are friendly and helpful.

There's still a lot of spirit left, and Austin rightly refuses to play dead. And Fred Hart answered when someone asked about the town and its production, "The production of Austin is silver bricks and children." Hart's statement is still true but the latter far outnumbers the former in these days. But no matter what happens, don't count Austin out.

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BLOODY CITY IN THE SKY

(Continued from Page 7)

Spaniards fought for two terrible hours, fought bravely until they saw their young captain mutilated and killed by a score of horrible wounds.

The sight of Juan's death panicked the remaining soldiers. Seven of them in one group were the focal point of a surge of Indian attackers. As the howling Indians overwhelmed them, the soldiers, as one man, leaped off the 375-foot cliffs. Miraculously four of them survived the terrible fall. These survivors quickly acquired horses, and killed these mounts in the furious race to San Gabriel. Here they choked out the story of the cowardly attack and Juan's death to Vicente whom Governor de Onate had left in command during his own absence.

When de Onate had returned from his westerly explorations, he declared war on the Acomese. His intentions had been to lead the attack himself, but Colonel Zaldwar interferred and insisted it was his duty to capture the "sky city" in order that the Indians might be properly punished by de Onate for the murder of Juan.

Just before daybreak, Zaldwar's courier returned and informed him that the Indians were eager to do battle.

At the first light of dawn an Indian sentinel, perched high on Acoma Rock, saw the Spaniards break camp and advance. His fierce war whoop of warning re-echoed in the cries of 1,000 savage Acoma warriors.

The Indians made no effort to halt the soldiers as they scaled the high cliffs of the Acoma sky fortress. The early morning air was icy, but as the soldiers labored up the sandstone walls, they grew wet with persiration under iron helmets, steel breastplates, arms, and coats of mail.

When the soldiers were about half way up the steep cliffs, a shrill cry was heard from the cliff top. At this signal, men, women, and children rushed to the edge of the cliff and shot arrows, threw rocks, and boiling water on the soldiers, who now clung to the sheer walls like so many flies.

At this point the Spaniards unleashed a surprise of their own. Behind the Indians expoded the thunder and lightning of Spaniard firearms. Colonel Zaldwar and a platoon of men had secured a foothold on the top of Acoma by climbing the mesa's rear palisades while the Indians were busily engaged in the attempt to pry the Spanish main force from the sky city's cliffs. Zaldwar's attack was a superb bit of timing.

THROUGHOUT the day Castilian lances and Indian arrows crossed in the dark dusty air. Spiked iron maces and rough stone axes traded crushing blows. The soldiers' heavy and awkward armor, that had been cursed during the ascent of the cliffs, was now fervently blessed because it turned the blows of stones and arrows. The Acomese armor consisted only of very thick war paint daubed onto naked flesh.

Darkness fell, night froze the desert air and the war into silence. Both sides formulated battle plans under the light of the stars. As the east lightened and a new day began the battle was resumed.

After several hours of savage fighting, Colonel Zaldwar hailed the Acomas and requested they surrender without further bloodshed and death. Chief Zutacapan believed the Colonel's request was a sign of weakness and refused. He hurriedly amassed 500 warrirs for a great assault, Calulated to sweep the white invaders from the Indian island in the sky.

Zaldwar appealed to the Acomese several times to surrender. Chief Zutacapan had his warriors assembled and all was ready for his massive charge. As he thought the Spaniards were at his mercy, the chief could not resist toying with them a bit before he destroyed them.

But, unknown to Zutacapan, Colonel Zaldwar was also playing a tricky game; that of stalling for time to ready his defenses for the charge. His soldiers were at that moment pulling the two artillery pieces up to the mesa battlefield.

ZUTACAPAN waited too long to hurl his human battering ram against the enemy force. The first salvo from the cannon paralyzed the entire charge. The Indians were confused, stunned, and awed, and soon were consumed with panic. They had never before seen or heard such fierce and powerful weapons as those two gleaming bronze artillery pieces.

The fiery, defiant voice of Chief Zutacapan thawed their awe and confusion, lashed them from their panic, and instilled in them the courage to charge forward into the murderou artillery fire again and again. When night came and the din of battle ceased the population of Acoma had been decreased by 500 warriors.

On the third day of battle Zaldwar had advanced into the streets of the pueblo. He ordered the torch put to the city; and the battle raged on in a blaze of man-made Hell!

Their number decimated, their homes burning, the Acomas had had enough by the middle of the afternoon. No thundering voice was left to rally their warriors and give them courage to face the awful blasts of the cannon. A dust covered lump, lying in the street, barely discernible from the boulders and debris strewn over the battleground, was the body of Chief Zutacapan, mouth still open as if still shouting commands to his warriors even in death.

Meekly and humbly, the dazed, beaten Indians mutely surrendered to the Spanish soldiers. It had, indeed, been a black day for the Acoma Nation. Colonel Zaldwar had lost two men, the Acomese 800 warriors. Each dead Spanish soldier had cost the Acomese 400 warriors.

Today the Acoma Indians are few in number, and the pueblo at Acoma, "city in the sky," is deserted except occasionally on feast days.

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Scources of research for this article were the Spanish records in the New Mexico Historical Society and in Mexico City.

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BLOOD BATH AT RED RIVER

(Continued from Page 32)

ton, in the hayloft, screamed as a bullet ripped through his chest. Then the Indians charged. A few got to the door where the soldiers greeted them with bullets and bayonets and drove them back.

At the sawmill, at the northwest corner of the fort, Lieutenant Cariveau had his men stationed and the beams and saws offered some protection. The Indians wanted no part of frontal attacks. They crept flat to the ground, getting close enough to the saw mill to snipe at the soldiers. Meanwhile a second group under Chief Sweet Corn made flanking attacks, never risking too many lives but keeping the defenders in a state of nervous tension.

Lieutenant Groetsch was at the commissary storehouse at the northeast corner of the fort. His men were stationed in the commissary which gave them good protection, and each attack of the Indians was thrown back. The howitzers were still playing havoc with any Indians that ventured on the prairies. Corporal Charles Gebhard, the expert gunner, was aiming his howitzer at the Indians on the prairie with deadly result. An Indian rode out of the woods in range of the howitzer. Corporal Gebhard yelled to Paul Lamb of St. Cloud, one of the civilians in the fort, "See that redskin! Watch and he won't be any more."

Corporal Gebhard pulled the lanyard. The howitzer roared. The cannister exploded under the horse and the horse and the Indian went up in a cloud of dust and smoke. When the cloud cleared away, the mangled body of the horse and its rider lay on the ground.

When the attacks on all three points failed, Chief Sweet Corn and Wanatan changed tactics. They ordered a combined attack on the stables and the stockyard. It was obvious to the defenders that these two chiefs were having difficulty summoning their warriors to battle. The defenders could see one of the chiefs rallying the warriors for a charge, but the warriors hesitated, and when they finally darted for the stables, they were met with a devastating fire and they retreated hurriedly, carrying their dead and wounded with them. For six hours the battle raged. At times it seemed to be in favor of the Sioux, and then the tide of battle would turn in favor of the defenders, who fought with all the fury of veteran soldiers. Finally, Sergeant Deutsch changed the position of his howitzers to sweep the ranks of the Indians attacking the stables. This was too much for the Sioux, who had lost great numbers. They disappeared as swiftly as they had come, and the battle was over.

The Indians took most of their dead with them, but twelve bodies were found covered with earth on the river bank, killed and buried there by the exposion of the shells from the howitzers. Another body was found near the sawmill. How many bodies the Indians took back with them was never known, but later members of the Sisseton band of Sioux said their losses were so heavy they had to give up the idea of a frontal attack on the fort until reinforcements came.

The number of defenders killed was small but there were twenty-one soldiers wounded, which cut down the strength of the defenders materially. While the attack was going on, Captain Vander Horck, confined to the infirmary with his wound, wrote out a plea for help from Fort Snelling. He said that unless he got two hundred soliders and an ample supply of .69 caliber ammunition and cannisters for the howitzers, Fort Abercrombie was doomed.

Another serious blow fell. During the battle, bullets from the muskets of the Indians had riddled the water tanks and the water had leaked out, and as there were no wells on the inside of the fort, the garrison was out of water. At first the discovery of the lack of water didn't cause panic. The river was close and water could be gotten from it, but when the detail started for the river, the fort realized getting water would be difficult.

Indians hiding behind trees across the river fired at the detail. Two men went down with wounds. The other two dragged their fallen companions to safety. But the fort had no water. That night details managed to get several barrels to the barrack building, and Captain Vander Horck ordered a stockade to be constructed at the river to protect details going for water. Even with this stockade, only a limited amount of water could be gotten and the water shortage soon became serious.

Captain Vander Horck ordered the entire garrison into the large enlisted men's barracks, and also ordered a breastwork to be built around it. This work started at once, as work on the stockade at the river could only be done at night. A breastwork of cord wood, eight feet high, was constructed. This was filled with dirt, covered with canvas, and then topped off with oak timbers eight inches square, separated at the ends to create rifle port holes.

ALL the food supplies and ammunition from the treaty wagon and the commissary were brought inside the breastwork and covered with canvas to protect them from the rain. Captain Smith was in charge of the civilians and it was his pleading and urging that caused the settlers to pitch in and work at building the stockade. He spoke cheeringly to those distressed, and he saw that those in need of food or medicine got what they needed. "Too much cannot be said in praise of Captain Smith," Elmer Smithson wrote in a letter at that time and later published in the St. Cloud Democrat. "Assuming command of the civilians, he did by his general conduct induce the men to work hard on the fortifications and the women to assist making bandaging, caring for the wounded, and doing the cooking. If we are spared to get away from this in safety, we owe it all to Captain Smith."

That night when darkness fell, Walter Hills, carrying the plea for help written by Captain Vander Horck, rode out of the fort with a detachment to protect him until he got safely through the Indian lines. Hills got free of the Indians and he made a record breaking ride to Fort Snelling, completing the trip in two days. Governor Alexander Ramsey was at Fort Snelling and when he read Captain Vander Horck's message, he sent a wire to General Halleck in Washington asking that a regiment of cavalry be sent at once to Fort Snelling. However, no troops had been sent to Fort Abercrombie as Hills had been told on his first dispatch-carrying mission.

Captain Ambrose Freeman was ordered to start with three companies of volunteers for Fort Abercrombie. Captain Freeman was a farmer and a mason, and had had little experience with troops, and the troops under him were poorly trained, but nobody ever questioned their bravery. The only problem for Captain Freemen was to get his untrained troops through the Indian country and to Fort Abercrombie in time to save the garrison. Captain George Burger was ordered with two companies to start for Fort Abercrombie and to take a different route than Captain Freeman, on the theory that if one got stopped by the Indians, the other might still get through.

At Fort Abercrombie the situation was deteriorating rapidly. The civilians were in a surly and rebellious mood, being cooped up like chickens—men, women and children, all in the enlisted men's barracks. There was barely enough water. The Indians were everywhere and Pierre Bottineau, who had made a scouting trip, brought

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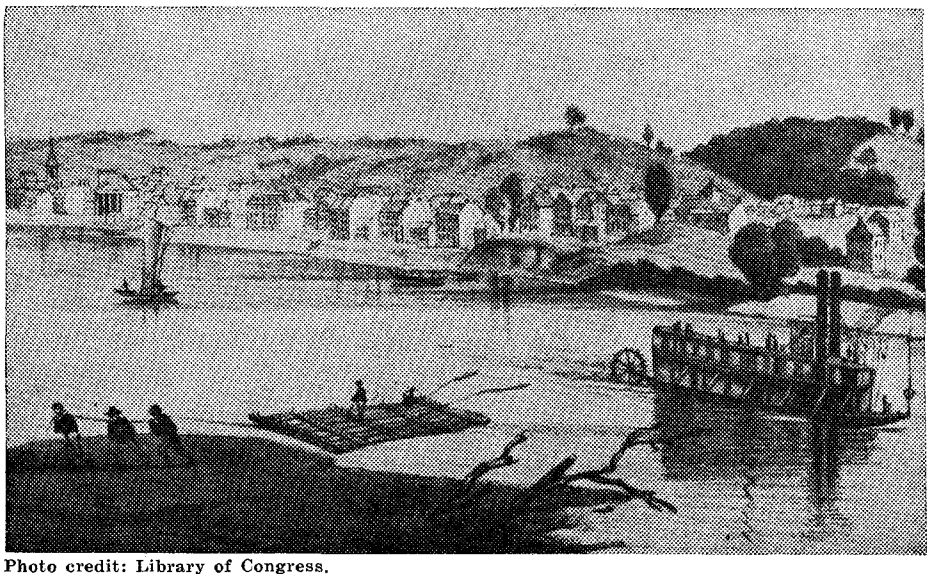

Photo credit: Library of Congress.

Help sent from Fort Madison, Iowa, didn't get to Fort Abercrombie in time.

the news that the Kantonais and the Missouri Indians had agreed to join the Sioux in their attack on Fort Abercrombie.

George Akin, a civilian at the Fort wrote this in his diary for that date: "The situation couldn't be worse. The morale is terrible. Even the soldiers are jumpy and everybody blames everybody else. The stockade around the barracks is completed and we have better defense position than before, but our supply of ammunition is low. Food is being rationed. The feeling among the civilians is so desperate that they would be a handicap if a massive attack came. I don't see how we could hold out against a new and larger attack, which we know now is coming."

In the meantime, Captains Freeman and Burger, headed for the relief of the Fort, were running into delays and trouble. Rain had fallen for several days, making movement of the wagons slow. Captain Freeman and the three companies under him had arrived at Sauk Center, but here arguments among the officers delayed any further movement toward Fort Abercrombie.

Captain McCoy was the senior officer and he refused to go on to Fort Abercrombie, claiming his orders were to go only to Sauk Center. Captain Freeman and his Lieutenant Oscar Taylor pleaded with him to go with them. Captain Freeman admitted that his company was not strong enough alone for the assignment at Fort Abercrombie. But Captain McCoy stubbornly refused to leave Sauk Center.

Several days were lost in this argument. Finally on September 18th Captain Barrett, who had not taken part in the argument, agreed to join his company with Captain Freeman's and started for Fort Abercrombie. Then trouble broke out in the ranks of Captain Barrett's men, some of the untrained volunteers, who resented having to leave their homes and families. This was finally settled and Captain Freeman and Captain Barrett led their companies toward Fort Abercrombie, moving at a snail's pace. Captain Burger had been delayed by a shortage of wagons and mules and horses and it wasn't until September 20th that he was at Burns stations, twenty some miles from Sauk Center.

At Fort Abercrombie Captain Vander Horck, knowing the mass attack would come any dawn, had written new pleas for help. Two messengers were escorted from the fort by a detachment of ten soldiers. The messengers got beyond the Indian lines, but when the detachment of soliders turned around to return to the fort, bullets from the Indians sent two of them down. The others managed to get inside the stockade around the barracks.

The civilians in the fort demanded that Captain Vander Horck send men out to bring the wounded in. He countered with the obvious observation that any soldiers going out to rescue the wounded would be killed, and that to save the men would require the entire garrison. This was exactly what the Indians wanted — to lure the soldiers out from the barracks into the open where they could be slaughtered.

HIS words made no impression on the civilians. Many pointed guns at him and threatened to kill him if he didn't send soldiers out to bring the wounded in. Captain Vander Hock, the genial commander who loved to sing songs and play a guitar, showed a bravery few of the civilians could match. He said quietly for them to shoot because he would not be responsible for the massacre of all the soldiers and the civilians in the fort. Nobody fired a shot and the surly crowd disappeared and Captain Vander Horck walked to his quarters. When night fell, he alone slipped out of the fort where the two men lay. One was dead. The other had faked death and had fooled the Indians. Captain Vander Horck brought him inside.

The days passed like nightmares to the garrison, and as the days passed, the number of Indians darting around the trees on the far side of the river increased. At first it was only two or three. Now sometimes there were as many as ten. It was obvious that the Sioux had gotten reinforcements from the Kantonais and Missouri Indians. The condition inside the fort didn't improve. The lack of water made sanitation impossible, and the crowded conditions of the barracks hall made this condition insufferable. Food rations had been cut, but more important, the constant firing at the lurking Indians by the soldiers had diminished the supply of .69 caliber ammunition.

In their mad desperation the civilians screamed at Captain Vander Horck to send out more pleas for help. Captain Vander Horck wrote another plea for help, sent Slim Miller and Art Conyers as messengers. Their bodies were found two miles from Fort Abercrombie a week later.

September 23rd should have been a day of rejoicing for the garrison. They could have cheered had they gotten the news, which didn't reach the fort until some days later, that General H. H. Sibley had defeated the Sioux decisively at the Battle of Wood Lake, a defeat that was to end the Sioux uprising.

But this victory had no effect on the Indians massing in large numbers around Fort Abercrombie. At one a.m. a heavy fog hung over the fort and the area outside. Sentries pacing in this fog heard sounds but they could see nothing. The sounds continued. The sentries got jumpy and began firing into the fog. The shots brought Captain Vander Horck and Lieutenant Groetsch, but the sentries couldn't tell the officers anything.

Captain Vander Horck alerted his men and waited. The hours passed slowly. Captain Smith made a check of the ammunition. There were less than two hundred .69 caliber bullets left. The feeling among soldiers and civilians was that unless a miracle happened and help came within a few hours, they were all doomed. The breatworks were fine, but if there was no ammunition, the hordes of Indians attacking would scramble over them.

An hour before dawn the fog started

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to lift. As in the first attack, forms were moving in that fog. Soldiers were firing recklessly at the moving objects until Captain Vander Horck ordered them to cease and save their ammunition. The dawn grew stronger and the fog was lifting.

And then . . . .

The attack came from all sides. Over a thousand Indians came charging for the breastworks. The musket fire of the soldiers decimated their charging ranks, but when one fell, another took his place, then as suddenly as the attack started, it ended with the Indians retreating onto the prairie, carrying their dead and wounded with them.

Pierre Bottineau said to Captain Vander Horck, "The Indians will be back. This first attack was to spot our strength. They have learned one important fact. The breastworks are fine, but they didn't allow much range for the howitzers. Those are what the Indians feared. The next attack would be a mass attack, an all out attempt to scale the breastworks."

"And they probably will do just that," Captain Vander Horck answered. "We haven't enough ammunition left to fight them back for twenty minutes."

News of the shortage of ammunition leaked out. It sent panic through the civilians and many of the soldiers. Women started to scream and men cursed and began to batter down the doors to the breastworks, swearing that they would rather die in the open than be trapped like rats behind the breastworks.

Captain Smith and Captain Vander Horck ordered the soldiers to shoot the first man that tried to leave the breastworks. This order stopped the panic-stricken men and women for a few minutes, but the terror of what would happen to them inside the breastworks was too great and the howling and screaming and cursing started again.

Men pounded on the gates. Somebody got a heavy log to ram the gates. No soldiers fired any shots at the men. The gates trembled and started to break and the mass of civilians — men, women and children, were ready to rush out into the prairie to the ghastly death awaiting them.

Then suddenly in the distance came the faint sound of a bugle over the roar of the howling crowd. The bugle became louder. Somebody in the crowd yelled, "It's the soldiers . . . a relief column."

He was right. Captain Burger's two companies came riding from the east for the fort, and ten minutes later Captain Freeman's two companies came from the south. But the siege wasn't over. The Indians showed no intention of retreating. For two hours the troops of Captain Burger and Captain Freeman fought the Indians, driving them back slowly, and as the Indians retreated, the gates to the breastworks opened and the howitzers were pulled out and blasted death at the Indians.

The howitzers were too much for the Indians and they were soon in full retreat. The scene at Fort Abercrombie was wild hysteria. Women and men wept as they cheered the soldiers.

The bloody siege of Fort Abercrombie was over.

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RW

SLAUGHTER AT FORT PHIL KEARNEY

(Continued from Page 13)

latter point. During August the hostilities were chiefly horse and cattle stealing. Only three men were killed on the line, one of them being Grover, the artist-correspondent.

In the latter part of August General Hazen visited and inspected the post. He stated that two companies of regular cavalry had been ordered up from Fort Laramie, and a regiment of infantry was on the way from St. Louis.

In September more than a dozen men were killed on the line; about five hundred horses, mules, and cattle were run off; and five mowing-machines, with much other property, were destroyed.

During all this time active work was continued on the fort, which was being constructed on an extensive and elaborate plan. Large parties of men were kept busy cutting timber and hauling it in; others were working on the stockades and buildings; saw-mills were running at full speed; hay was being cut and stored for the coming winter.

The timber was cut about seven miles from the fort, and the men detailed to cut and bring it in were called "the wood train." It was used in such enormous quantities, and so much of their time was consumed in Indian attacks and alarms, that from seventy-five to one hundred men were employed almost constantly in this branch of the work.

By the last of October the fort was enclosed. It stood on a little plateau, elevated fifty or sixty feet above the surrounding bottom lands, in the point at the mouth of the Little Piney. Its length was sixteen hundred feet, northwest and southeast, parallel to the Big Piney. The northwestern part of it, or fort proper, was eight hundred feet in length by six hundred in width, and surrounded by a stockade of heavy pine logs, which were eleven feet long and planted three feet in the ground.

THE logs were hewn to a touching surface of four inches, loop-holed, and pointed. At the eastern and western angles were blockhouses. Enclosed in this stockade were quarters for the troops, cavalry stables, storehouses and a few other buildings. The southeastern half of the fort was of the same length, and of nearly equal width, where the two parts joined, but narrowing to about four hundred feet at the southeastern end. It was enclosed in a rough cottonwood stockade, and was used for a corral, teamsters' quarters, stables, shops, and similar purposes. The amount of work in all this was very great, there being forty-two distinct buildings in the fort proper, while the stables and other buildings of the corral extended entirely around it, except at the gates, abutting on the stockade.

The country about the fort was hilly. Some six miles west of it the Big Piney came down in a northeast course, till it passed Piney Island; than it turned to the southeast and flowed in a direct line for over six miles, to the mouth of Little Piney, where it swerved and flowed away almost due east. North of the fort, on the opposite side of the Big Piney, was Lodge Trail Ridge, trending northwest and southeast, and forming the divide between Piney and Peno creeks.

The latter is a tributary of Goose Creek, which, in turn, flows into Tongue River. East of the fort was Little Piney Creek, then a few low hills, then Starling Creek, and beyond it Lake De Smet. Southeast of the fort was an island of seven or eight acres in Little Piney, and beyond the creek a high knoll called Pilot Hill, which was used for a lookout station. South of the fort

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were two or three hills, and then the Big Horn Mountains, rising in successive ridges till they culminated in Cloud Peak, miles to the south.

To the west was Fort Ridge, seven hundred feet above the valley, separating the headwaters of the Big and Little Piney. It was so-called from the supposed remains of an Indian fort on its summit. Just to the northwest of the fort began the Sullivant Hills, which extended away in that direction to the Big Piney. Beyond them the creek was divided by the large island called Piney, which was the principal place for cutting timber. Beyond the creek in this direction were Peno Head and Rocky Face Ridge, two branches of a spur of the Big Horn.

Between these and Lodge Trail Ridge were the headwaters of Peno Creek. The Montana road crossed the country described from southeast to northwest, running south of Lake De Smet, north of Pilot Hill and the fort, crossing the Big Piney just above the fort, swinging around the northeastern slopes of Lodge Trail Ridge, and down Peno Creek.

The amount of work done by the force at Phil Kearney was astounding, but the Indian fighting was limited, and of a defensive nature. In one sense it was right enough that such should have been the case, for Carrington was sent out to build forts, and the work he did was in the line of his duty; he might, at least, have kept enough scouts out to have known when thousands of warriors were in his immediate vicinity. The men were obliged always to go armed to their work, and were accompanied by an escort guard. The wood trains were attacked repeatedly, in the woods and on the road, and several men were killed in these assaults.

The men grew impatient, and longed for the time when they might quit carpenter work, and seek revenge. The Indians grew bolder. Sometimes they contented themselves with attacking the wood train; sometimes they rode tantalizingly near the fort and challenged the soldiers to fight; two or three times they charged the picket that was kept on Pilot Hill to watch their movements. On these occasions a shell or a cannister would be dropped among them, and the guard, which was on duty with horses saddled and bridled, would rush to the relief of the threatened watchmen.

THE simple expedient of placing a blockhouse or a small stockade on the hill, which would have made the picket perfectly secure, did not occur to anyone. Carrington said he desired to assume the offensive, but wanted reinforcements, and these, though long-promised, were slow in coming. The only ones that reached the fort at all were sixty men of Company C, 2nd cavalry, armed with Springfield muskets and old-fashioned Star carbines, who arrived in November.

Among those at the fort who were impatient for a fight was Brevet Lieutenant-colonel William J. Fetterman, a soldier by birth, instinct, and profession, who joined the command at the fort in November. He had his first opportunity on December 6th. The wood train was attacked two miles from the fort, and forced to corral for defense. Fetterman was sent, with thirty-five cavalry and a few of the mounted infantry, to relieve the wood party and drive the Indians across Lodge Trail Ridge, in which direction they usually

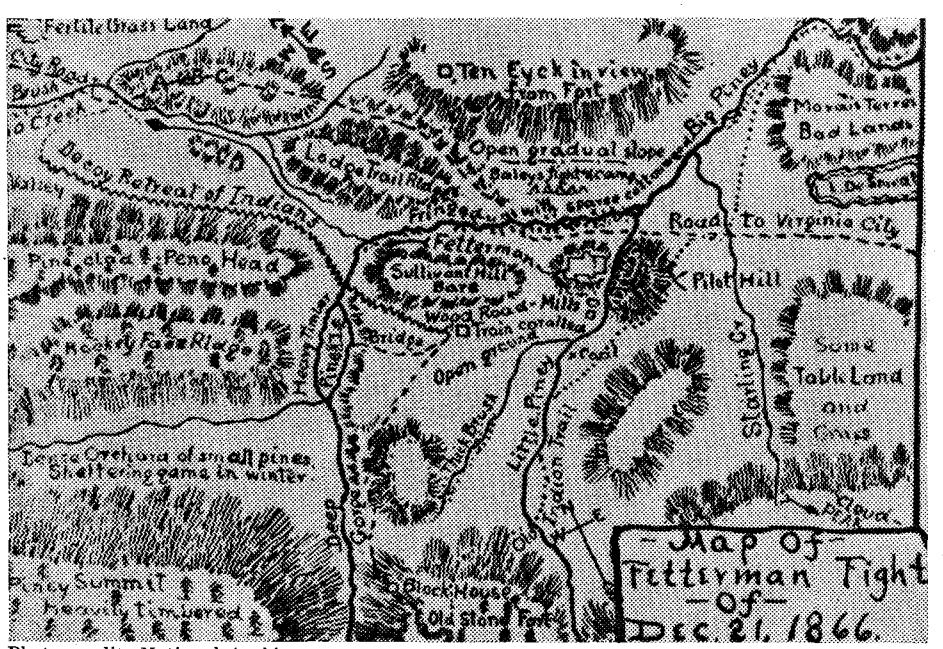

Photo credit: National Archives.

Detailed map of the Fetterman fight, showing how Indians trapped soldiers.

withdrew, while Carrington, with twenty-five mounted infantry, crossed the Big Piney to intercept the Indians on Peno Ceek.

Fetterman's party put the Indians to flight and chased them for about five miles, when they faced about and attacked the troops. Nearly all the cavalry fled, leaving Fetterman, assisted by Captain Brown and Lieutenant Wands, with a dozen men to face over a hundred warriors. They stood at bay until Carrington's force came in sight, when the Indians retired.

Lieutenant Bingham, joined by Lieutenant Grummond, with two or three men from Carrington's command, pursued a single dismounted Indian into an ambuscade two miles from the remainder of the troops, where Bingham and Sergeant Bowers were killed. In this affair Red Cloud commanded in person. He had lookouts on all the neighboring hills, signalling the progress of affairs, and it is probable that he had planned a more extensive ambuscade, but that his plans miscarried.

The Indians made their arrangements better the next time. It was Friday, December 21, 1866. The morning was bright and pleasant, though there was snow on the hills. There was still little of the humdrum of army-post life about Fort Phil Kearney. The office building and one of the company quarters were not yet finished, and there were touches to be added at many points before this chief architectural feature of the Powder River country was in condition to admit to Indian fighting.

A force of some ninety men started to the pine woods for more material, little dreaming that the pine woods, the ravines, and the brush coverts all around were full of blood-thirsty warriors. About eleven o'clock an alarm was given, and the lookout signalled: "Many Indians on wood road; train corralled and fighting." A detachment was at once organized for their relief. At the same time Indian pickets were seen on the neighboring hills, and a score or more appeared at the crossing of the Big Piney, but these were quickly dispersed by a few shells.

Colonel Fetterman asked permission to take command of the relief party, which was granted. Lieutenant Grummond volunteered, and was put in charge of the cavalry. Captain Fred H. Brown joined of his own volition. He had been at the post all summer, as regimental quartermaster, and was then engaged in closing up his business before going to Fort Laramie, whither

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he had been previously ordered.

HE was an enthusiastic Indian-fighter, and was particularly ambitious to get Red Cloud's scalp. Wheatley and Fisher, two frontiersmen who were at the post, went with Brown, making the entire party eighty-four men. The soldiers were of different companies; fifty of them had Spencer carbines and revolvers; the remainder carried Springfield muskets, except the two civilians and one of the officers, who had Henry rifles.

The corralled train, at which the fighting was going on, was south of the Sullivant Hills. Instead of proceeding directly to it, the command took a course back of these hills, across Big Piney Creek, on the southwestern slope of Lodge Trail Ridge, to cut off the Indians who were attacking the train.

As they moved along, Indians appeared on their front and on their flanks, retiring before them, out of range, across Lodge Trail Ridge, whose crest Fetterman reached fifteen or twenty minutes before noon, and occupied, with his men deployed in skirmish line. At the same time the lookout signalled that the Indians had left the train, which had broken corral and moved on towards Piney Island.

The train returned to the fort after dark without having been subjected to any further annoyance. Fetterman's halt on the crest of Lodge Trail Ridge was of very brief duration. His men disappeared over the summit and firing began soon after, which grew more and more rapid until, at noon, there was an almost continuous rattle of musketry. This was heard plainly at the fort, and conveyed intelligence that a hard fight was in progress in Peno Creek Valley.

THE people at the fort grew anxious. Surgeon Hines, with one man, was sent to the wood train, with instructions, if it were safe, to join Fetterman. He found the wood train undisturbed, and started across the country to Peno Creek, but found many Indians on Lodge Trail Ridge, preventing him from further progress. He went back for reinforcements and Captain Ten Eyck, with seventy-six men, all that were considered available, were sent out. The anxiety of all who were on the fort side of the ridge was intense.

The relief party galloped on, but they seemed to crawl. Instead of taking the road they went straight to the ridge and ascended it. The firing was becoming less and less in volume. Who was giving way? What was silencing the guns? They knew at the fort which side had a small supply of ammunition. Just before Ten Eyck reached the summit of the ridge, at a quarter before one o'clock, two or three straggling shots were fired in the valley beyond; after that came silence. The struggle was evidently ended.

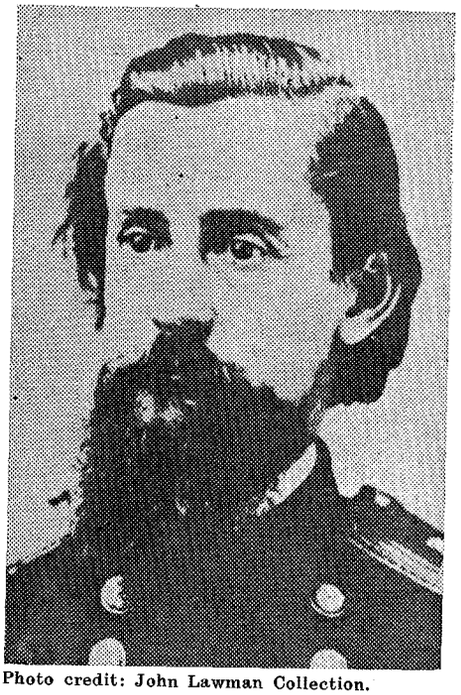


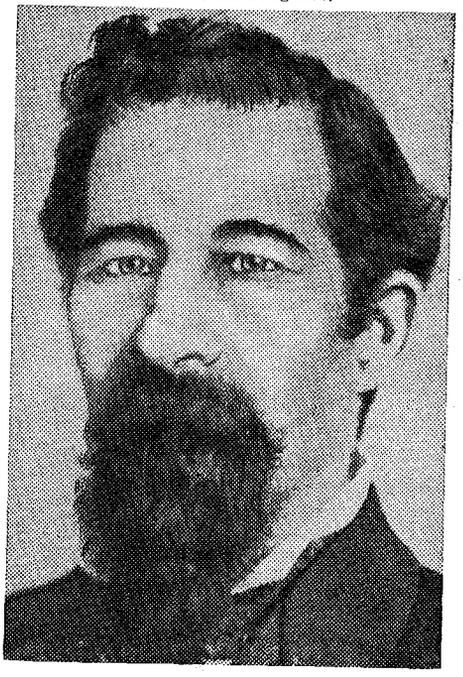
Photo credit: John Lawman Collection.

Authorities wonder why Portugee Philips' ride was not mentioned by Dunn.

The relief party looked from the summit over the valley of Peno Creek. No soldiers were to be seen. The whole valley was filled with frenzied savages, who shook their weapons at the new arrivals, and challenged them to come down. A sergeant was dispatched to the fort to report the situation and ask for a howitzer, which was not sent. For some cause, probably their losses, the Indians then began to withdraw from the valley of their own accord, and the relief party desended to the battlefield.

General Carrington made poor defense.

Photo credit: Library of Congress.



The fight had taken place on a little ridge, three quarters of a mile in length, five to six miles from the fort, on the east side of Peno Creek, running parallel to it and to Lodge Trail Ridge, but beyond the latter. The road runs along its summit, rising to it opposite the northwestern extremity of Lodge Trail Ridge. Just beyond this point, on the road, a large number of Indians had been closely grouped when Ten Eyck's party first came in view, and here was the first intelligence of the ill-fated command which rode so gallantly from the fort but two hours before.

Clustered on a space less than forty feet square were the bodies of Captain Brown, Colonel Fetterman, and sixty-five of the men. A more horrible sight could not be imagined. They were stripped naked, scalped, and so terribly gashed and mangled as to be almost unrecognizable. Years afterwards the Sioux showed a rough, knotty war-club of burr-oak, driven full of nails and spikes, which had been used to beat their brains out. It was still covered with brains and hair, glued to it with clotted blood. But with all the mutilation there were no signs of a struggle here. No empty cartridge shells were found around the bodies, though there were a few full cartridges.

A few yards away the bodies of several of the soldiers' horses were found, all heading towards the fort. All the appearances indicated that they had been suddenly overwhelmed by a rush of greatly superior numbers. Bulletholes through the left temples of Colonel Fetterman and Captain Brown, from weapons held so close that the powder had burned into their faces, showed that these officers had "saved a shot for themselves," as they had often said they would do, rather than fall into the hands of the Indians.

A messenger was sent to the fort for wagons, and his report, though meager and indefinite, caused the hearts of the garrison to sink. After dark Ten Eyck's party returned, bringing forty-nine of the bodies, and the announcement that all were killed. No advance had been made, however, beyond the point where the bodies lay grouped, so that, while reasonably certain of the death of the others, there was no absolute assurance.

THE pain of the uncertainty was increased by the fact that among the bodies still unaccounted for was that of Lieutenant Grummond, the only married man of the detachment, whose wife was at the fort and in delicate health. The night of mourning and suspense

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passed away, and morning came. A party went out to learn the fate of the remaining members of Fetterman's command. They advanced cautiously to the point gained on the day before, and then on down the ridge.

On the road, a quarter of a mile or more beyond the first pile of bodies, was found the corpse of Lieutenant Grummond. Still beyond, where the road made its abrupt descent to Peno Creek, were found the remains of half a dozen of the oldest and most experienced soldiers, with many empty cartridge shells scattered about them; and a little to one side, behind a pile of rocks, were the bodies of Wheatley and Fisher, with more than fifty empty shells by their sides, telling that they had not died tamely.

Within a few hundred feet in front of this position were found ten dead ponies and sixty-five great gouts of blood, which had flowed from the wounds of as many Indians. No ponies and no blood-spots were found elsewhere. The bodies here were scalped and mutilated as the others, the mutilations being so shocking that they have never been made public further than the general announcement that the bodies were gashed with knives, chopped with hatches, and shot full of arrows; the rest is covered in the statement that "No such mutilation is on record."

The bodies were brought in, and lay in ghastly array until the next Wednesday. The weather turned so intensely cold, on the night after the massacre, that the men who were digging the great grave for this heap of slain had to be relieved every half hour, and the work went slowly. On Wednesday they were laid away in their common resting place, fifty feet long and seven feet deep, in the little cemetery at the foot of Pilot Hill.

Just what happened after Fetterman's command passed the top of Lodge Trail Ridge no one can say, for no man lived to tell it. The movement was in disobedience of orders, as directions were given at least twice not to pass the ridge. No one is left to tell why those orders were disobeyed, or how the snare was closed about the gallant band, or who attempted to flee or who fought doggedly to the death.

As read in the position of corpses, the record of cartridge shells, and the register of bloodstains, and confirmed by the Indians, it would seem that Fetterman moved down to the road with little resistance; that he advanced up the ridge beyond Peno Creek, leaving a part of his force at the crest to guard his rear, and followed down the road with the remainder; that at the farther end of the ridge the bloody battle raged

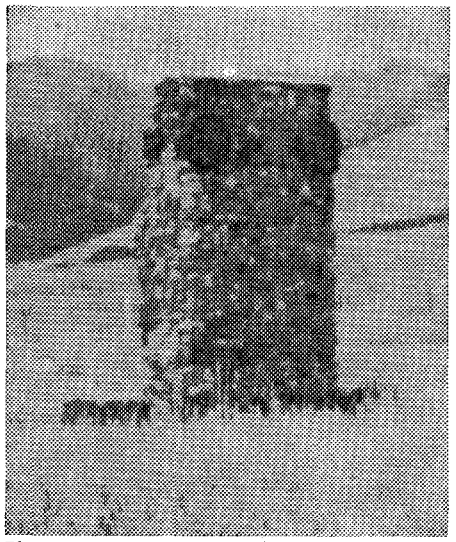


Photo credit: Boucher Collection.

Monument to victims of wagon battle.

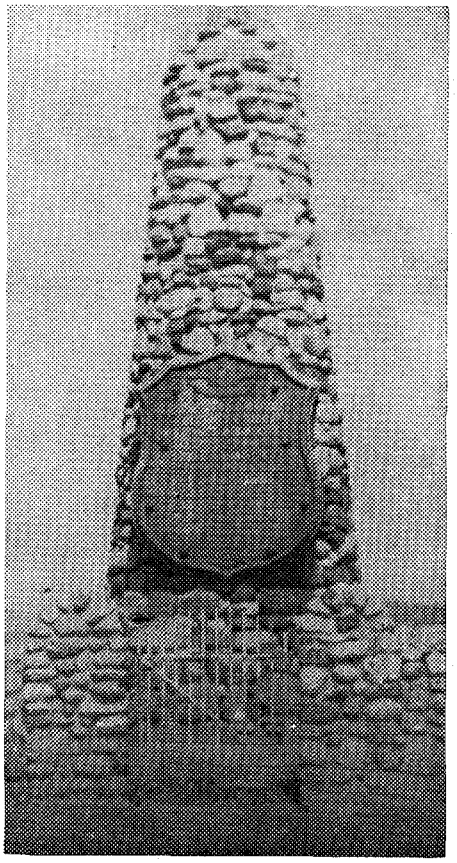
on for almost an hour.

Meantime a large force of the Indians, who numbered about two thousand, gathered in his rear at the other end of the ridge. The ammunition of the majority of the soldiers became exhausted. A retreat was determined upon. Wheatley, Fisher, and five or six of the older soldiers decide to remain where they were, either from the knowledge that retreat under such circumstances was certain death, or from a voluntary determination to stay behind and "stand off" the Indians until the others escaped. The remainder, as they rode back, found themselves suddenly confronted by a force that made escape impossible. Brown and Fetterman shot each other, and the rest were cut down by the savages.

Only six of the entire command appeared to have been killed by bullets, a fact which indicates that their ammunition had been expended, and that the Indians could not be kept from coming to close quarters.

Monument to defenders of the Fort.

Photo credit: Boucher Collection.



THE Indians say that this massacre was accomplished by a special expedition, organized among the Minneconjous, under the direction of their head chief, High Back Bone. It was their intention to kill all of the garrison and destroy the fort, their hope being to decoy nearly all of the soldiers out, and, having massacred them, to attack the great stockade on all sides, as a small force would be unable to defend it. In addition to the Minneconjous, nearly all the warriors of the Upper Brules, Ogalalas, Sans Arcs, Oncpapas, Two Kettles, Blackfoot Sioux, Northern Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, and stragglers from several other tribes, were on the warpath at the time, but only a part of them engaged in this affair.

The party, as stated by the Indians, was composed of 350 lodges of Minneconjous, 100 lodges of Cheyennes, 100 of Arapahoes, 3 of Crows, and a part of the Ogalalas and Brules, numbering in all about 2000 warriors. The Indians say that Red Cloud was not in the attack, but had gone towards Fort Buford with his own band, the Oncpapas, and the others.

The tragedy was over, but who was to be blamed for it? There was a murmur from all the land, partly of rage against the Indians, and partly of disapproval of the military mismanagement that made such a slaughter possible. A thorough investigation seemed to disclose that the officer commanding at the post was in fault. He was at once superseded by Brevet Brigadier-general Wessel, then commanding at Fort Reno, who had orders to investigate. There was much said about Carrington at the time that was unjust and absurd — so much that it enabled him to pose as a martyr later on.

The press, as usual, gave circulation to numerous wild stories concerning the affair, and made impossible pictures of the massacre. One even went so far as to report that the massacred men fell at the gates of the fort, begging for assistance, while the people on the inside dared not open the gates for fear the Indians would rush in. The commission which investigated the matter

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exonerated Carrington altogether, and the responsibility shifted to his superior officer, General Cooke, commanding in the Department of the Platte; at least, the latter was relieved by General Augur soon afterwards.

Carrington was a good enough civil engineer, but he was a dress-parade style of officer, who would have been better employed as a teacher in a military school. He built a very nice fort, but every attack made on him and his men, during the building, was a surprise. There is nothing to indicate that he ever knew whether there were a thousand or only a hundred Indians within a mile of the fort.

After General Wessels took command at Phil Kearney, he undertook a winter campaign against the hostiles, but the weather was so intensely cold that it had to be abandoned. Neither side was able to make any movements of importance for several months. It was known that the Indians had attacked Fort Buford, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, five days after the massacre at Phil Kearney, and for two months it was commonly believed that the garrison had all been killed.

Then messengers came through with the glad news that the one company of soldiers stationed there had beaten Red Cloud's army off, and held them back until the cold drove them to their winter camps. In the spring a peace commission was sent out. It met Man Afraid of his Horses and others on June 12th. They all said they had reformed, and were going to join Spotted Tail's Brules; they wanted ammunition for hunting. They got no powder and they fell from grace, if they had ever attained it.

HOSTILITIES were kept up all summer, with such vigor that the frontier was in continual alarm. The troops on the line of the Montana road had actually to fight for their wood and water, but they had one day of bloody revenge. On August 2nd, Mayor Powell of Fort Phil Kearney, was guarding a wood train, on the road to the pinery, around the south side of the Sullivant Hills. He had divided his force, keeping thirty men in reserve in a little fortress, made of fourteen iron wagon-beds placed in a circle; the remainder were to retreat to this if attacked. Suddenly 800 Indian warriors swept down from the hills.

The forces of the soldiers were separated; all fled to the fort except the reserve, in the corral of wagon-beds. At this the Indians rode, but the errors of 1866 had been remedied. The soldiers had breech-loading arms and plenty of ammunition. The Indians broke under their rapid and deadly fire, and drew off. Back in the hills were 1200 more of Red Cloud's warriors, who joined with the first attacking party and charged again, led by the great chief in person.

The corral was a blaze of fire from the moment they came within five hundred yards, and the fire was far more effective than the Indians were used to, because they were massed together and hard to miss. Closer and closer they came, but there was no sign of giving way at the corral, and no cessation of that awful fire. The nerve of the Indians gave way, and they fled again, for three hours they kept at it, their courage always failing at the critical moment.

Then they withdrew, and soon the little garrison was relieved by a party from the fort. They had lost but three killed and two wounded. The loss of the Indians was very heavy. A chief told Colonel Dodge that they had 1137 killed and wounded — but this is incredible.

In the fall the commission made up its report, and decided that the government had no right to put a road through the Powder River country. It cited Supreme Court decisions that have no bearing on the case, and gave importance to ancient treaties that never existed. Nevertheless, their ideas prevailed. The country, and particularly the army, was anxious to have the Pacific Railroad completed, and the Indians would agree not to interfere with it in consideration for our surrendering the Powder River country.

With the railroad built, Montana would be more accessible from the south than from any other direction, and the Bozeman road would be of comparatively little use. Accordingly a treaty was made, at Fort Laramie, on April 29, 1868, relinquishing all claims to the country east of the Big Horn Mountains, in which all the chiefs joined, though the wary Red Cloud did not affix his name until November 6th, when he had satisfactory assurance that the white man would keep his promises. In the summer of 1868 the troops abandoned the Montana road, whose opening had cost so much money and life, and the Sioux burned down the forts which had been planned with such mathematical nicety, and constructed in such architectural perfection. We gave up an unquestionable right, though perhaps not then worth asserting. A few years later we broke our faith and reasserted it.

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RW

LOUNSEBERRY'S FAMOUS NEWS SCOOP

(Continued from Page 41)

Taking out his note book, he began writing down the facts as related by Porter and Colonel Smith. Porter was in possession of Kellog's blood stained diary, which contained the complete story of the expedition up to the day of actual battle.

Major James S. Brisbin, who had arrived at the Little Big Horn soon after the massacre, had jotted down his account of the events and given them to Porter. These notes Porter handed to Lounsberry.

Bismark was the end of the telegraph line. Lounsberry knew he was the first newspaperman to have the news.

He hunted down John M. Carnahan, manager of the Bismarck telegraph office and together they proceeded to the small frame building, near the site of the present Northern Pacific passenger depot in Bismarck. There the two men started on what was to be a grueling twenty-four hour session.

Handing the lead paragraphs of his story to Carnahan, Lounsberry directed, "start wiring this to the NEW YORK HERALD immediately. I'll give you more copy as you go along. Above all, keep the wire open!"

Lounsberry gave duplicate copies of the story he was wiring to the HERALD the next morning, July 6th, a TRIBUNE extra hit the streets.

Lounsberry dispatched messengers to bring in others who had arrived on the *Far West*. He held one interview after another. Although he put out copy at a furious pace, he failed to keep pace with Carnahan. "What do I do now?" asked the telegrapher, as he reached for the last sheet. He realized that if the message was interrupted, they were in danger of losing the open wire.

Colonel Lounsberry's eyes fell on a New Testament on the desk. He handed it to Carnahan. "Send this until I write more copy. Keep the wire open at all cost."

S.B. Rogers, assistant to Carnahan, relieved his superior at the wire from time to time while Lounsberry kept writing at a terrific pace all through the night and the next morning. At noon they gulped down sandwichs and hot coffee and resumed work.

Another day and night went by as Lounsberry wrote on. By that time army dispatches, which explained in military

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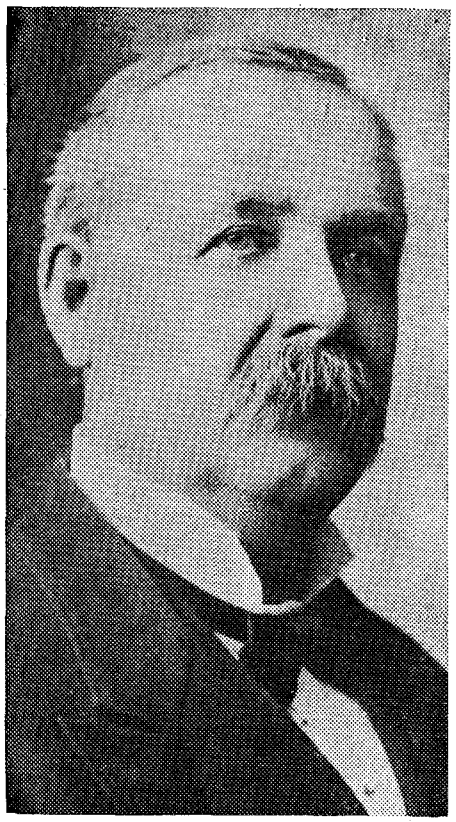

Col. Lounsberry in later years was a business man and state official.

phraseology how the massacre happened, were at hand. Those Lounsberry translated into smooth, understandable prose for popular reading in the HERALD and his own TRIBUNE.

At midnight Lounsberry gave his last page to the telegraph operator. Thirty minutes later it was enroute via wire to New York. Lounsberry had told the whole world the story of one of the greatest military disasters in the history of North America.

The Colonel and Carnahan had worked steadily for twenty-four hours. Lounsberry had written 50,000 words, the greatest number ever recorded in a single news story. It filled fourteen columns in nonpareil type.

The fee for wire service from Bismarck to New York was $3,000. Lounsberry was paid $2,500 for his scoop. When the news first hit New York, the other papers refused to believe it. From Washington a War Department spokesman indicated that the story was a fake. Rumors from the West implied that the Seventh had swept to victory in the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

But the HERALD held faith with Lounsberry and printed his story in full. For four days it was the only news sheet to carry an account of the battle.

Had it not been for the sudden illness of his wife, Lucretia, the Colonel would have been the correspondent at the Battle of the Little Big Horn instead of Kellog. As a close friend of Custer the former had arranged to accompany the Seventh. His pack was rolled and his mount saddled when his wife became ill. He gave Kellog his belt to wear — a belt he had worn in the Civil War — a belt with the blood of his four battle wounds. When it was returned to him after the massacre a new blood stain marred it.

In 1953 a plaque to honor Colonel Lounsberry and the role he played in the Custer tragedy was erected in Bismark by Sigma Belta Chi, professional journalism society. It was the tenth such plaque erected by that society since the marking of historic newspaper sites was originated in 1941.

Mark Kellog is buried where he fell at what is now Custer Battlefield National Cemetery in Montana. A marble slab given by the BISMARK TRIBUNE marks his resting place.

Lounsberry who lived to reach the age of 83 died October 2, 1926. He is buried in Arlington National Cemetery in Washington D.C.

North Dakota Historical Collections. Vol. 1, page 279 Lounsberry, *Early History.* Henry Mendelson, *A Half Century of Journalism in Council Bluffs from 1849 to 1900* (Creighton University, 1935.) *Bismarck Tribune* July 14, 1893.

RW

DEATH TRAIL OF THE CHEYENNE

(Continued from Page 23)

Little Wolf wanted to move on toward the Yellowstone, and to the little council of chiefs he said: "We are not safe here, but must move on or the soldiers will capture us and kill us all; some of us they will draw up with the rope. We can trust none but White Hat, and then only in our own Yellowstone country."

But old Dull Knife was against trying to reach the Yellowstone, and angrily rebuked the Wolf, saying: "We cannot do that for winter is upon us; the people are too weak; they will not last to the Yellowstone. Look, my brother! Look at the hungry, pinched faces of your children!"

The next morning, Dull Knife and about half of the Cheyennes were gone, leaving a little gift of powder and lead. In great sorrow at this separation, Little Wolf took those who had decided to follow him and moved toward the Yellowstone.

Troubled in heart and mind, Dull Knife led his people away. He sent couriers to Red Cloud asking for food and advice. The messengers soon returned bearing the sad news that Red Cloud was almost a prisoner in his own camp, with many soldiers and many big guns surrounding his people.

A spy had been assigned to Red Cloud's lodge to see that he gave no help to the Cheyennes. The little band of Cheyennes moved on until they had reached and crossed Chadron Creek, within a short day's march from the Pine Ridge Agency. Here they camped. Their meat was almost gone, and the cold nights froze heavy ice on the creeks. Dull Knife hasted more men to Red Cloud begging him to save them. But they quickly returned from the great chief with the following message: "I can give you no help, my friends. You had better surrender, for the soldiers are too many, and you cannot fight them. If you do, you will all be killed."

They had waited too long on Red Cloud, and the first of the winter's storms broke upon them as they broke camp and started wearily moving on. The storm began with a cold driving rain, then as the air grew colder the rain turned to stinging sleet, which in turn changed to heavy, drifting snow. The blizzard's fury increased until the drifts piled shoulder high; the freezing Indians stopped and tried to make some sort of protection from the storm.

Then the army scouts suddenly appeared beside the Cheyennes, and behind them soldiers and horses struggled in the deep snow to surround the bewildered Indians. They tried to run. to scatter but too many guns faced them. They were caught, trapped. Dull Knife and Wild Hog hurried forward to talk with the white officers.

Captain Johnson told the two chiefs that he was sorry to see them so poor and cold, that he wanted to feed them and give them shelter. But they must come to the soldiers' camp to be fed and warmed. To this Dull Knife and Wild Hog finally agreed, after being assured that they would not be harmed.

And so the shivering, half-frozen Cheyennes, with help from the soldiers and their Indian scouts, struggled through the deep snow to the army camp on Chadron Creek where, in a sheltered spot the soldiers had a roaring fire going. The Cheyennes were warmed, fed, and given their fill of good, strong coffee with plenty of sugar in the cups.

In the morning the Indians were lined up and their guns, except a few they managed to hide, were taken from them. They were forced, also, to give up their few horses. Then Captain Johnson informed them that they would be taken to Fort Robinson but that they

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would not be harmed. To this the Indians would not agree and wrangling about it went on, back and forth, all day. During the day Colonel Carlton came up bringing many more soldiers and two cannons, to add to the ever-growing ring of guns surrounding the Cheyennes.

The Indians said they would never go back south where they could not live. It would be better to die right here and die fighting. So they worked all night digging rifle pits and throwing up breastworks in the frozen earth.

THE next morning, Colonel Carlton sent for Dull Knife and his head men and showed them the big guns ready to hurl their explosive charges into the Cheyenne positions. He said he would give them one hour to make up their minds to go to Fort Robinson. Still the troubled old chief held back saying he could not consent to go until he knew what would be done with his people. Then, through his interpreter, Colonel Carlton said he would do what he could for them. At this small concession Dull Knife and Wild Hog agreed to go with the soldiers to the Fort.

The Indians' belongings were fished out of the snow, all that could be found, and loaded on the wagons. The women and children were allowed to ride and a place was found for men with frozen feet. The other men walked.

At Fort Robinson, they were installed in a long, clean barracks, and how they appeciated the big hot stoves, the good food and good tobacco, and the surgeon's medicines. Colonel Carlton came and made a speech to them, saying, "You are to stay here until the government decides what is best for you. You will not be harmed here, and you will have the freedom of the post. You can even go to the hills to hunt and fish and to get your beloved kinnikinnick and silver sage. But you must all be here for roll call in the evening. If one of you runs away all will be shut up."

For six weeks the Cheyennes enjoyed the good army food, the fragrant tobacco and the freedom allowed them at the post. Their cheeks began to fill, their blankets no longer fitted as if hung on posts, and the surgeon's doctoring with his good medicine cured their frostbitten hands and feet. But their newfound peace was soon shattered by rumors that they were to be sent south, and the Cheyennes lost their friendliness and became again silent and sullen.

Then one day the cook found an extra cup, and in the following checkup Bull Hump was missing. The Indians lost their liberties and were shut up in the barracks with the doors locked.

Photo credit: Nebraska Historical Society.

Womans Dress was famous army scout.

Bull Hump had gone to see his wife, but was soon brought back and his wife with him. But liberties were not restored. Instead, the Indians were lined up and once more searched for arms.

The search was not entirely successful, however. They managed in the little time allowed to dismantle and hide on the persons and in the clothing of the women and children five rifles and eleven revolvers. A rifle barrel down a woman's back, the stock under the dress of another, a spring or a trigger on a string worn as an ornament around the neck of a child, all were missed in the search.

In December Colonel Carlton was transferred and a new man, Captain Wessel, came to take charge of the post. Not long after his arrival, Captain Wessels sent for Dull Knife and informed him that orders had come from Washington to send the Cheyennes back to the Indian Territory. In reply Dull Knife said firmly, "You may kill me here, but you can never send me back down there again." Captain Wessels answered, "I have tried to get permission for you to remain here but I was unsuccessful. My orders are to send you back to Fort Reno."

A few days later Wessel again tried to get the Indians to consent to go back south, and again they said they would rather die. So the Captain ordered their food and fuel cut off, thinking this would quickly bring the Cheyennes to submission. But the Indians tore up the benches for fuel enough to keep one or two stoves going, and after waiting several days with no sign from the prisoners the Captain ordered

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Photo credit: Nebraska Historical Society.

Wild Hog, Dull Knife's sub-chief

the water shut off. Surely they would have to surrender now!

The Cheyennes shivered in their bleak prison for five days. They ate the snow from around the windows for two days, and when that could no longer be reached they had no water. Wild Hog and Crow went out to talk with Captain Wessels. A violent argument ensued winding up in a fight in which Wild Hog stabbed a soldier. The muscular Hog and Crow were subdued by weight of numbers and put in irons. That evening the blacksmith came with heavy chains and locked them across the doors, securely shutting the Cheyennes in the barracks. So they decided that they must all die, but they would not die shut up in that building like dogs.

Of the 135 Indians, only forty-five were men, including the twelve-year-old boys and old men. The rest were women and children. They opened their bags, put on their best raiment and gay, beaded moccasins, painted their faces, combed their hair, and made ready for their last battle.

THE warriors carefully cleaned and oiled the five rifles and eleven pistols which had been hidden under the floor, distributed their pitiful supply of ammunition, and made ready to break out of their frigid prison. The guns were alloted to those most adept in the use of arms. A few had broken and rusty knives, others armed themselves with clubs, some had no weapon. Each warrior tied a blanket around his waist to leave his hands free.

Suddenly a shot rang out and a guard dropped, two more shots and two more sentries fell. Then the Cheyennes came pouring from windows and broken down doors. The full moon shone bright and the soldiers tumbled from their beds and began shooting before the Indians streaming from the fort reached the nearby creek to quench their thirst.

Many broke through the ice in crossing and plunged on through the snow, cold and wet, their ragged garments freezing stiff and rattling. They had hoped to break into the armory and secure a few guns, but the soldiers were on them so fast that they gave up the attempt securing only the guns off the fallen guards.

When the Cheyennes, except those shot down, had passed the gates, five Dog soldiers left as rear guards began yelling, jumping around and shooting into the mass of onrushing troopers hoping to hold them a few moments, just a few moments — to give the people a little start. But the soldiers soon shot the last one down.

The soldiers were close now and, with people beginning to fall in every direction, a few Cheyennes fell back and made a little stand to delay the troops. They were killed, but their sacrifice gained a little time and finally those still on their feet reached the bluffs and temporary safety.

Dull Knife, Bull Hump and their families ran in a different direction, found a cave in which they hid for five days. The soldiers, half-clad and half-frozen, gave up and went back to the post.

In the next day it was found that thirty Cheyennes had been killed and thirty-five, most of them wounded, were captured. Among the dead were Little Hump and one of his sisters, children of Dull Knife. But the old chief was not among them.

The Cheyennes climbed the bluffs and fled on. They marched seventeen miles through the foot-deep snow, a feat which the cavalry could scarcely have duplicated in daylight. In the morning the footsore and weary little band stopped to rest in a high, secluded spot. Late in the day a detachment of cavalry located them and charged their position. But a few well-directed shots emptied one saddle, dropped a horse, and caused the troop to gallop out of range in a hurry where they camped to await reinforcements.

The Indians quickly secured the gun and ammunition from the downed cavalryman. The meat of the horse gave the famished Cheyennes their first meal in seven days. That night they slipped past the half-asleep sentries and by morning were camped miles away. Day after day the relentless pursuit continued. Day after day the Cheyennes, with their amazing skill, slipped through the soldiers' lines and escaped in the darkness and snow.

More and more troops joined the pursuit. Two pieces of ordinance were brought up to blast out the stubborn Indians. Captain Wessels' big guns hammered at the Cheyenne positions, but no sign except an occasional shot came from the fugitives. The next morning the soldiers cautiously approached the silent rifle pits only to find they had hurled a ton of costly explosives into empty trenches. The Cheyennes had slipped away the night before leaving one man to fire a few shots to make the soldiers think the trenches were occupied.

At last came the inevitable. A column of troops with many wagons approached from the west, another could be seen coming from the south as Wessels and his four companies advanced from the east. The last little band of Dull Knife's people was surrounded and made its last stand in the Hat Creek bluffs, some forty miles northwest of Fort Robinson on January 20,

Little Wolf led one of the last attacks.

Photo credit: Nebraska Historical Society.

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Photo credit: Kansas State Historical Society.

These Cheyennes were charged with murder at Dodge City but were never tried.

1879, beside a small stream known as Warbonnet.

WORN out, most of them wounded, all suffering from frozen hands and feet, they lay in a shoulder-deep gully at the edge of the bluffs. The women dug in the frozen earth and the men fashioned bullet-stopping breastworks of trees, brush and sod. Here in this hole lay the last of the pitiful, frozen band that the army had chased for half a month, thirty-four of them, eighteen men and boys, the rest women and children.

The soldiers fanned out wide looking for the trail to the Indians' hiding place and after a while Shangreau, one of the half-breed scouts, signaled that he found it. Then with the scouts leading the way the soldiers came steadily on.

They made their last ceremonies and sang their bravest songs as the first soldier bullets sang around them. The Indians fired back and Womans Dress, one of the scouts, fell. A horse was hit and knocked down. Troops hurried in from all sides until four companies were there with Captain Wessels and his officers in front. For a time a withering fire was poured into the little breastworks, but only a few shots came from the Indians' guns. Then Captain Wessels yelled for the trapped Cheyennes to give up. The only answer was a few more shots.

The soldiers resumed firing and kept it up for an hour. Then Captain Wessels and Lieutenant Chase, with pistols ready, climbed up on the breastworks and ordered a surrender. A last shot came from the gully and Wessels staggered back, hit on the head but not badly hurt. Lieutenant Chase helped him back out of range. The troops made a charge to the edge of the gully and into the huddled mass a hundred rifles poured a thundering blast of fire. Quickly reloading, they fired a second round of scorching lead into the hole and then fell back to watch the stinking smoke drift lazily away.

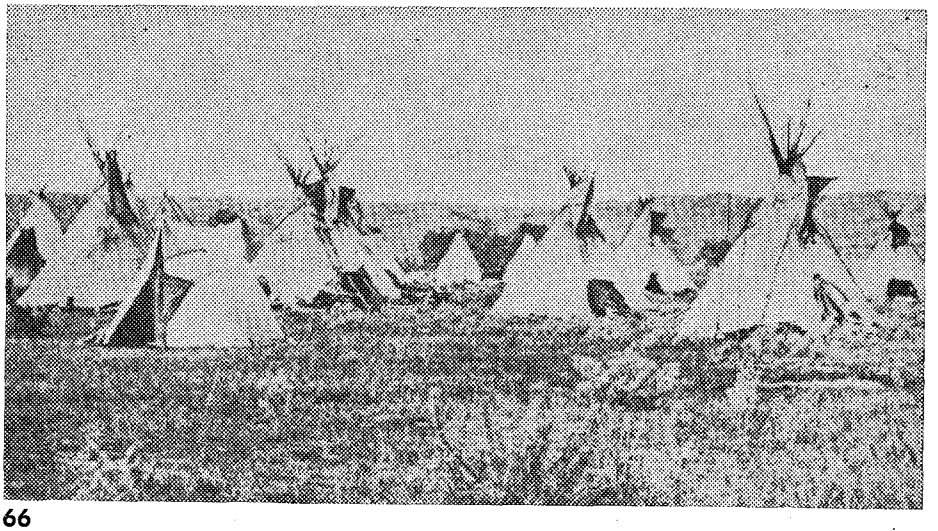
Then appeared a strange, uncanny sight. Three ghastly figures crawled from the hole. Bloody-browed they were, their starvation-pinched faces looking like living skulls. One had an empty rifle, two carried broken, rusty knives. Weak-kneed, tottering, they paused for a moment on the edge of the deathtomb. Then, with weak, wavering war cries and their last strength they charged straight into the soldiers' rifles. With a thundering roar the fire spouted from the muzzles of those guns. The three braves jerked, shuddered and collapsed, shot to bits.

The gully was heaped with bloody, frozen bodies, twenty-five dead. Those alive were horribly frozen and wounded. A young officer looking in horror at the bloody heap of frozen, bullet-torn bodies was heard to say: "My god — these people take a lot of killing." The dead were taken out of the gully and the soldiers buried them nearby in a common grave. The few still alive, among them Wild Hog's pretty daughter, were taken to Fort Robinson. In the checkup all but nine were accounted for and these, they thought, had wandered off and died of wounds or had frozen to death. But where was Dull Knife? The survivors, those able to talk, said the old chief had died the first night of the fighting; they could tell nothing more. If this was so then where was his body? Captain Wessels could only scratch his aching head.

When the soldiers had gone, Bull Hump led his father and the others from the cave and hurried them away. The Hump covered the trail and urged them on until the old chief gave out. In the daytime they would hide in a gully or a cave, and when any complained because they could have no fire in the bitter cold Bull Hump reminded them that it was better to be cold than dead. For two weeks they lived on roots and buds and a few rabbits that the Hump managed to snare; but they kept going and one night, more dead than alive, reached the home of a friend who fed and warmed them. When able to travel, they were taken to the home of William Rowland, a friendly interpreter who cared for them and slipped

Cheyennes held as prisoners of war in this village near Fort Keough, Montana.

Photo Credit: U.S. Signal Corps, No. 111-SC-82964



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them in with their relatives the Sioux.

Slowly Little Wolf and his people, numbering 115, moved north through the snow, across the White River and into the Badlands. The hunting was poor here, and meat for the kettles became so scarce that the people began to be hungry. Because of the hiding, always hiding from following soldiers, the hunters could not use the far-shooting rifle, and they could seldom creep near enough to the deer and antelope to kill them with silent arrows. Heavy with sorrow at the plight of his children, Little Wolf went to a high place to fast and to ask the spirits for guidance; he took the sacred Chief's Bundle from his ragged shirt and make a little song:

Master of life, hear my prayer,
Bring the scattered ones back together. Show me how to guide and teach them. To be strong and at peace once more.

Then one day in January, 1879, through the agency chief Two Moons, Little Wolf made contact with his friend Lieutenant (White Hat) Clark, the only white man he could trust. To the White Hat he surrendered, and the Cheyennes were taken to Fort Keough, on the Yellowstone.

In 1880, through the intercession of General Nelson A. Miles (then Colonel) who commanded the post at Fort Keough, near Miles City, Montana, the remnants of the Northern Cheyennes at Pine Ridge, including the old chief Dull Knife, were permitted to come to the Northern Cheyenne, or Tongue River Reservation, which Miles had established with Chief Two Moons.

Dull Knife settled on Rosebud Creek in the western part of the reservation and died a natural death there about 1883. He was buried there but his body was later exhumed and reburied near his old companion Little Wolf in the reservation cemetery at Lame Deer.

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Paul I. Wellman, *Indian Wars of the West*, New York, 1942.
Mari Sandoz, *Cheyenne Autumn*, New York, 1953.
F.H. Sinclair, Historian, Cheyenne blood brother, Sheridan, Wyoming.
In October, 1962, I visited Sappa Creek (Cheyenne Hole), Kansas, Julesburg, Colorado, and Ogalalla, Nebraska, in search of information on the flight. A few Cheyennes live near Ogalalla but, interviews with a few who could speak English proved unsatisfactory.
Letter from F.H. Sinclair, Sheridan, Wyoming.

RW

BIG NOSE KATE AND DOC HOLLIDAY

(Continued from Page 37)

said in a slow, low Georgian voice, "Who do you think you're talking to, ma'am?"

Holliday's stare seemed to have transfixed Big Nose. She started to shake all over. Then she whimpered "O-o-oh, sir —" and bolted for the door.

The gambler turned to his fellow card players and stood there waiting. When they said nothing, he popped on his bowler hat and walked slowly out of the place.

FOR the next half hour the ears of the Long Branch patrons were cocked outward for the blast of Doc Holliday's sawed-off shotgun. It never came. "He's taking his time," most of them told themselves. "Doc wouldn't let anyone call him a cheat, man or woman."

Up in her room Kate was lying across her bed fighting tears. Fear had not caused her to run out of the Long Branch. An incredible, amazing, fantastic thing had happened to Big Nose Kate. She was in love. When she had looked into the pale blue eyes of Doc Holliday she had felt an emotion she had never known before. It tingled her big body and melted her wits. At last she found her man, a miracle she had never believed could happen. She had always thought that she could feel nothing but scorn for any man, or re-

It was down Front Street (below) in Dodge City that Big Nose Kate chased Doc Holliday with shotgun blasting his feet.

Photo Credit: Kansas State Historical Society.

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gard him as anything but a commodity to exploit.

She had never heard that Doc Holliday, sometimes called by his alias, John McKay, was the son of a high-born Georgia family. Educated to become a dentist, he had contracted tuberculosis his first year in practice. His doctors had advised him to go to the high and dry country if he wanted to live.

He had landed in northwestern Texas and turned professional gambler, with dentistry a side line. Just how he gained the reputation of a deadly killer is not known. But in Dodge it was said he was dying of consumption and it didn't matter to him how he passed out. For this reason he was assumed to be a fearless, dangerous gun fighter — a shotgun fighter. Doc relied on a sawed-off scatter gun hung from his neck with a piece of rope and always under his right arm.

Holliday had the poise and manners and dress of a southern gentleman. Kate had never encountered class before in her life. The morning after the Long Branch episode, Dodge again was knocked to its hunches. Just before noon she and Doc Holliday, chatting and laughing gaily, walked arm in arm into the Dodge House dining room.

That night Holliday moved Kate into a tarpaper shack in Pot Alley. They weren't seen again until 7 o'clock the next morning when Doc burst out of the door of his love nest with Big Nose Kate behind him, two Colt Peacemakers in her hands.

"Call me that, will you?" she screamed, and started shooting at the sprinting gambler, her slugs kicking up dirt behind him.

But the following morning, they walked down Front Street arm in arm again, their faces animated, their eyes shining.

From then on it was cooing one day and screaming invective the next. Dodge City awaited these love scenes like kids do today for their favorite TV programs. The town had never known such fun, got so many laughs. But no one dared to kid Doc Holliday about it because he still had his reputation as a quick-triggered killer. They reasoned that he took it from Big Nose because he was a southern gent and loved her dearly.

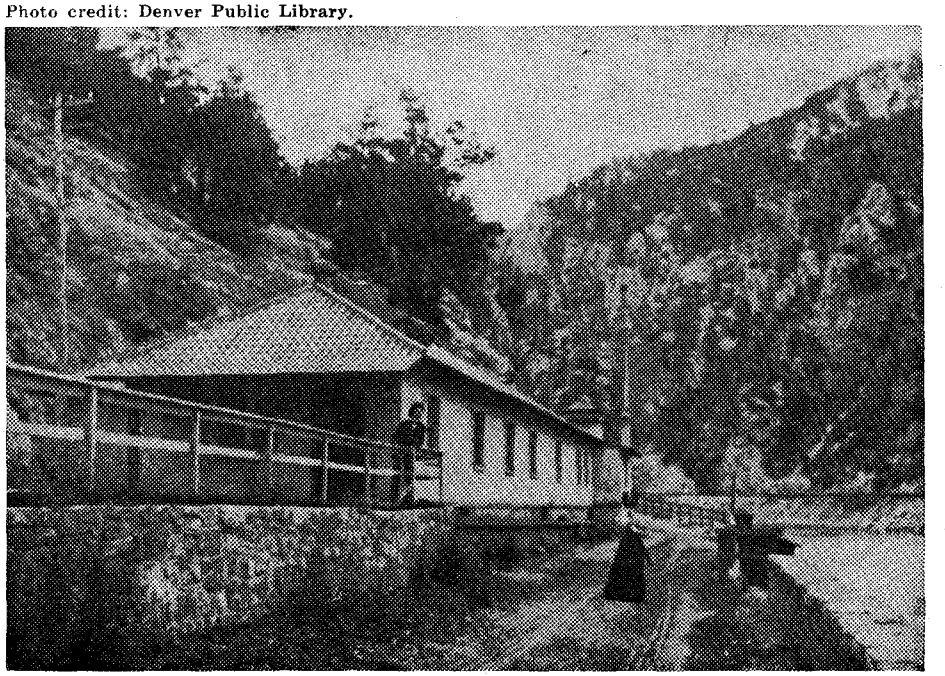
From time to time Holliday would move out of the tarpaper nest, but he'd always return, either voluntarily, or Kate would come after him and bring him back.

Holliday had never been any great shakes as a gambler. He'd cheated enough to get by, but under Big Nose's coaching he began to become a real slicker. She taught him how to shave a deck, and to use a double-dealing faro box. If it hadn't been for their continuous bickering, they as a team could perhaps have put aside a small fortune during their year in Dodge.

And another thing: the cattle trade was dying and in direct relation to this demise Dodge City was becoming respectable. A new element of solid citizens had arisen in town that frowned on shoot-ups, street duels, unconfined ladies of joy, gambling and drunkenness. As the community grew more conventionally correct, Big Nose Kate grew increasingly more sluttish. She would walk down the street in outlandish costumes — too little or too much — hurling obsenities at anyone she passed. It was her way of showing

Glenwood Spring, Colorado where Doc Holliday died in hospital of tuberculosis.

Photo credit: Denver Public Library.



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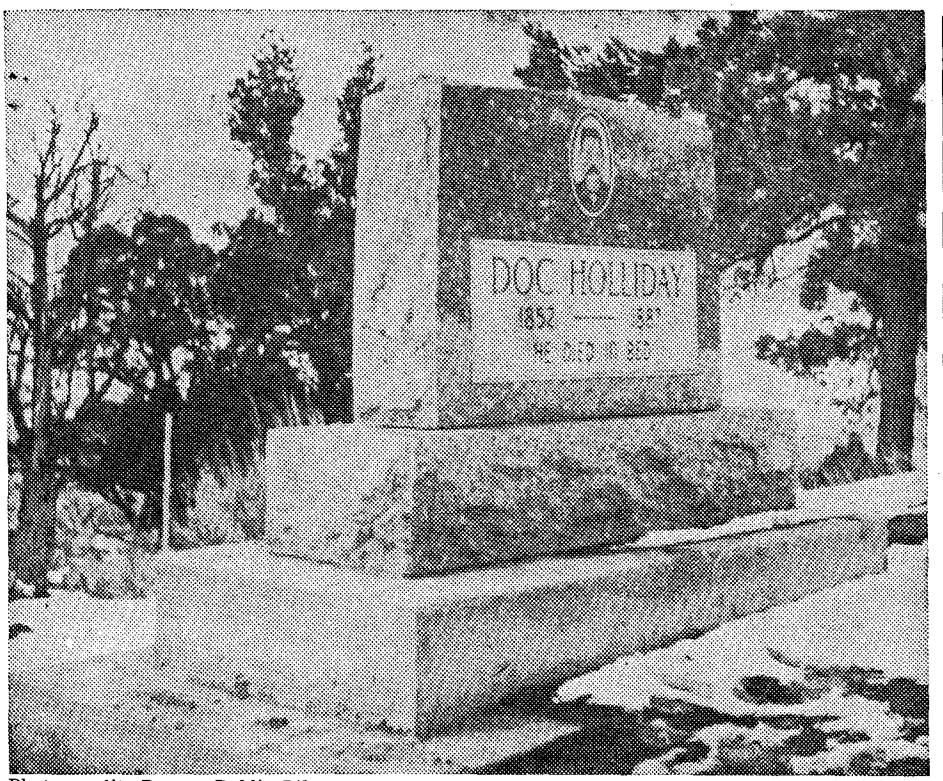

Photo credit: Denver Public Library.

Doc was buried in Glenwood Springs Cemetery and friends erected this monument.

her resentment against, or envy of, respectability.

It soon became evident to Doc Holliday and his mistress that it was time to pull up stakes and move on. Their first stop was Las Vegas, New Mexico. Here Doc learned that an old foe, one Charlie White, was tending bar. In a new departure, the Georgia dentist bought a pistol. He entered White's saloon with the pistol cocked and in his hand. Almost before the bartender caught sight of him he let go, his usual technique. His shot nicked White's shoulder. Seeing he had missed, Holliday ran out of the saloon, not wanting to give his old enemy a chance to draw.

LATER that night Big Nose heard about it and Doc was off and running again, this time with Kate back of him with his sawed-off spraying buckshot. The next morning the lovers quit Vegas for that then-treasure heap, Tombstone, Arizona.

Tombstone was in its golden period at the time. It was bursting its seams with raw wealth. Doc and Big Nose took a 'dobe place on Allen Street. Kate smelled the riches and wanted Doc to cash in at the tables with her as the master-mind. But her lover boy had other ideas. He had bumped into Wyatt Earp, his old buddy at Dodge. What arrangement he had with Earp isn't known but it is known Doc was friendly with the Clantons. Doc took occasional dealing jobs in the silver city's gambling halls as a coverup to his stage robberies. For a long time under this double setup Doc and Kate lived better than they ever had before in their misbegotten lives. But the bubble burst.

On May 16, 1881 Buddy Philpot, a popular stage driver, was killed in cold blood near Cinnetio . Considerable silver bullion belonging to the Kinnear & Benson Company was taken from the stage by the bandits.

Big Nose Kate knew that Doc had not been at home the night Philpot went to glory and when she found a big bait of silver bars under her bed she put two and two together.

She stormed out of the house and headed for the Oriental. There she spotted Wyatt Earp at the end of the bar and challenged him to step out in the street. But Earp wasn't having any part of it.

After that Kate ignored the lawman. Instead she made a call on Sheriff John Behan and told him about her Doc Holliday having some of the silver that cost Philpot his life. In the end she signed a notarized deposition to that effect.

Doc Holliday was picked up an hour later and slapped in the hoosgow. At a hearing his bail was set at $10,000. His crony Earp came up with the bond and Holliday went home. Here, unfortunately, he found Big Nose Kate sleeping off her drunk. Ten

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minutes later he staggered out of the house with two black eyes, a bloody nose and some gaps where his ivories had been.

It was Doc's turn now. He charged Kate with assault to kill and she was arrested. She was tried before Judge Spencer, who was taken by the colorful prostitute. He found her guilty, but suspended the sentence.

Wyatt Earp had his bellyfull of Big Nose and had one of his guns bring her in for a powwow. At this meeting he offered Kate $10,000 to blow town and never come back. Kate was done with Doc and eagerly extended her hand. That night she left Tombstone.

She was in Denver when Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday had to take it on the dodge out of Tombstone. She was also there when Doc, her once beloved, expired at Glenwood Springs, Colorado, not of lead but of the TB bug. He was a long time dying and his impending end was common news, but Big Nose Kate made no effort to go to him.

Kate established a house of ill fame in Kansas City and prospered as a madam until she died of pneumonia on December 18, 1889. Her place was the most luxurious in the city.

So passed one of the lustiest, most notorious female celebrities of the old West.

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

My source for the material in this article was my grandfather, Ernest Moyer, who had a blacksmith shop in Dodge during the time Big Nose Kate arrived in Dodge and had her affair with Doc Holliday.

RW

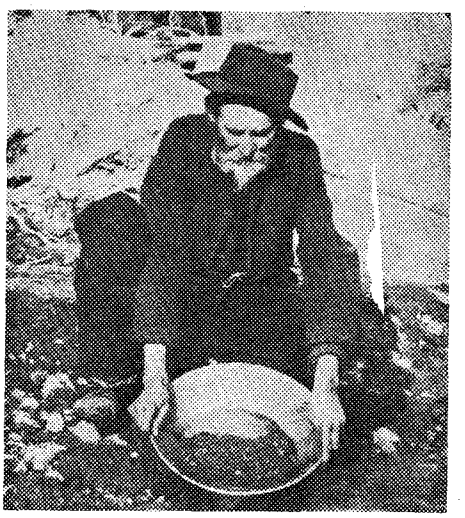
ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

(Continued from Page 6)

charged with a conspiracy to fleece J. W. Patterson out of $25,000 on an alleged bunco game. All were released on a thousand dollars bail. There is also a charge of vagrancy resting against Earp, but this is likely to be dropped to prosecute the conspiracy charge." Whatever money Earp had when he left the old West, and whatever money he received through his marriage of the daughter of the wealthy San Francisco merchant, was believed lost in mining ventures.

Q. What was the real name of the Apache Kid, was he a college graduate, why did he turn to killing and raping, and who killed him? Georgette Hasser, R.F.D. 1, c/o French Woods, Hancock, New York.
A. The Indian name for the Apache Kid was Zenogalache, "The Crazy Kid." He did study at an Eastern Indian school, but it can hardly be said he was a college graduate. The Kid, like all homicidal killers, has had many apologists, who claim he was forced into a life of crime for this reason and that, but the concensus among those who knew him was that he was a psychopathic killer and a sex degenerate. Just who killed him is a moot question. One theory is that he was killed by Hualipai Clarke, a prospector. Another is that he was killed by Charles Anderson as late as 1905. Neither of these men ever claimed the reward. The third theory is that the Apache Kid wasn't killed by anybody but escaped to die a natural death.

Q. What can you tell me about Lottie Deno, the so-called woman of mystery of old Fort Griffin? Jim C. Conrad, R. F.D. 2, Springfield, Illinois.
A. Lottie Deno was a handsome redhead, considered something of a beauty at Fort Griffin but decidely a woman of mystery and a woman who enjoyed amazing luck at the gambling tables. She lived in a cottage alone and never had visitors. She seemed to haye few talking acquaintances and no close friends. The men at Fort Griffin called her "Mystic Maude". Nobody knew where she came from and one night she left Fort Griffin and nobody ever heard about her again.



Q. How much did the average miner make in those old days panning gold? Theo McMalin, General Delivery, New Haven, Conn.
A. This letter written by C.A. Branett to his brother in Logansport, Indiana, from Shasts Butte City (now Yreka, California) should answer your question: "If there was plenty of water so that a man could operate a long Tom, he could make from 15 to 30 dollars per day. But water is scarce. The dirt that the gold is in is a reddish clay somewhat sandy. The dirt is two to three feet deep to the bedrock, the most of the gold lays on the bedrock. The dirt pays from 3 to 5 cents per pan or bucket . . . if a man will work in the gold mines he can make wages as above stated. The gold is in particles from the size of the finest sand up to pieces worth $500. The largest piece I found was 7 dollars and the next 1 dollar . . ."

Q. Who was the fastest gunman of these three: Masterson, Earp, and Tilghman? Lewis C. Pickney, 24 Freston Street, Fulham, London S.W. 6, England.
A. None of these three could actually be classed among the fast gunmen of the old West. Bat Masterson's favorite weapon was his cane, and for whatever shooting he did, he used a rifle or a sawed-off shotgun, the favorite weapon of many of the famous lawmen. Contrary to all the fiction that has been written about Wyatt Earp, he was neither fast nor accurate with a six gun. Earp was first and last a gambler, and according to the records he had few services as a lawman. There was one brief and unsuccessful hitch in Wichita, and two short and not impressive hitches as a policeman (not city marshal) in Dodge City. Bill Tilghman, who can be numbered among the great lawmen, could use a six gun, but he relied on his fists and would only draw on a man as a last resort. He was probably the fastest of the three men.

Q. What did the expression "ringy" used by the cowboys mean? Gladys Moreen, 65 Troost Avenue, Kansas City.
A. This word meant somebody was mad as a hornet. The cowboy would express it this way: "He's ringy as a mad shewolf."

Q. I have read several authors who claim the Apaches never scalped their victims. Is that true? A.L. Paulsen, 1212 Carlisle S.E. Apt. A, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106.
A. Certain tribes of the Southwest, which could be confused with the Apaches, did have rules about taking a scalp that often made scalp-taking difficult. The Hopi and Pueblos would sometimes only take a few strands of hair, and this privilege was limited to men of unusual standing in the tribes. A scalp was viewed with fear and would be prayed over to be purified and so made harmless. Among the Pimas and the Papagos sixteen days were required to purify a man who had killed an enemy and brought his scalp back to the Indian village.

Q. What was the origin of the longhorn cattle? Dave Beckwich, R.F.D. 2, Beatrice, Nebraska.
A. The longhorns were the direct descendants of the Spanish Andalusian cat-

(Continued on Page 74)

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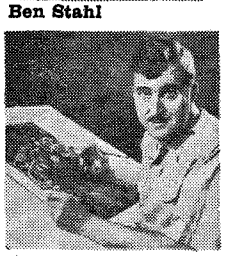
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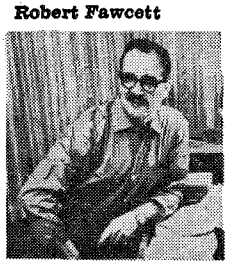
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MASTER EVERY SITUATION!

Make no mistake! The world is crowded with anti-social enemies who think nothing of sticking a knife into the ribs . . . or attacking peace-loving citizens just for the fun of it . . . or molesting boys and girls shamelessly. There is a crying need for a system of self-defense that relies on KNOWLEDGE, not big muscles or strength . . . that depends on TECHNIQUE — not on weight or size of body . . . that is based on simple TRAINING—not on illegal possession of weapons.

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MINE SUCKERS WERE EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 27)

The old wheeze was occasionally used where a shotgun was loaded with rich ore, and the gun discharged into the wall where an ore sample would be taken by the buyer. But those wiser in the ways of the mining world quickly offset this ruse. Holes would be drilled in the ace of the ore body and a dynamite charge exploded, thus exposing the basic ore — if any. A careless swindler was thus also exposed along with his valueless gold mine.

But for every offense there is a defense devised.

To unload a claim of this sort and even stand the blasting, sticks of the miners' dynamite holes were pricked through with a wire, and gold dust tamped into the holes throughout the explosive.

The blast would then again re-impregnate the ore, and the stage would be set for unloading the claim.

In most cases, gold ore is not evident to the naked eyes, and an assayer's test would be necessary to determine the value of ore samples. And they were hard to fool. But even when the ore specimens were sacked up, the sellers would dust the sacks with ore purchased elsewhere to give the samples a boost in gold content.

But the greenhorns were not the only ones who were taken in by the schemes of these crafty old miners. Engineers were just as likely to be trapped, though the methods had to be considerably smoother. There is an apocryphal tale of the fabulous "Lucky" Baldwin and a salted mine.

Baldwin, with his unerring touch in making every investment he touched turn to solid gold, was naturally the target for every get-rich-quick scheme hatched during the boom days in California and Nevada.

HE was approached with a proposition to buy a mine costing $100,000. However, to speed the deal, it could be arranged in easy installments of $10,000 when the sale was closed, and the rest as the mine paid out.

Baldwin cautiously hired a competent engineer to examine the mine for him. Initial assays of the ore showed values of more than $100 per ton, which was good even in those days. Baldwin was content with the first samples which his engineer had taken and indicated he was ready to close the deal. But the engineer, realizing the schemes that could be foisted upon a buyer and that his reputation as a mining engineer might well be at stake, insisted that another check be made of the ore, taken from a different location. A suggestion to which Baldwin reluctantly agreed.

The engineer returned to the mine and drilled a tunnel forward into the ore body for several feet. He then placed a small charge of dynamite and took his foolproof ore specimens for an assay from this point. In the tunneling he noticed the rock in which the ore was located was extremely porous and shot through with various seams of rock.

But the assay reports sustained the revelations of the first tests. The ore was obviously sound, and the deal was concluded.

Baldwin peeled off a lot of bills, and the former mine owner disappeared into the desert.

It was just a few days after development work in the claim had been started that the ore values dropped to a negative $1 per ton, far too poor for salvage. Baldwin and the engineer consulted worriedly, and started more tests.

Additional tunnels were drilled, this time at other angles away from the stope and much, much longer. When the reports were all assembled, each tunnel showed a drop in ore values at exactly the same point fror the main shaft.

The engineer directed crews to begin excavation above ground.

Three feet of rock were thrown back when the secret became apparent, and another variation in "salting" brought to light.

The previous owner of the mine had drilled four holes through the rock above the shaft's end. Into these he had hosed under pressure a heavy gold chloride solution. The seams allowed the gold-laden liquid to seep down through the rock, and the porous texture of rock along the claim had taken up the gold like a sponge takes water.

The engineer disappeared in the same direction as the old miner had chosen when he had received honest money for the worthless claim.

It is legend that "Lucky" Baldwin looked after the pair, grim but wiser in the ways of the West.

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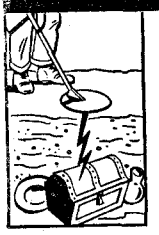

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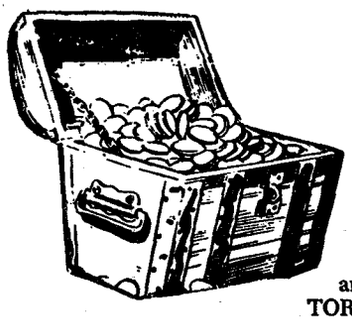

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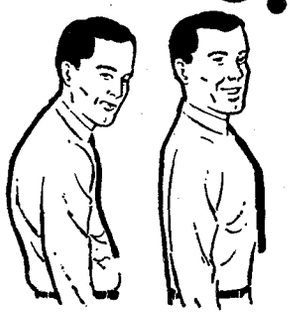

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(Continued from Page 70)

tle brought over from Spain. Their dun color, bony body, long slender legs, high hip bones and long narrow faces resembled the Andalusian cattle, but all these inherited traits were greatly exaggerated in the longhorns. There was another difference. The cattle multiplied so rapidly that many of them lived in a wild state, developed a speed faster than a horse, and would attack any man on foot.

Q. Why was the cook on the trail drive or the roundup called "the old woman?" Hank Bather, General Delivery, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

A. This was probably voicing an obvious contradition as the cook on any drive was anything but an old woman. He was, in many ways, the boss of the drive. Not only did he have to know how to cook, but he had to be an expert bullwhacker or a mule skinner. Some of the early outfits did have oxen pulling some of the wagons, the cook was usually a character with several notches in his gun and he ruled the men on the drive with an iron hand.

Q. Which of the Western Indian tribes was the most numerous, which had the most powerful men, and which had the best fighters? Howard Cochran, 3066 Reed Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

A. Colonel Richard I. Dodge, accepted as one of the best authorities on the Western Indians, classes the Dakotas or Sioux, as the most numerous of the Western Indians. The French called them *"Les Coupe-gorges,"* or "Cutthroats." Colonel Dodge writes that Sioux is only a nickname, derived from *Dadonessioux* (enemies), the nickname given them by the Algonquin. This was shortened to Sioux by the French and English and remains only a nickname. This tribe was divided into two parts — the upper band, the Santees, and the lower band, the Tetons. Colonel Dodge classes the Chevennes as the most powerful Indians physically and he, as well as most authorities, give the honor of being the best fighters to the Apaches.

Q. What was a sougan in the old days on the cattle ranges? William M. Noce Westport Point, Mass.

A. Originally this was a small blanket of thick weave used to keep out the cold or rain. After the tarpaulin appeared on the ranges, a sougan came to mean any cheap or old and worn blanket used on the trail.

Q. There seems to be considerable confusion about the prairie wolves of the old days. Most writers seem to lump them all under the classification of coyotes. Is that correct? Jake Moman, Newton, Kansas.

A. This, of course, is far from correct, but an error too many writers make. The coyote is a small animal, often not much bigger than a fox. It is never seen on the prairies but in the foothills of the mountain ranges. They run in packs and have a weak yelp. On the prairies there were, and still are, two types of wolves. The buffalo wolf is as tall as a greyhound, lean and hungry looking. The prairie wolf, not quite as large, is the most numerous on the prairies and often is miscalled a coyote. The buffalo wolves and the prairie wolves usually run in pairs or family groups or packs.

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(Continued from Page 8)

DODGE CITY'S BAND

Gentlemen:

Just received the January issue of REAL WEST and have read with interest the articles appearing in it.

I know that we can't be right all the time and I have often found that I was in error, but I would like to disagree with you on one statement in the article "Those Amazing Mastersons". On page 13: " . . . the Dodge City Band, with its French gold plumed hats and many colored uniforms". I have pictures of the Stockmen's band and Dodge City Cowboy band after the name was changed. The four pictures I have do not show any French gold plumes on their hats. There were wearing the regular cowboy hats, leather chaps and were in their shirt sleeves. I am just a little doubtful that they wore any plumes and if they had I feel that they would have been photographed with the plumes; however, I am not saying that you are wrong.

The article on "Tombstone Humor and Tragedy" on page 70 reads "The Boothill Cemetery at Dodge City, which has been publicized from one end of the country to another was a cemetery started when a number of buffalo hunters died of smallpox. This was even before Dodge City was much of a city". I have read this statement made by another party and I checked with the Kansas State Historical Society and they had no record of a smallpox epidemic in this part of the country, on or prior to 1872, when Dodge City was started. Due to the lack of newspapers in Dodge and there being only three copies of Dodge City newspapers from 1872 to March 1877 there isn't too much to research, however, sensational news did reach other papers in this territory. The rails of the Santa Fe reached Dodge City September 17, 1872 and things went along without a killing until the latter part of November and another one in December. In 1873 six other killings were recorded in eastern newspapers as happening in Dodge City, but no smallpox epidemic until the 1880's. I am not trying to build up a bad reputation for Dodge but just trying to prove we could provide a victim for starting Boothill.

There is one thing I can say for REAL WEST and that is you have published every letter I have sent you and most of them have been suggestions or criticism. You have labeled me with a title that is hard to live up to and I decline the title of one of the best authorities on Dodge City history. However, since retiring I have spent the last two years researching micro film and compiling data on various characters and activities in Dodge in addition to the hundreds of Dodge City historical pictures I have gathered up. Continue with your good work.

Yours truly,
Robert E. Eagan
Box 876
Dodge City, Kansas

The original uniforms for the Stockman's band were quite colorful, even if they didn't have plumes. The old Kansas City Journal referred to their plumes. The information about Boothill is still contradictory, but records refer to buffalo hunters dying of smallpox and being buried on the hill that later was called Boothill.

JED SMITH'S DEATH SITE

Dear Eds:

In November issue (p. 68) Ezra D. Smith, late of Meade, Kansas, is referred to as the "great-grandchild of Jedediah Smith". This should be *grand nephew*, for E.D. Smith was the son of Jed's brother, Ralph Smith.

My paper in the forthcoming *Brand Book* of the Denver Westerners will deal with the matter of Jed Smith's death site in detail. I have tentatively concluded that E.D. Smith may have been correct in assigning "Fargo Springs", on the Cimarron River, 14 miles north of present Liberal, Kansas, as Jed Smith's death site.

Old Fargo Springs, the waterhole known to the Mexican and Santa Fe trade as "Wagon Body" Springs, has long since been washed away by the great floods of 1909 and 1914. The old town, Fargo Springs, born about 1884-85 was, for all purposes, dead by 1888. Nothing remains there now but brick litter of the old schoolhouse.

Truly yours,
Harry E. Chrisman
Liberal, Kansas

LIKES FALLING LEAF STORY

Dear Editor:

To me your story of Falling Leaf in the November issue was alone worth the price of your magazine. That goes in my scrapbook. I've been filling scrapbooks on the old West, Indians, outlaws, and Alaska for over fifty years. Am now working on my 12th.

My wife and I passed through old Fort Laramie the spring of 1899. It was entirely deserted and looked just like the picture in your story. We still have a horseshoe picked up there tacked over our door.

Yours truly,
Frank J. Engles
227 27 Ea.
Seattle, Wash.

SOLDIER WITH COMANCHE

Sir:

Enjoyed January 1964 issue REAL WEST and General Custer soldier. The man holding the horse Comanche on page 54 is Sgt. John N. Wykoff of the 7th U.S. Cavalry of General Custer. Sgt. John N. Wykoff was killed in action on December 28, 1890 at Battle of Porcupine Butte, South Dakota during skirmish with Sioux warriors of Chief Kicking Bear, the latter "The Red Napoleon of the West" led the Sioux in the Messiah War of 1890-91.

Sincerely yours,
Roy A. Wykoff, Jr.
Mutual News-Pix Features
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(Continued on Page 79)

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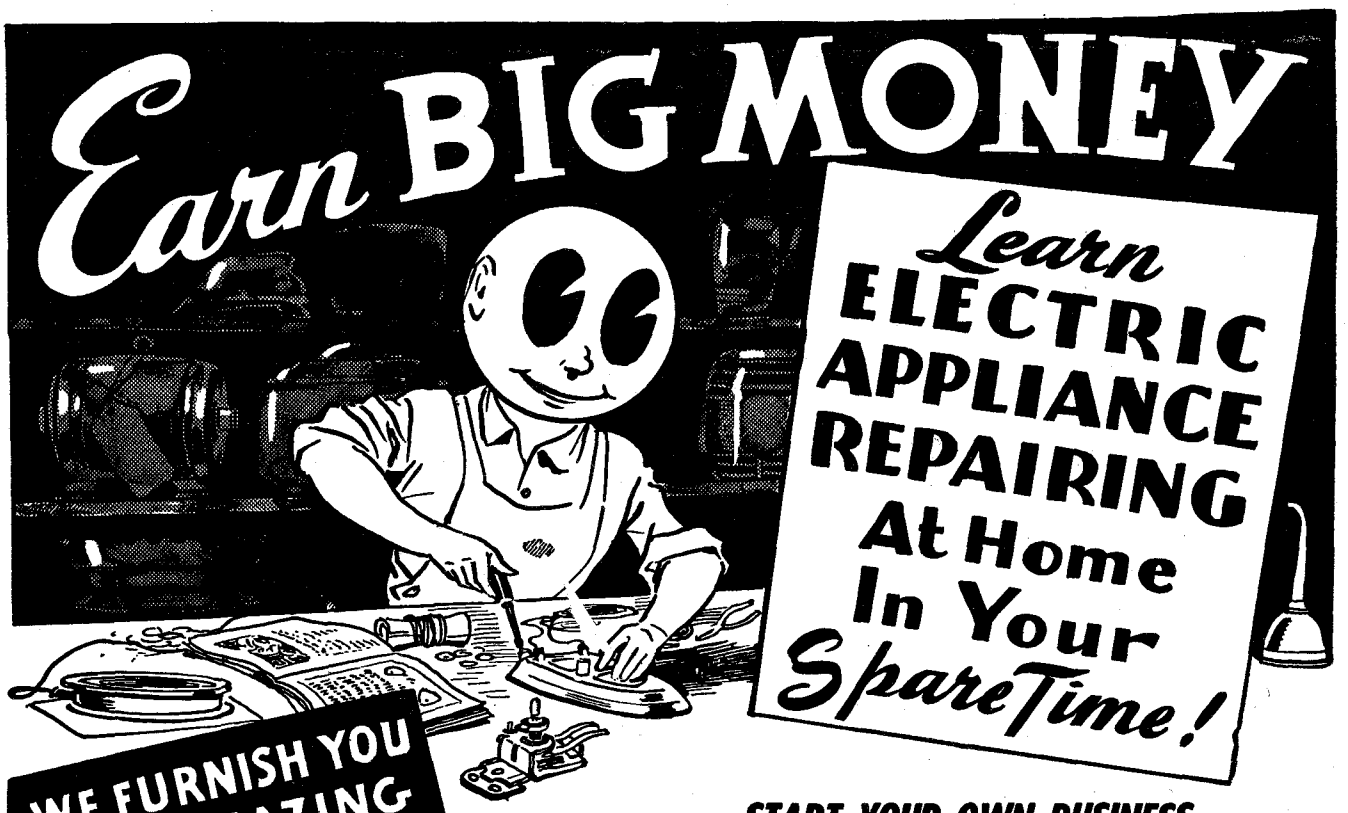

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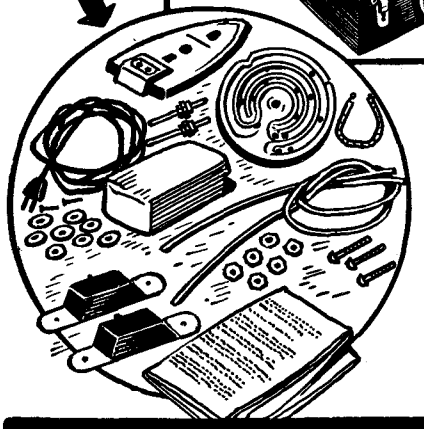

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DIME NOVELS

Gentlemen:

Your issue containing the article "King of the Dime Novels" brought nostalgic memories of the time I was a boy, born and raised on the lower East Side of N.Y.C. Many red-blooded boys were avid readers of paperback novels costing 5¢ each on the order described in your article.

You would be interested to know the names of these 5¢ books. There was "Young Glory" and dealt with the adventures of an American soldier in Cuba during the Spanish-American War. The hero by the same name usually wore the Rough Rider uniform. The book stopped publication shortly after the war.

Second book we boys read was "Pluck and Luck;" the hero's name was Willie Live (will he live?). Willie Live had many escapades but always came up on top unscathed.

A third book was "Young Klondike" which told about adventures in Dawson, Y.T. (Yukon Territory). One mysterious figure was a detective. So mysterious was he that he was only known as "The Unknown." Both he and Young Klondike were relentless in capturing the lawless of that silent broad country, though I do not recall that the Northwest Mounted Police were ever mentioned in the stories.

There was also a 5¢ novel named "Diamond Jim Brady", a detective, but my recollection of this magazine is rather hazy. Finally, we come to "Buffalo Bill" stories. I recollect a corker of a colored front picture. It beats any picture of the wild and wooly west, real or fiction. A man was being hung by a rope: the rope is taut, but one of Buffalo Bill's men shoots the rope and breaks it at a distance of about 200 yards. Then Buffalo Bill's men rush in and "clean up" the outlaws. Before closing this letter I wish to mention a story in "Pluck and Luck". Our hero was a red-headed Irishman who somehow went to the South Seas — probably as a sailor whose boat was shipwrecked — and became king of the sagage islanders. He lived to a great old age and left behind him about 50 children — prolific and terrific. Those were happy days for us kids.

I've been in Alaska for the greater part since 1915, have done a lot of prospecting for minerals in glaciated areas, but never met with any success financially. My best reward is experience and good health at 72. Thank you for publishing REAL WEST. Reading it keeps me feeling young.

Yours truly,
C. Henry Schulz
McCarthy, Alaska

Reader Schulz has a good memory on remembering the early dime novels but has Diamond Jim Brady slightly confused. There was a dime novel series featuring the adventures of Diamond Dick and one called Secret Service with Old and Young King Brady as heroes. Research Director Edward T. LeBlanc is sending Mr. Schulz a number of dime novels for old time's sake.

BILLY THE KID

Gentlemen:

In regard to your story published in REAL WEST in November, 1963 titled "Who Was The Real Billy The Kid?", the statement was made that he (the Kid) did not kill anyone in Silver City, New Mexico.

I knew the Ed Moulton in your story well. Also another man by the name of Jim Blair of whom I'll speak later. I stayed at a boarding house in Santa Rita, New Mexico that was run by Ed Moulton's daughter. Billy was well-known in Silver City and went by the name of William H. Bonney.

There is a song I have heard many times of which I can only remember parts:

"In old Silver City where at the age
of twelve years he killed his first man,
Young Mexican maidens would play
their guitars and sing of Billy
the Kid, their boy bandit King.

At the age of twenty-one years,
twenty-one men have I put
bullets through — and Sheriff Pat
Garrett must make twenty-two."

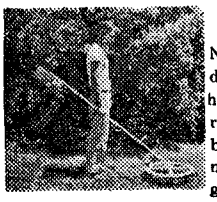
This is not in order but only parts of the song. It was common talk in the 1920's when I first went there that the blacksmith in your story made remarks about Billy's mother (who did housework and home laundry and almost anything she could to make a living for them) which Billy heard. He went home and got an old cap-and-ball pistol which had been loaded for many years and it was a wonder that it ever shot. He then went back to the blacksmith shop and killed the blacksmith.

The laws being the way they were about justifiable homicide at that time, nothing was done about it. I have been in the saloon many times where he was supposed to have killed his second man. Jim Blair was in the saloon at the time and knowing Billy would get in trouble this time, he jumped up on the bar while holding the crowd at gun point and allowed Billy to leave through the back door. Billy was about fourteen at this time and he was pretty much on the dodge from then on.

My father knew Sheriff Pat Garrett well and he told me that Pat told him about the killing of Billy the Kid. His version was as follows:

Billy was really an outlaw by now, having killed several deputies, and Pat heard that Billy was going to visit a Mexican sweetheart of his who was at the Pete Maxwell ranch at Fort Sumner, New Mexico. Pat went there, slipped into the girl's room and lay down behind her bed.

(Continued on Page 80)



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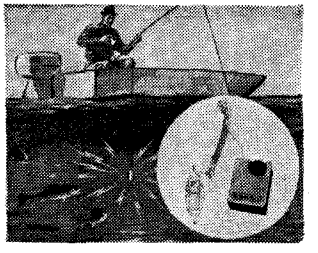

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It was a moonlit night and as soon as the Kid entered her room, he sensed something was wrong. He called "Quien es?" Pat then raised up from behind the bed and shot him.

Billy never did have a reputation for being anything but a snake and a bad man who would shoot first and ask questions later.

I have used one of those old-lever-action shotguns pictured on the cover of November REAL WEST and at one time I had a 45-60 Winchester lever action. There were lots of 45-70's and 45-90's but very few 45-60's.

I enjoy reading REAL WEST very much.

Sincerely,
C.E. Haberbosch, City Marshal
Box 471
Moran, Kansas

LEFT OR RIGHT?

Dear Mr. Rand:

I was raised on the freight road from Lubbock to Canyon City. Before that we had hauled from Amarillo, but the R.R. came through Canyon City in 1898. Our most powerful team were the wheelers, next to the wagon. We rode the left-hand horse. All my life I had heard that horse as the near and his mate as the off. Once on my farm I fired a boy from Kansas. When we went to hitch up I told him to put the big brown on the near side and the bay on the off. He said, why don't you talk English and say left and right. That was the first time it had ever occurred to me such could be done. I consider the questions and answers in REAL WEST the best article published.

Best regards,
Max Coleman
2008 47th
Lubbock, Texas

FOREFOOTING CALVES

Dear Sir:

I read your magazine regularly and like it very much. I enjoy the Mail Roundup as much as any part of it but do at times take issue with those who write in with information on various subjects where I think they are wrong.

I came into the world on the tail end of the old West and knew a few of the old-timers who helped build the West and worked on a few of the ranches in the Southwest, some small ones and some of the large ones and I know how they did things on those ranches. Contrary to some of the opinions of some of the readers some of the ranches did rope the calves by the forefeet when they were branding. I know because that was my job.

On most ranches we used one corral for the branding fire. One man would open the gate and as a calf came through I roped his fore legs and turned him over on his side. The branding iron was slapped on him and he was chased out through another gate and believe it or not a man could chase a lot of calves through those gates in a day. How they do things now may be different as my work on a ranch was a long time ago, 1908 to 1915. But that is the way we did it then. Those who argue differently may have done it differently.

Yours for good stories,
G.W. Fain
2414 1st Ave.
Seattle, Washington

HELP THE INDIANS

Gentlemen:

In response to the letter by a Mrs. Kastning of N.Y. and a Mrs. Jama Jane Slansky of Strongsville, Ohio, I am writing here a few facts and conditions concerning the present condition of a majority of the Indians.

It seems to be the opinion of many of the people that the Indians of today are being mistreated and I agree, only in another way. Living here on the reservation among the Indians I am able to witness the problems of today.

These people sit out here in their lodging or little shacks, or summer shade, while the white man hands them food and clothing thus making or letting them become lazy and useless. This is the way the Indians are being mistreated!

They are a very talented and intelligent people with a tremendous potential but this potential will remain dormant as long as people continue to have this misconceptioned, disillusioned idea of their condition.

If people want to really help them, they should set up an education fund for them and send money to this fund and not clothing and food.

Due to the white man's liquor and needless charity it is true that many of these people are beyond help, and over the hill, so to speak, but if people would wake up and put their efforts to help to work in the right direction, mainly in my opionion the youth, then this country would be growing in a much greater stride.

These people let their lands lay dormant, not growing, etc. because of the white man's handouts, their sheep, cattle and horses grow thin their homes dirty and their health hindered because of the lack of education, and this is all passed on to the younger generation all because of the white man's charity and because the Indians don't have to help themselves.

The Indians are remaining in the dormant, degraded, lowly uneducated condition, due mainly to white men and women who are supposedly educated.

It's true they need help, but not the kind they're getting. There are many Indian people who were fortunate enough to receive an education today and are living good lives and helping society, but there are many who don't even go to school or talk any English.

Some of our greatest people and leaders are Indian people, so let us help the Indians to help themselves.

Thank you,
Jay S. Dean
Oljato Trading Post
Rayenta, Arizona

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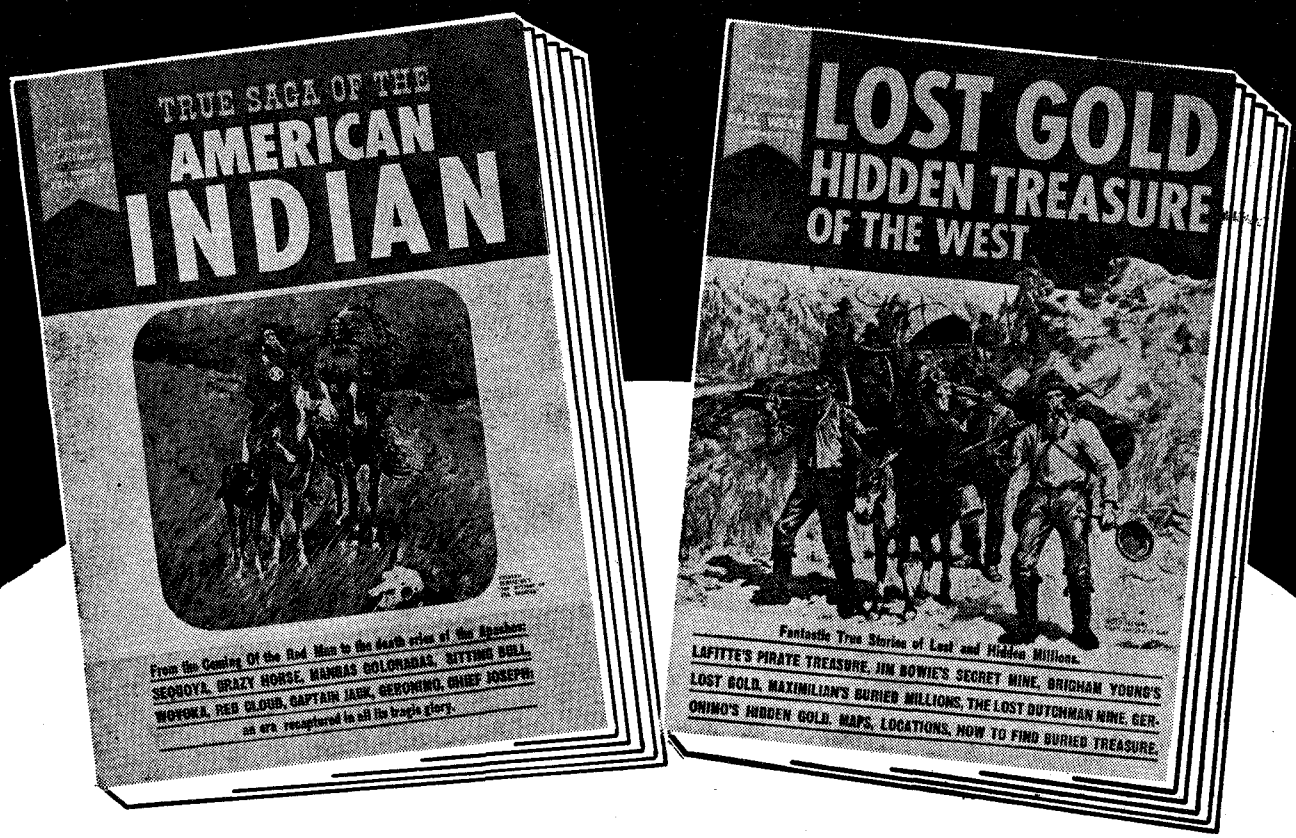
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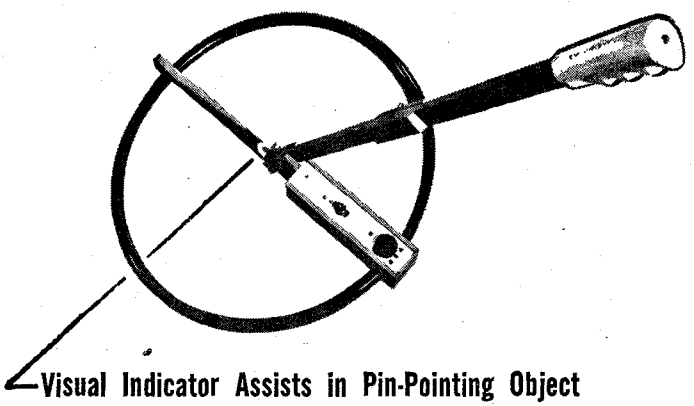

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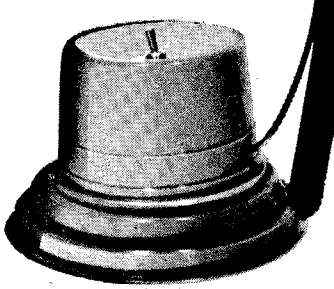

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